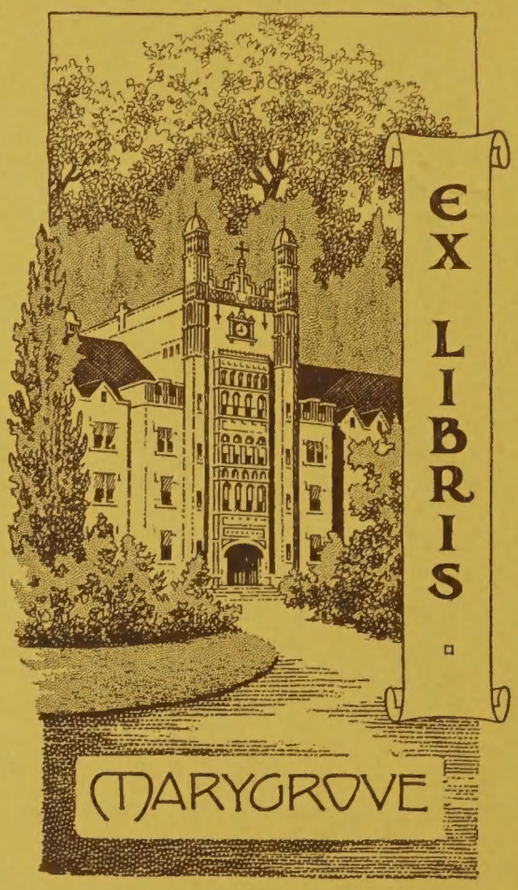
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THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

FAMOUS SONGS

PHILHARMONIC EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

EDITED BY

VICTOR HERBERT
GERRIT SMITH
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LOUIS C. ELSON
HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
AND OTHERS

VOLUME 8

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MOZART

AN APRIL GIRL.

M.M.D. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegro

mf *cresc.* *f*

1. The girl that's born on an A - pril day, Has a right to be mer - ry,.....
2. The girls of March love noise and fray; And sweet as blossoms are the
3. Heigh - o! hur - rah! for an A - pril day; Its.... cloud, its sparkle, its.....

light - some, gay; And that is the rea - son I dance and play, And
girls of May; But I re - - joice in a sun - ny spray Of
skip and stay! I mean to be happy when - - ev-er I may, And

più lento

frisk like a mote in a sun - ny ray, Wouldn't you Do it, too, If
smiles and tears and hap - a - day,—Wouldn't you Do it, too, If
cry when I must; for that's my way. Wouldn't you Do it, too, If

più lento

a tempo *cres.*

you had been born on an A - pril day? If you had been born on an A - pril day?

a tempo *cres.* *f*

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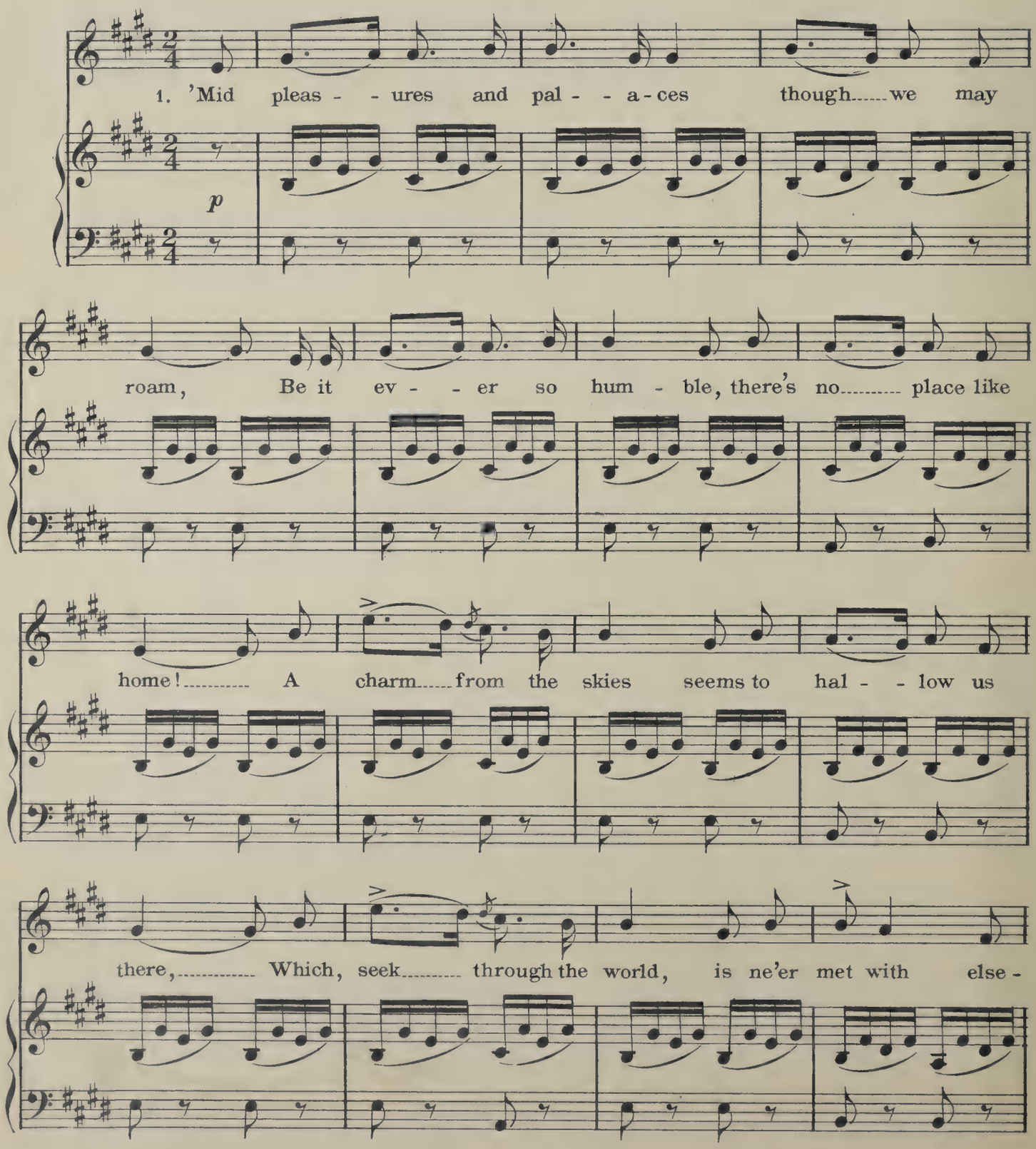
HOME, SWEET HOME!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP



where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's

pp

no place like home, There's no place like home!

colla voce

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call!
Give me them! with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care.
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

1. 'Way down up - on de Swan-ee rib-ber, Far, far a - way,

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - - ly I roam,

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

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CHORUS

All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb'-ry-where I roam.

Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

2. All 'round de lit-tle farm I wan-dered When I was young,
Den ma-ny hap-py days I squandered, Many de songs I sung.
When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap - - py was I,
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder! Dere let me live and die.—CHORUS.

3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bushes, One dat I love,
Still sad-ly to my mem'-ry rushes, No matter where I rove.
When will I hear de bees a-humming All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home? CHORUS.

THE TRAIN FOR POPPYLAND.

EDGAR WADE ABBOT

GRENVILLE D. WILSON

Moderato

p

The first train leaves at 6 P. M. For the land where the pop-py blows, The moth-er dear is the en-gin-eer, And the pas-sen-ger laughs and crows. The pal-ace car is the moth-er's arms; The whistle a low, sweet

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pp

strain; The passenger winks and nods and blinks, And

rit.

goes to sleep on the train. At

p

8 P. M. the next train starts For the pop - py land a - far, The

sum - mons clear falls on the ear, "All a - board for the sleep - ing car!" But

what is the fare to pop - py land? I hope it is not too

dear; The fare is this— a hug and a kiss— And it's

paid to the en - gin - eer.

con molto espress.

So I ask of Him who chil - dren took, On His

knee in kind-ness great, "Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day, That

leave at 6. and 8. Keep watch on the passengers," thus I pray, "For to

me they are ve - ry dear; And spe - cial ward, O gra - cious Lord, O'er the

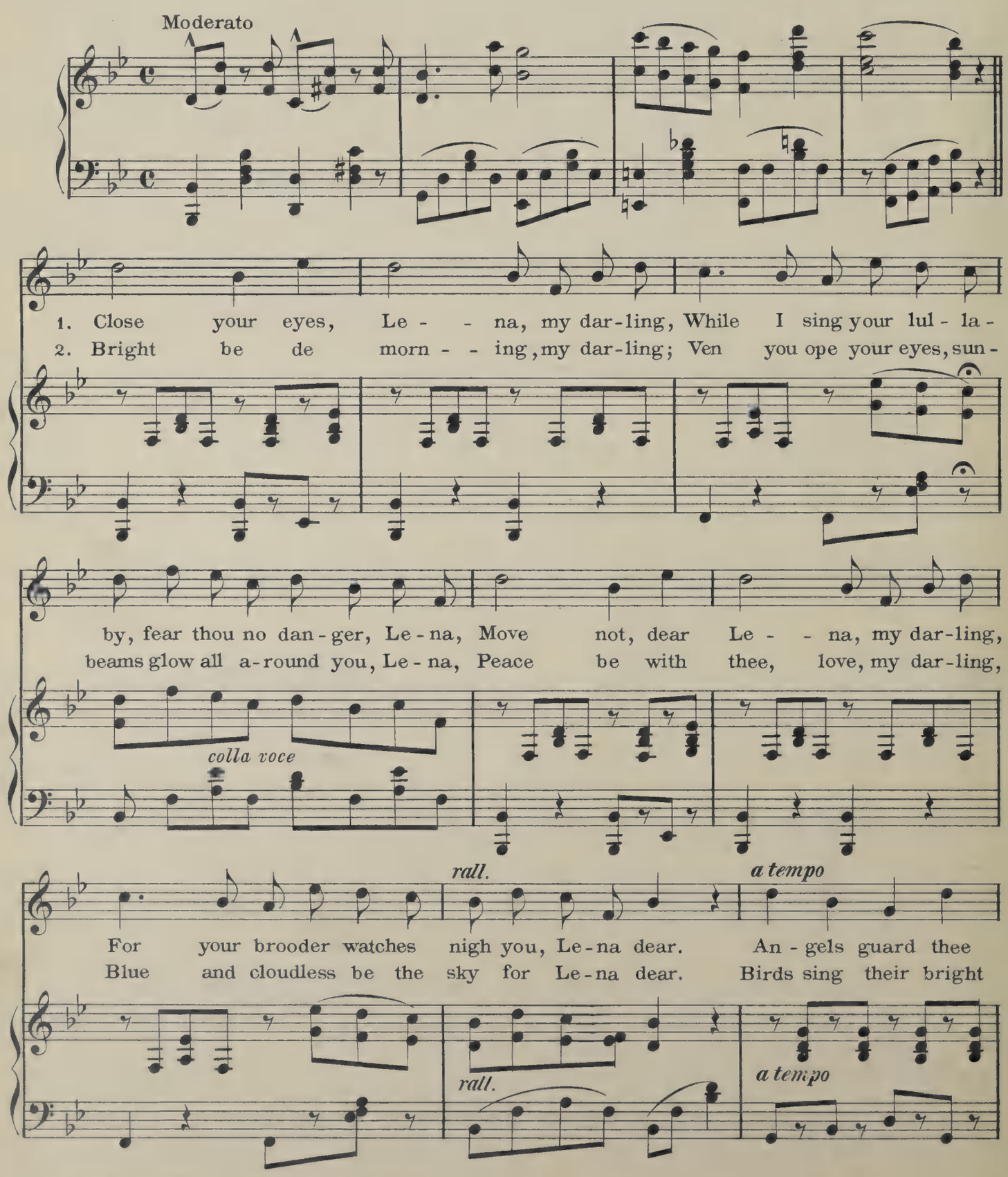
gen - tle en - gin - eer."

L.H.

Ped. *

CLOSE YOUR EYES, LENA, MY DARLING.

JOSEPH K. EMMET



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Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet-est mel - o - dy,

Bright-est flow-ers bloom for thee, Dar-ling sister, dear to me.
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar-ling sister, dear to me.

p

REFRAIN

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba-by, my ba - by, my ba - by, Go to sleep, my ba - by,

p

ba - by, oh, bye! Go to sleep! Le - na, sleep!

pp

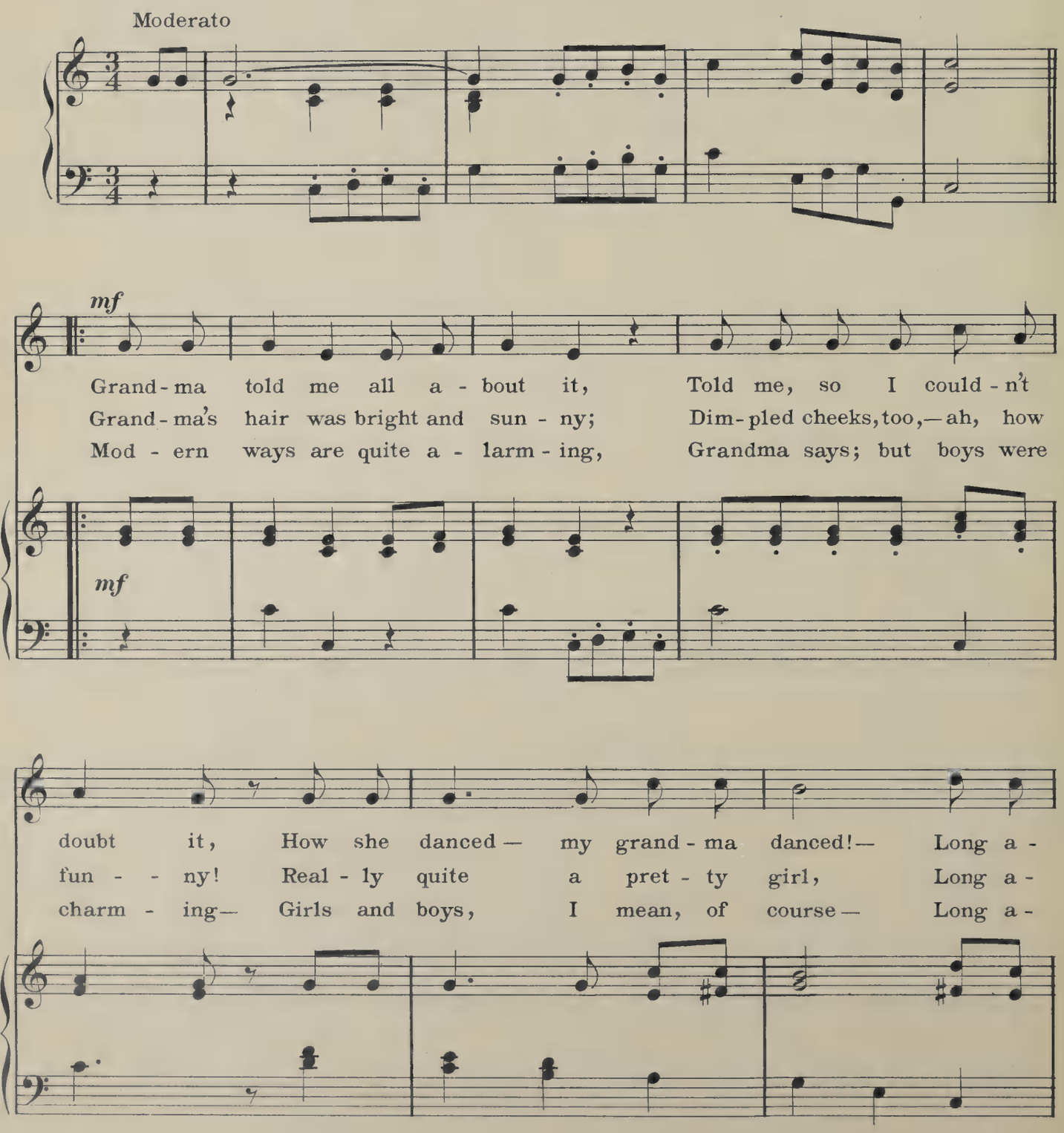
rit. e dim.

morendo

THE MINUET.

MARY MAPES DODGE

JOSEPH MOSENTHAL



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p

-go, ... Long a - go. ..... How she held her pret-ty head, How her
-go, ... Long a - go. ..... Bless her! why, she wears a cap, Grandma
-go, ... Long a - go. ..... Brave but mod - est, grand-ly shy— She would

p

cresc.

dain-ty skirt she spread, Turn-ing out her lit-tle toes; How she
does, and takes a nap..... Ev-'ry sin - gle day; and yet Grandma
like to have us try..... Just to feel like those who met In the

cresc.

f

slow-ly leaned and rose—..... Long a - go, ...
danced the min - u - et ..... Long a - go, ...
graceful min - u - et ..... Long a - go, ...

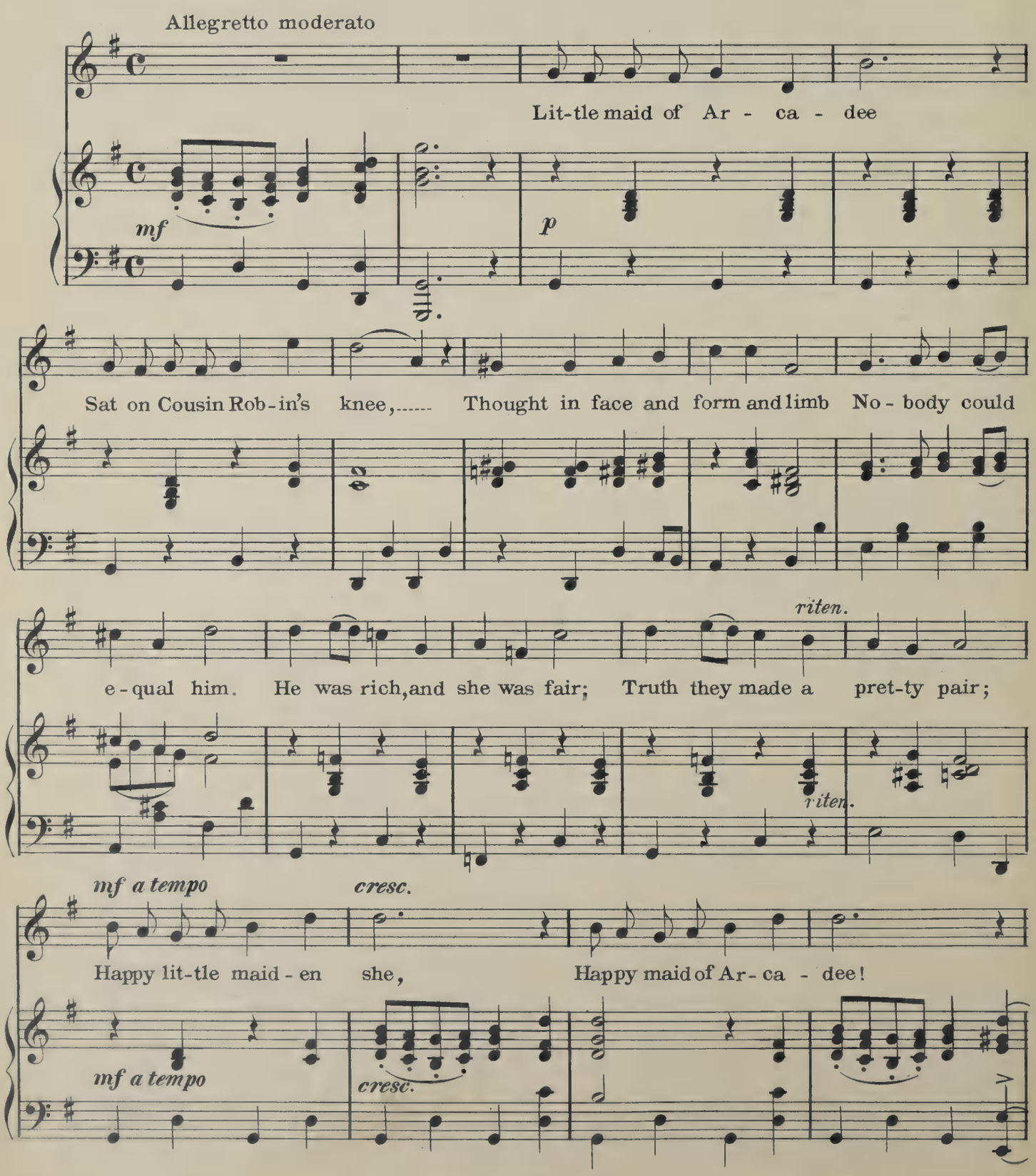
f

Long a - go. .....
Long a - go. .....
Long a - go. .....

f

LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

W. S. GILBERT. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



rall.

Happy little maiden she, Happy maid of Ar-cadee! Happy maid of Ar - ca - dee!

rall. *colla voce* *cresc*

Mo-ments sped as moments will, Rap-id - ly e -

nough; until After, say, a month or two, Robin did as Rob-ins do,

p

f

Fickle as the month of May, Jilted her and ran a - way!

f

rall. e dim.

Wretched little maiden she! Doleful maid of Ar-ca-dee! Doleful maid of Ar - ca - dee!

rall. e dim.

p

To her lit-tle home she crept, There she sat her down and wept; .....

p

Maid - en wept as maid - ens will, Grew so thin and pale and ill,

riten.

riten.

a tempo

Till an - oth - er came to woo, Then a - gain the ros - es grew.

cresc

a tempo

cresc

colla voce

f animato

Happy lit-tle maid - en she! Happy maid of Ar - ca - dee!

cresc

f a tempo

cresc

rall.

f

Happy lit-tle maiden she! Happy maid of Ar-ca-dee! Happy maid of Ar - ca - dee!

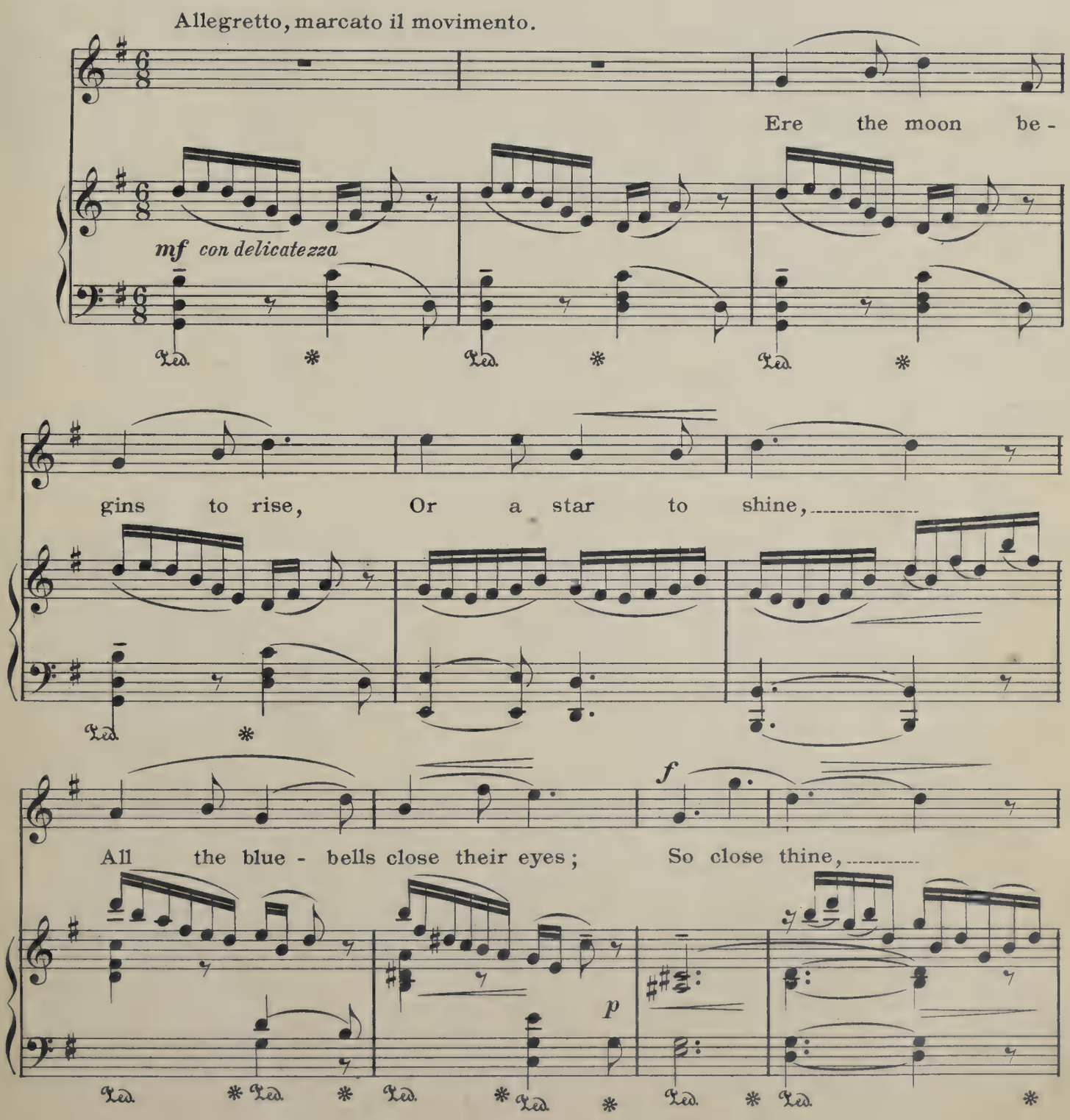
rall.

f

colla voce

CRADLE SONG.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. REGINALD DE KOVEN.



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dim. *rall.* *p con tenerezza*

Thine, dear, thine; Sleep, love, sleep,

p

Slum - ber deep; Sleep, sleep, sleep, So

pp *rall.*

pp *sostenuto* *colla voce*

sleep.

a tempo

Placido

mf

Birds are sleep - ing in the nest, On the sway - ing

bough, Thus, a-gainst the moth-er's breast,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

So sleep thou, So sleep thou;

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp

Sleep, so sleep;

molto p e sostenuto

dim. *Portando*

Sleep, sleep, sleep, So sleep.

rall. e dim. molto *ppp*

Ped. * Ped. *

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

EBEN E. REXFORD — HART P. DANKS

Andante cantabile

1. Dar - ling, I am grow-ing old, Sil - - ver threads a-mong the gold,
2. When your hair is sil - ver white, And your cheeks no long - er bright,
3. Love can nev - er more grow old, Locks may lose their brown and gold;

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Shine up-on my brow to-day, Life is fad-ing fast a-
With the ros-es of the May, I will kiss your lips and
Cheeks may fade and hol-low grow, But the hearts that love will

way. But, my dar-ling, you will be, will be
say, Oh! my dar-ling, mine a-lone, a-lone,
know, Nev-er, nev-er win-ter's frost and chill;

Al-ways young and fair to me,— Yes, my darling, you will
You have nev-er old-er grown! Yes, my darling, mine a-
Sum-mer warmth is in them still; Nev-er winter's frost and

rall.

be Al-ways young and fair to me.
lone, You have nev-er old-er grown!
chill, Sum-mer warmth is in them still.

rall.

CHORUS

Sop. Dar-ling, I am growing, growing old, Sil - ver threads among the gold,

Alto. Darling, I am growing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,

Ten. Darling, I am growing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,

Bass. Shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fading fast a - way.

Shine up - on my brow to-day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way.

Shine up - on my brow to-day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way.

rall.

rall.

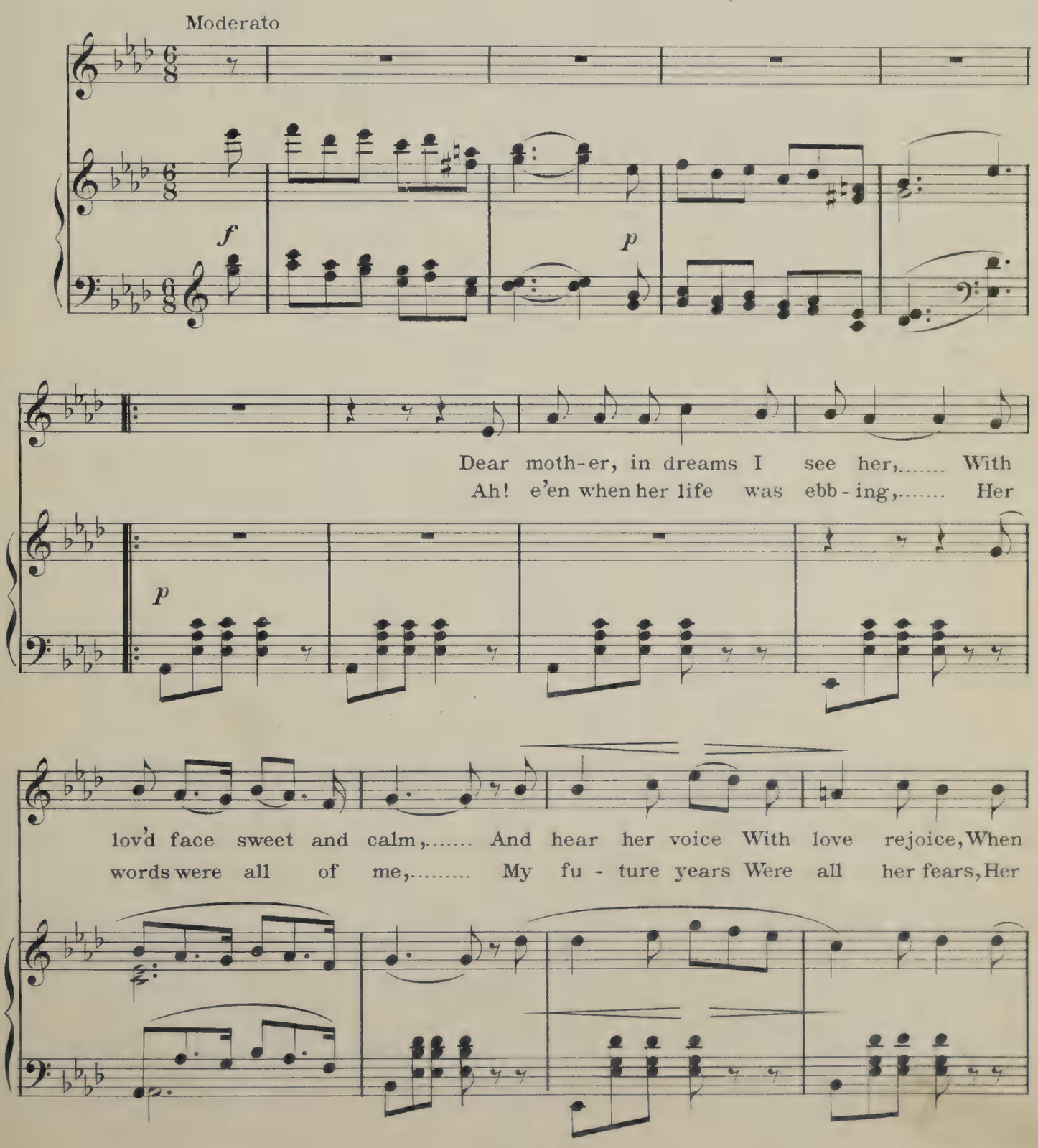
rall.

rall.

LULLABY FROM "ERMINIE."

HARRY PAULTON

EDUARD JAKOBOWSKI



nest - ling on her arm..... I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the
fate 'twas not to see..... My father, I heard you weep - ing, As in

tears in each glist'ning eye,..... As her watch she'd keep When she rock'd to sleep Her
sor-row you stand-ing by,..... And my moth - er's plaint In her ac - cents faint, This

mf

child with this lul - la - by.....
ten - der, sweet lul - la - by.....
Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

mf *p*

L'istesso tempo

p

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,..... Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-tak - ing,

p

Pret-ty little eye - lids sleep,..... Bye, bye, Watching till thou'rt wak - ing,

mf

Darling, be thy slum - ber deep,..... Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-tak - ing,

mf

Pretty lit-tle eye - lids sleep,..... Bye, bye, watching till thou'rt wak - ing,

rall. dim. *pp*

Dar-ling, be thy slum - bers deep! bye, bye, bye, bye.....

rall. dim. *pp*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco Adagio

The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All

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mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'm by, hard times comes a-

knocking at the door, Then, my old Ken-tucky home, good night.

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will

sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

2.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de - light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tucky home, good night! CHORUS.

3.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev-er the darkey may go; A few more days and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugarcanes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good night! CHORUS.

BRAHMS

CRADLE SONG.

L. L. SCAIFE

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Allegretto teneramente.

p

Rest thee, dar - ling, good night, With cheeks ro - sy bright As flow'rs could a - dorn, 'Neath cov - er - let lie: And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou rise with the morn, And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou rise with the morn.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — SAMUEL ARNOLD

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light What so
On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the

proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
hav - - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A

stripes and bright stars, thro' the clouds of the fight O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
home and a coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing! And the
fit - ful - ly blows, now con - ceals, now dis - clos - es? Now it
blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion; No

rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
glo - - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream;
ter - - ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

CHORUS

f

Oh! say, does that star span - gled ban - - ner yet
'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner! Oh, long may it
And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - - umph doth

f

wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

DIXIE.

ALBERT PIKE.

DAN EMMETT,
Arr. by W. S. HOBBS

— South-rons, hear your coun - try call you! Up! lest worse than
For Dix - ie's land we take our stand, And live or die for
— Hear the North - ern thun - ders mut - ter! North-ern flags in

p

death be-fall you! To arms! to arms! to arms in
Dix - - ie!..... To arms! to arms! to arms in
South wind flut-ter; To arms! to arms! to arms in

p

Dix - ie! Lo! all the bea - con - fires are light - ed, Let all hearts be
Dix - ie! And con-quer peace for Dix - - ie, And con-quer peace for
Dix - ie! — Fear no dan - ger! shun no la - bor! Lift up ri - fle,

p

now u-nit - ed, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
Dix - - ie!..... To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
pike and sa-bre! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!

f

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Ad - - vance the flag of Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Ad - -
And..... con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! And.....
Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Lift up

p

vance the flag of Dix - ie! Ad - - vance the flag of Dix - ie! Hur -
con - quer peace for Dix - ie! And..... con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur -
ri - fle pike and sa - bre! Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur -

rah! Hur - rah! Ad - - vance the flag of Dix - ie! Hur -
rah! Hur - rah! And..... con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur -
rah! Hur - rah! Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur -

rah! hur - rah! Ad - vance the flag of Dix - ie!
rah! hur - rah! And..... con - quer peace for Dix - ie!
rah! hur - rah! Lift up ri - fle, pike, and sa - bre!

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE

Arr. by M. F. H. SMITH

We are tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Give us a song to cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.

We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said, "good bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes, — Oth-ers been wound-ed long.

CHORUS

Ma-ny are the hearts that are
Ma-ny are the hearts that are
Ma-ny are the hearts that are

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wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

Ma-ny are the hearts look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of

peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tenting to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp-

3d.V. Dy - ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night,

Verses 1.2.

ground. Dy-ing on the old camp - ground.

D.C.

Last time *ppp*

D.C.

D.C.

pp *ppp*

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

MAX SCHNECKENBERGER

CARL WILHELM

Allegro energico

f

Allegro energico

A roar like thun - der strikes the ear, Like
A hun - - dred thou - sand hearts beat high, The
When heav - - en - wards as - cends the eye, Our

clang of arms or break - ers near, Rush for - ward for the German
flash darts forth from ev'- - ry eye, For Teu - tons brave, in-ured by
he - roes' ghosts look down from high; We swear to guard our dear be-

Rhine! Who shields thee, dear, be - lov - - ed Rhine?
toil, Pro - tect their coun - try's ho - - ly soil.
quest, And shield it with the Ger - man breast.

CHORUS

Dear Fa - ther-land, thou need'st not fear, Thy Rhine - land watch stands

firm - ly here! Dear land, dear Fa - ther - land, thou need'st not

fear, Thy watch, thy Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!

ff

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE — BERNARD COVERT

Allegretto

He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His
The sword was brought, the sol - dier's eye Lit
'Twas on that dread, im - mor - tal day, I

eye was grow - ing dim, When, with a fee - - ble
with a sud - den flame; And as he grasped the
dared the Brit - on's band, A cap - tain raised this

voice, he called His weep - ing son to him: "Weep
an - cient blade, He mur - mur'd War - - ren's name: Then
blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And

not, my boy!" the vet'- ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high
said, "My boy, I leave you gold,— But what is, rich - er,
while the glo - - rious bat - tle raged, It light - - end free - dom's

will,— But quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The
still, I leave you, mark me, mark me now— The
will — For, boy, the God of free - dom blessed The

Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But quick - ly from yon
Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And leave you, mark me,
Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For, boy, the God of

ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
mark me now,— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL — UNKNOWN

1. The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry - land! My
2. Hark! to thy wan - d'ring son's ap - peal, Ma - ry - land! My
3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! My

Ma - ry - land! His torch is at thy tem - ple door,
Ma - ry - land! My moth - er State, to thee I kneel,
Ma - ry - land! Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust,

Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! A - venge the pa - tri -
Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! For life and death, for
Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! Re - mem - ber Car - rolls

ot - ic gore, That fleck'd the streets of Bal - ti - more, And
woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And

be the bat - tle queen of yore, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!
gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!
all thy slum - berers with the just, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!

CHORUS.

And be the bat - tle queen of yore, My Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!

mf *cresc.* *ff* *dim.* *e rall.*

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

HARRY Mc CARTHY

With Spirit

1. We are a band of brothers, and
2. As long as the Union was
3. First, gal - lant South Caro - li - na

na - tive to the soil, Fight - ing for our lib - er - ty, with
faith - ful to her trust, Like friends and like breth' - ren
no - bly made the stand; Then came Al - a - ba - ma, who

treas - ure, blood and toil; And when our rights were
kind were we and just; But now when North - ern
took her by the hand; Next, quick - ly Miss - is -

By permission of O. Ditson Co.

threaten'd, the cry rose near and far,..... Hur-rah for the
treach-er-y at-tempts our rights to mar,..... We hoist on high the
sip-pi, Geor-gia and Flor-i-da,..... All raised on high the

Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin-gle Star.....

CHORUS

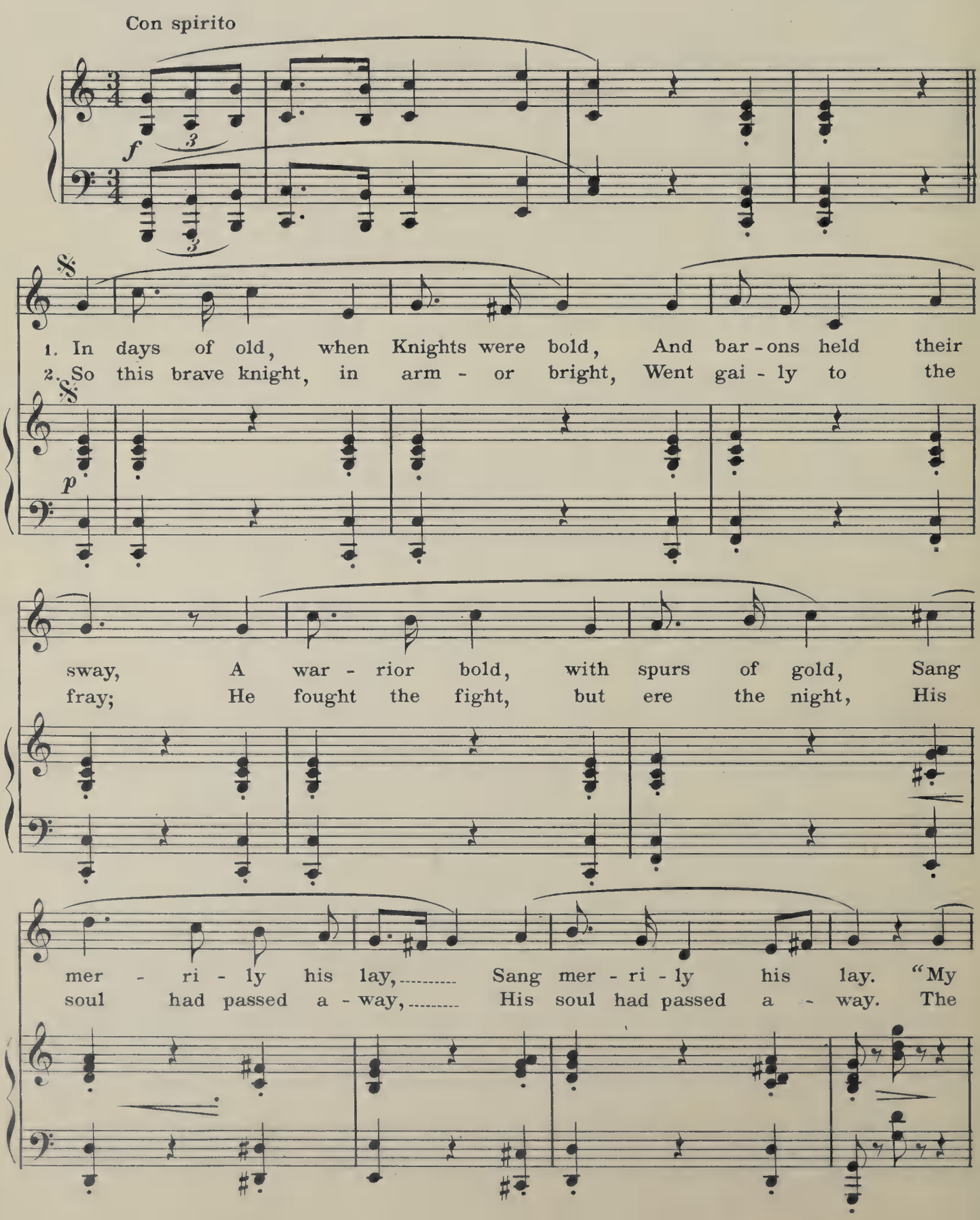
Hur-rah!..... Hur-rah!..... for South-ern Rights, Hur-rah!..... Hur-

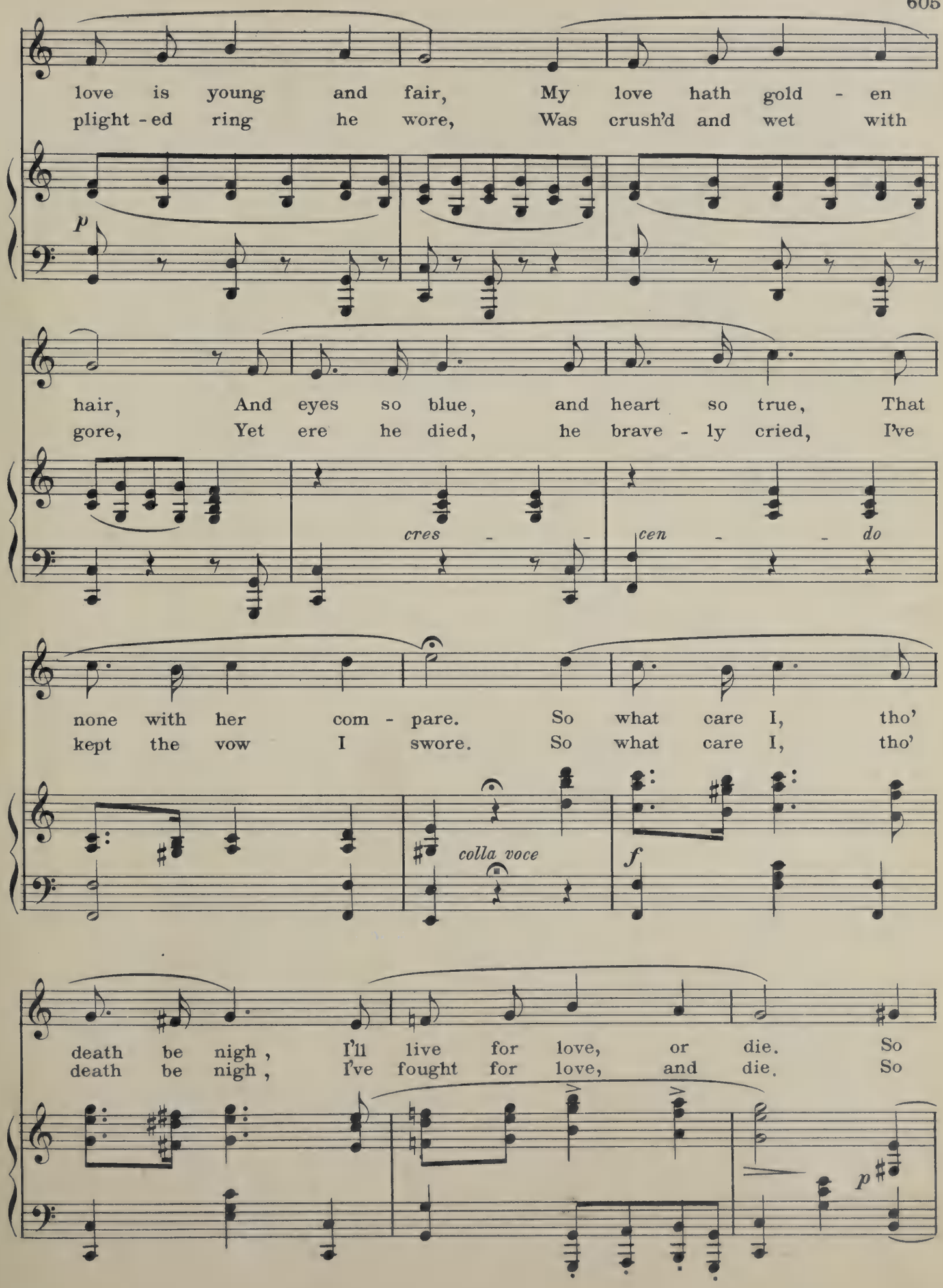
rah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Sin-gle Star!.....

A WARRIOR BOLD.

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS




love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en
plight - ed ring he wore, Was crush'd and wet with
p
hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, I've
cres - - cen - - do
none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho'
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho'
colla voce
f
death be nigh, I'll live for love, or die. So
death be nigh, I've fought for love, and die. So
p

1

what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die.

what care I, tho'

D.S. 𝄋

f

D.S. 𝄋

2

death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love,

piu lento

cresc.

ad lib.

molto

rallentando e dim.

p

I've fought for love, for love, for love I

f

p

colla voce

Ped.

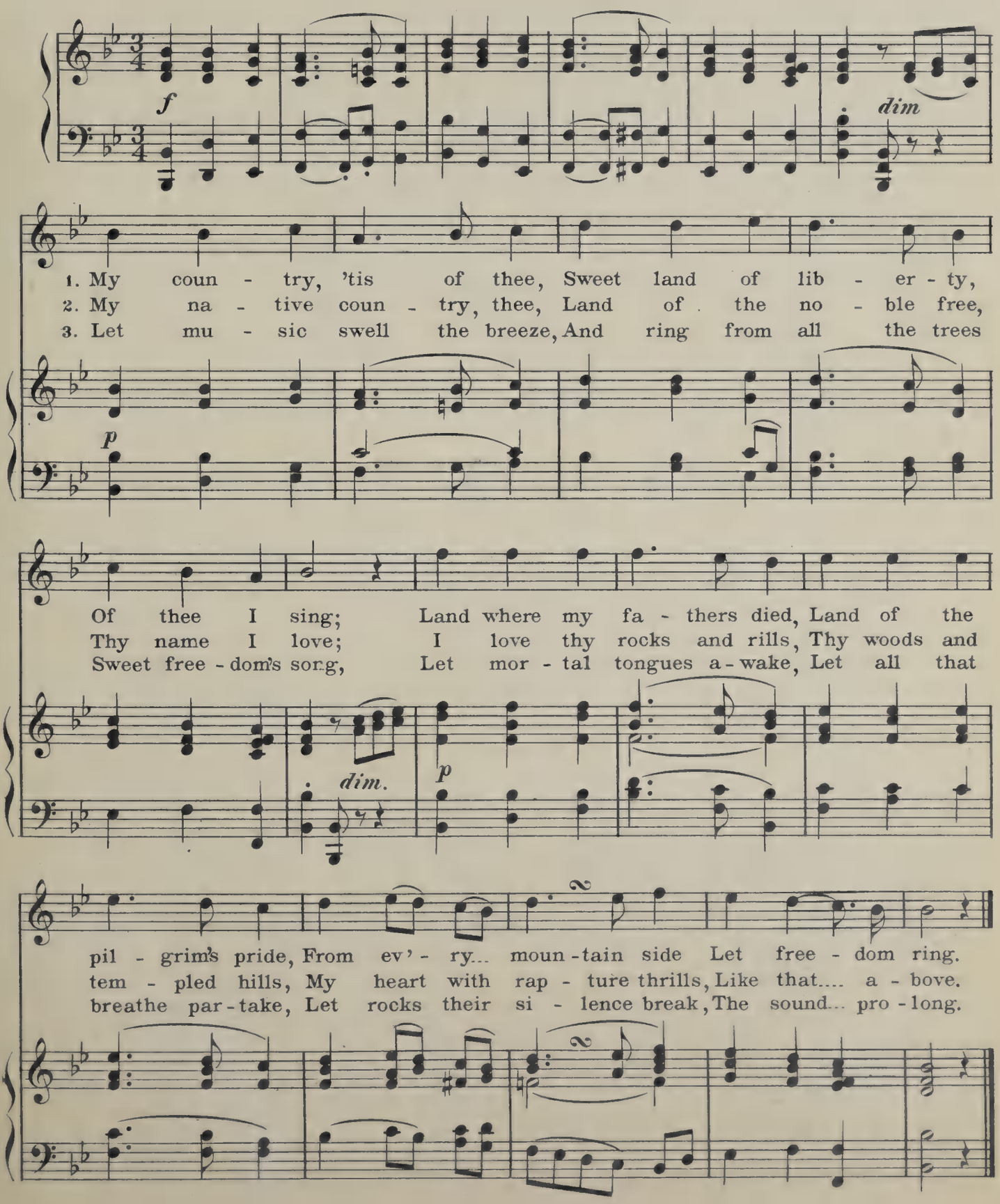
die.

ff

*

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. UNKNOWN.



RULE BRITANNIA.

JAMES THOMSON. Dr. THOMAS A. ARNE

Maestoso

mp

1. When Britain first,.... at Heav'n's command, A - rose ..... from out the
2. The nations not..... so blest as thee, Must in..... their turn, to
3. Still more majes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - - ful from each

mp

az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, Must in..... their turn..... to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke; As the loud..... blast that..... tear the skies,

This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - gels
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy
Serves but to root.... thy na - tive..... oak, Serves but to root..... thy

sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;
of them all. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;
na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;

f

Bri - tons nev - er will be slaves." Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri-

ff

ff

tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er will be slaves.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

NATIONAL HYMN OF FRANCE.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

Abbreviated Translations.

Fieramente assai.

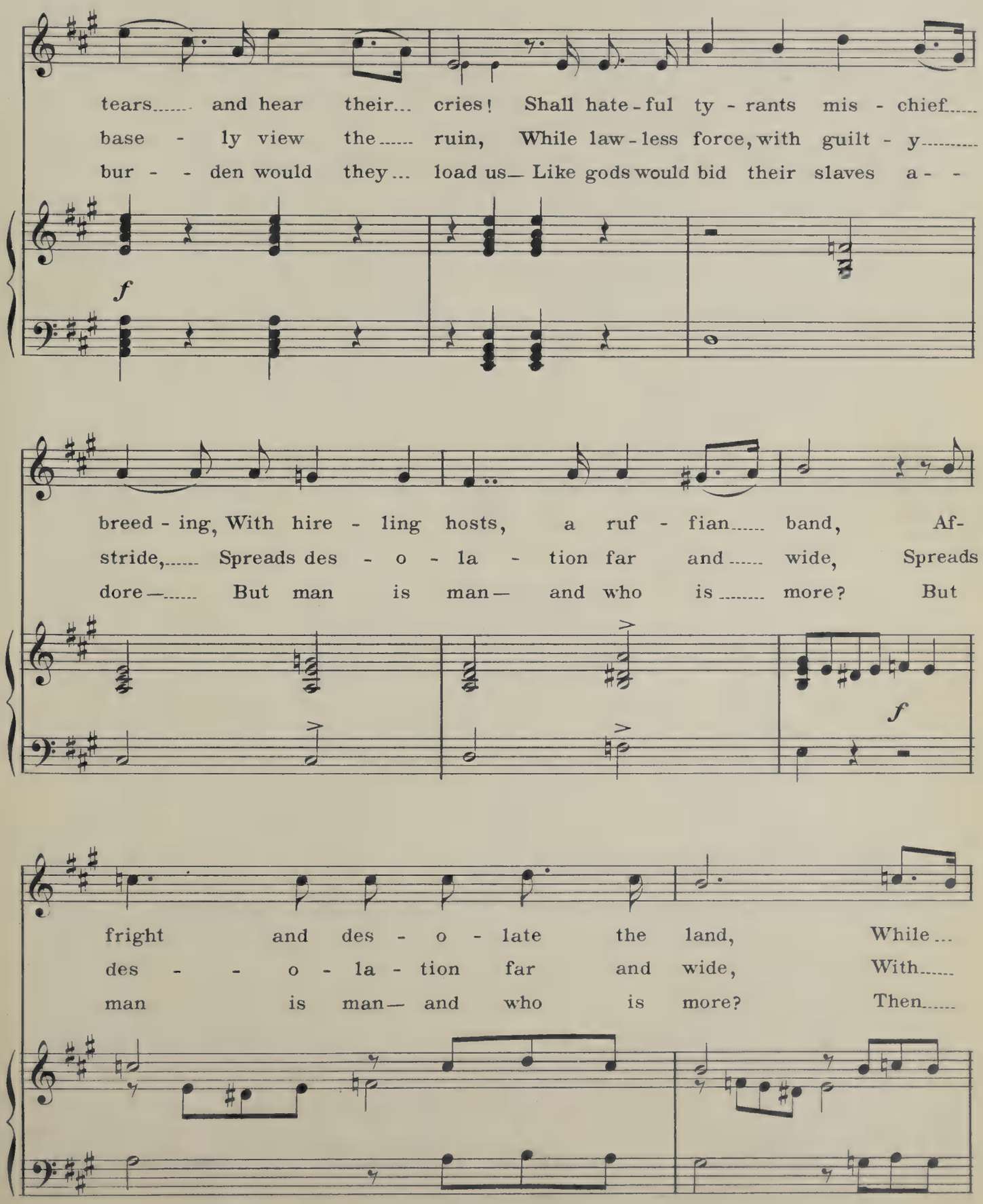
1. Ye sons of Free - dom, wake to glo - - ry! Hark! Hark! what my - riads bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires... hoar - y; Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their

2. Now, now the dan - g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which treach'rous kings con - fed -'rate raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are..... howl - ing, And lo! our fields and ci - ties blaze! And shall we

3. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - sa - tiate des - pots dare, (Their thirst of gold and pow'r un - - bound - ed,) To meet and vend the light and air. Like beasts of

f

p


tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chief
base-ly view the ruin, While law-less force, with guilt-y
bur-den would they load us— Like gods would bid their slaves a-
f
breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-
stride, Spreads des-o-la-tion far and wide, Spreads
dore— But man is man— and who is more? But
f
fright and des-o-late the land, While
des-o-la-tion far and wide, With
man is man— and who is more? Then

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing? To
crimes and blood his hands im - bru - ing? To
shall they long - er lash and goad us? To

arms! to arms! ye brave! The a - veng - - ing sword un-

ff

sheath; March on! march on!

all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye braves! The a-

To arms, to arms, ye braves! The a-

To arms, to arms, ye braves! The a-

ff

-veng - ing sword un - sheath! March on, march on,

-veng - ing sword un - sheath! March on, march on,

-veng - ing sword un - sheath! March on, march on,

all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

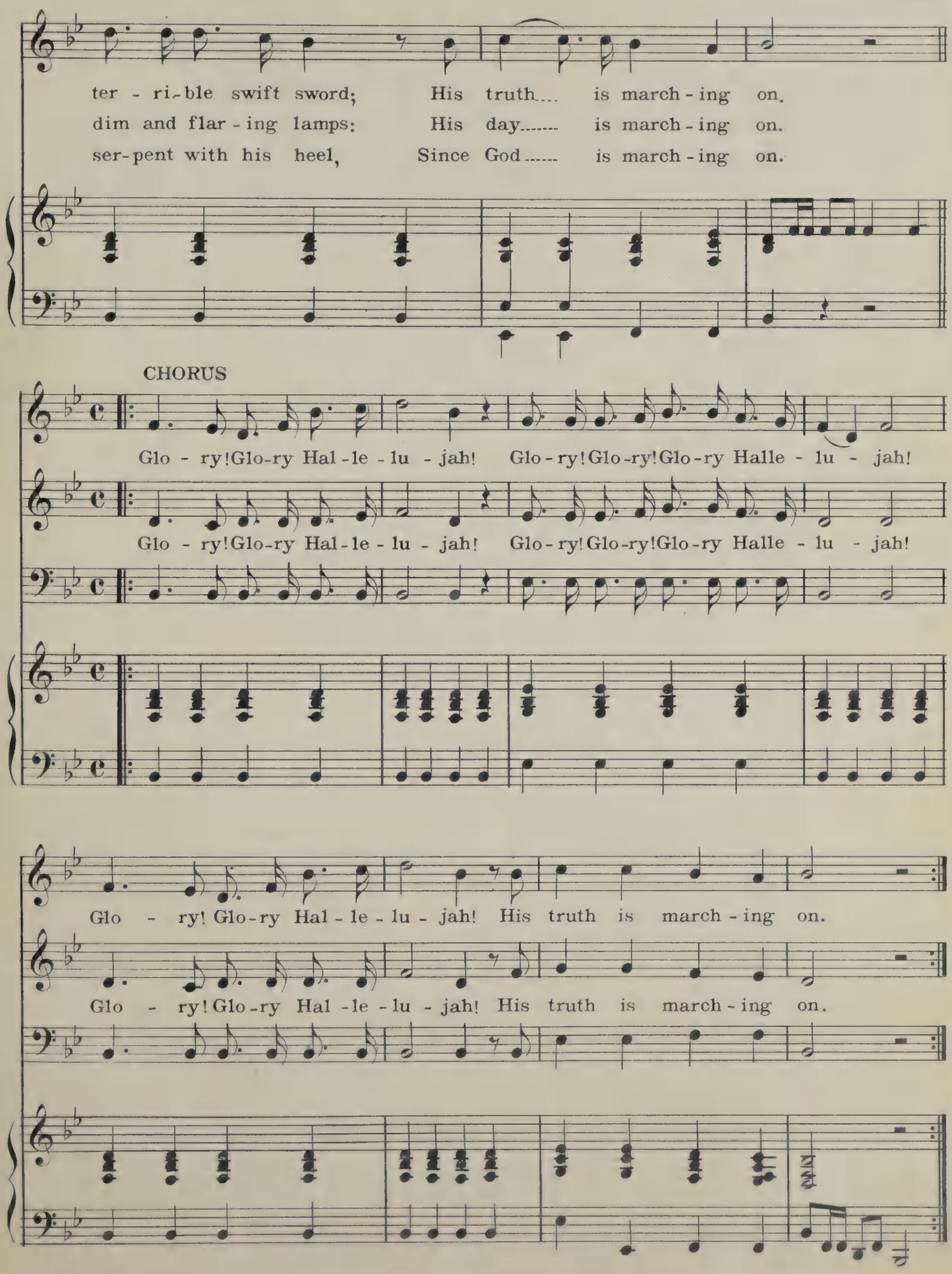
Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE — UNKNOWN

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps, They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His righteous sen-tence by the

3. I have read a fier - - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye deal with my con-temn-ers, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the He - - ro born of wo - man crush the

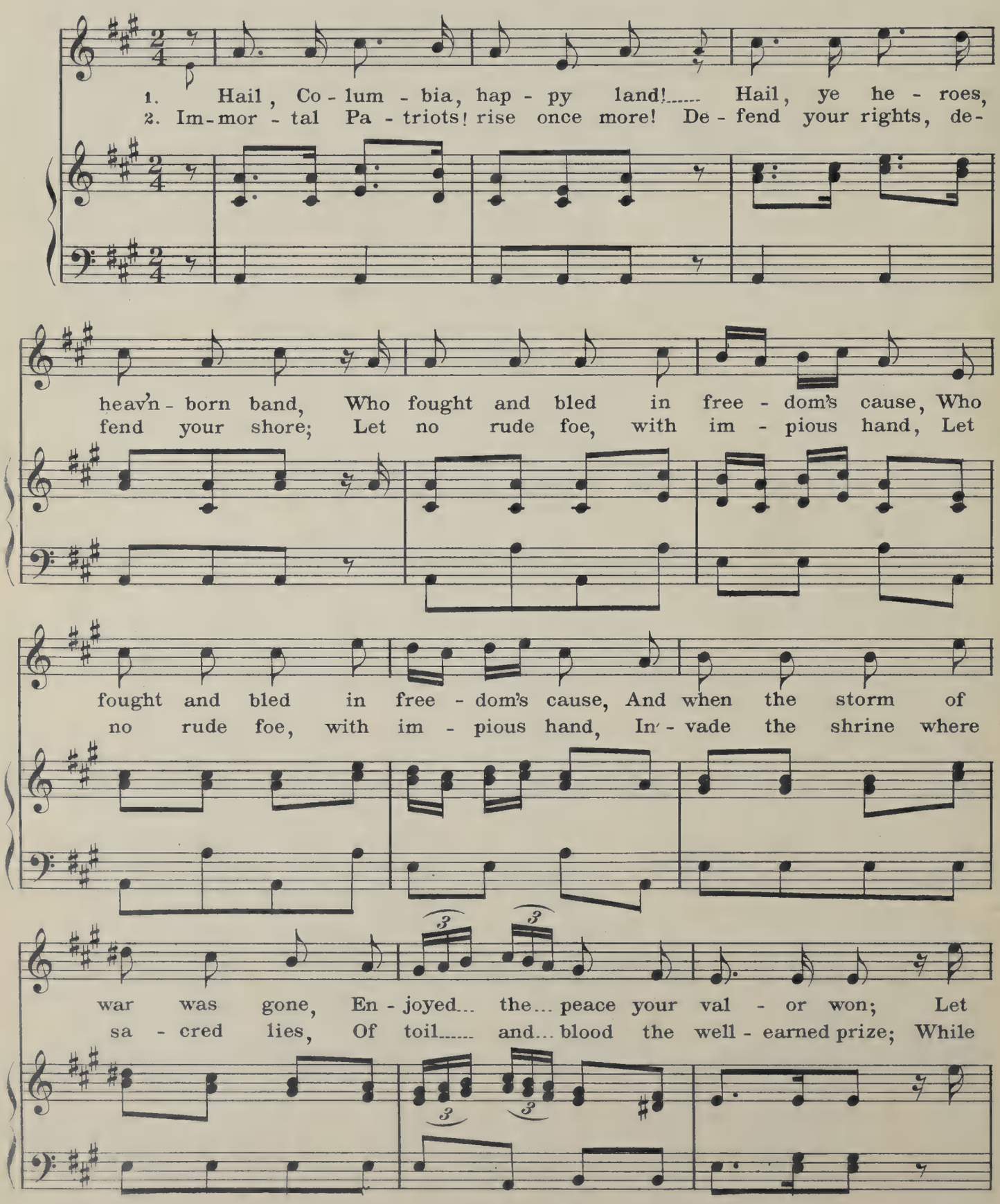
By permission of O. Ditson Co.


ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth.... is march - ing on.
dim and flar - ing lamps; His day..... is march - ing on.
ser-pent with his heel, Since God..... is march - ing on.
CHORUS
Glo - ry! Glo-ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry Halle - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! Glo-ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry Halle - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! Glo-ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.
Glo - ry! Glo-ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

HAIL! COLUMBIA.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

PRESIDENT'S MARCH



In - de - pen - dence be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In Heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bon - dage fail!

CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,
As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

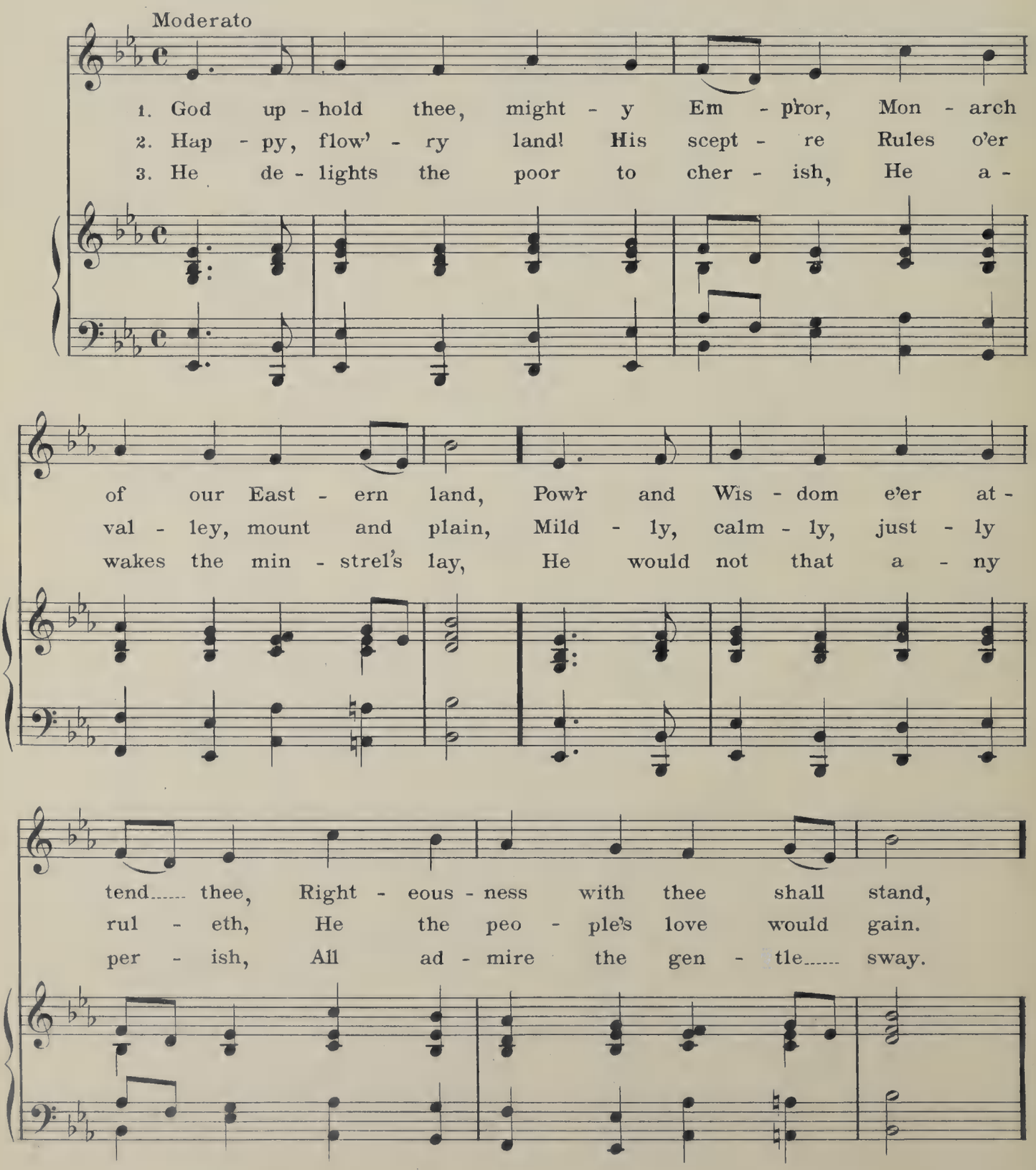
3.

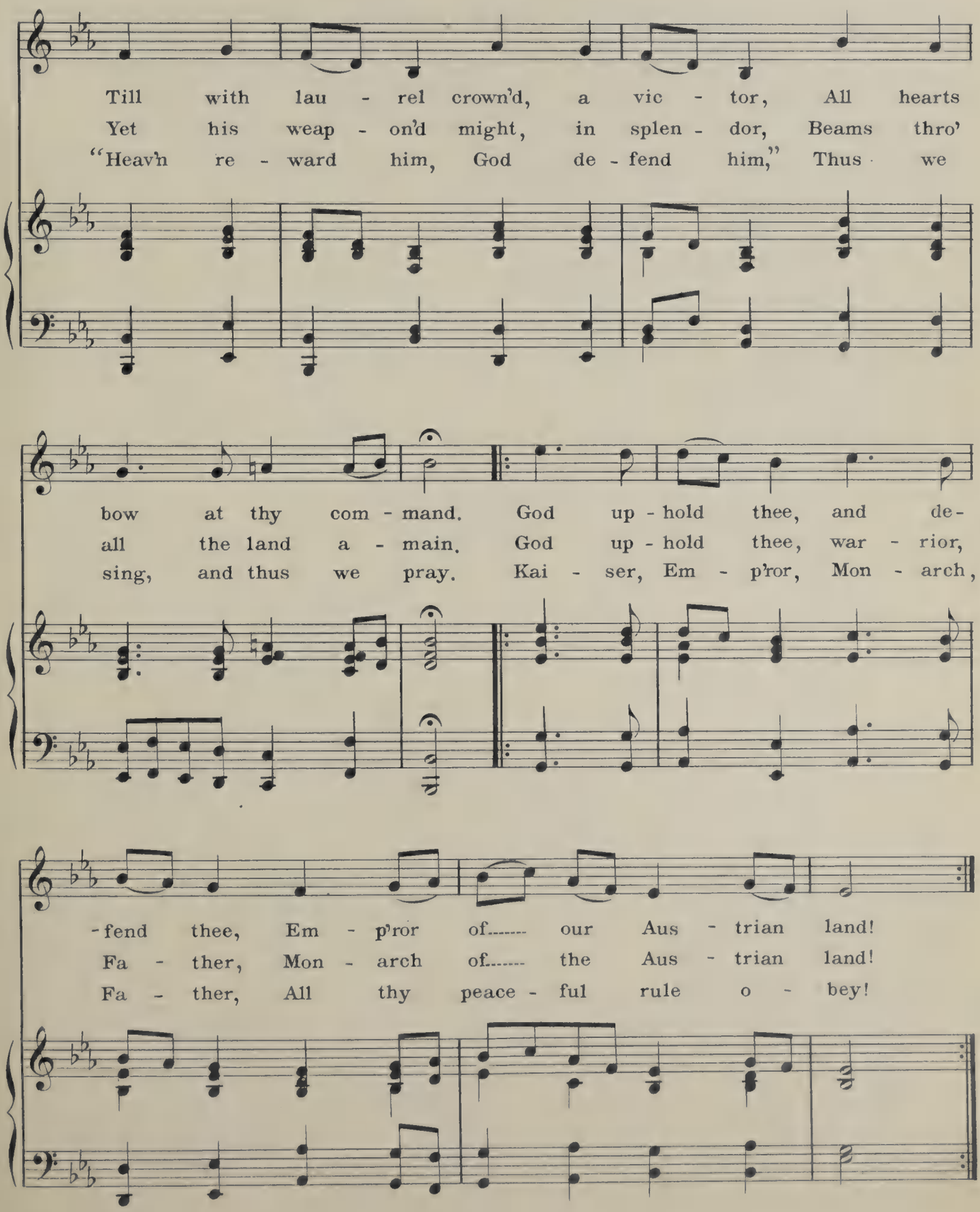
Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Cho.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

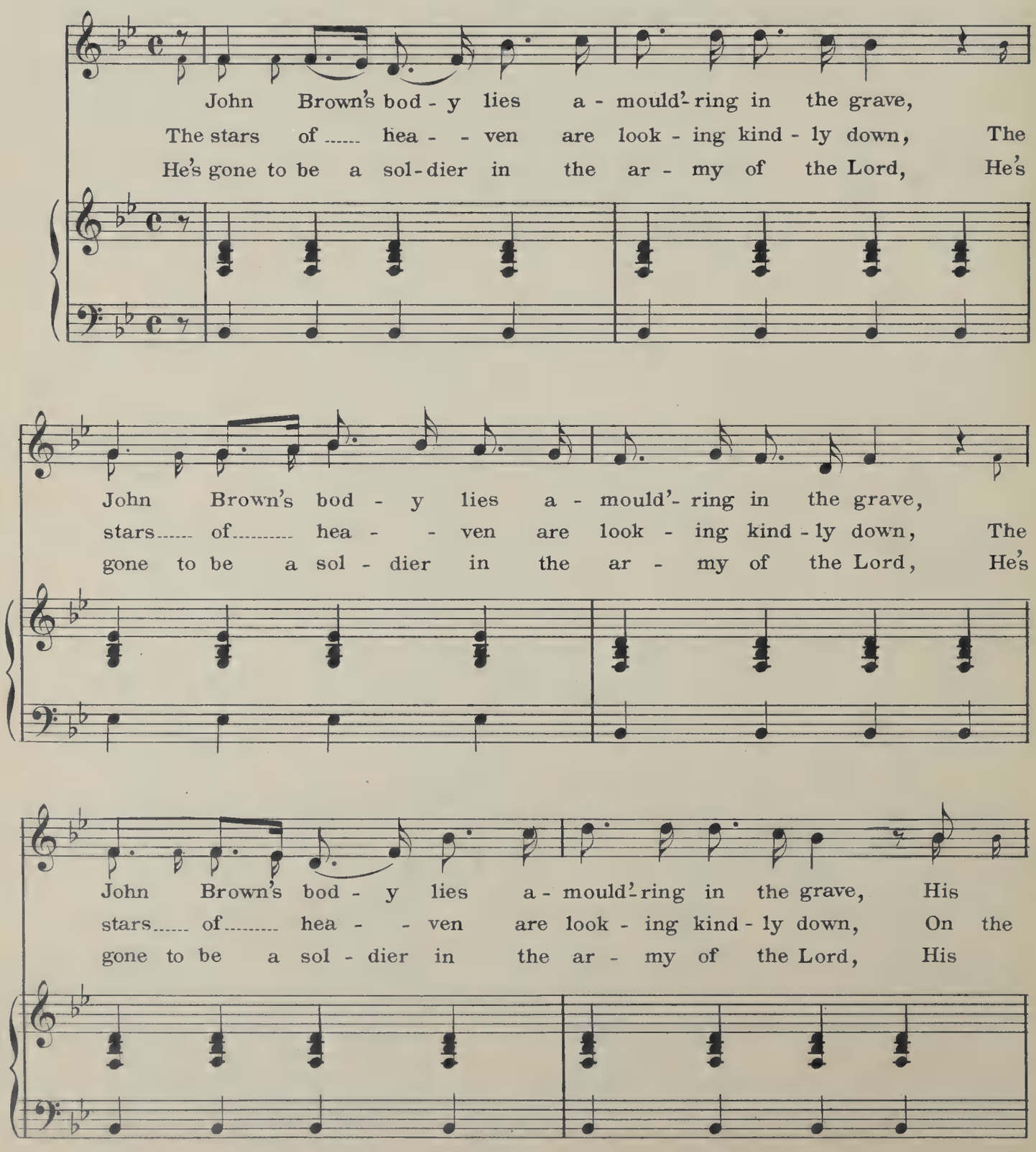
HANSCHKA JOSEPH HAYDN




Till with lau - rel crown'd, a vic - tor, All hearts
Yet his weap - on'd might, in splen - dor, Beams thro'
"Heav'n re - ward him, God de - fend him," Thus we
bow at thy com - mand. God up - hold thee, and de-
all the land a - main. God up - hold thee, war - rior,
sing, and thus we pray. Kai - ser, Em - p'ror, Mon - arch,
-fend thee, Em - p'ror of..... our Aus - trian land!
Fa - ther, Mon - arch of..... the Aus - trian land!
Fa - ther, All thy peace - ful rule o - bey!

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

CHA'S S. HALL. UNKNOWN



By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

CHORUS

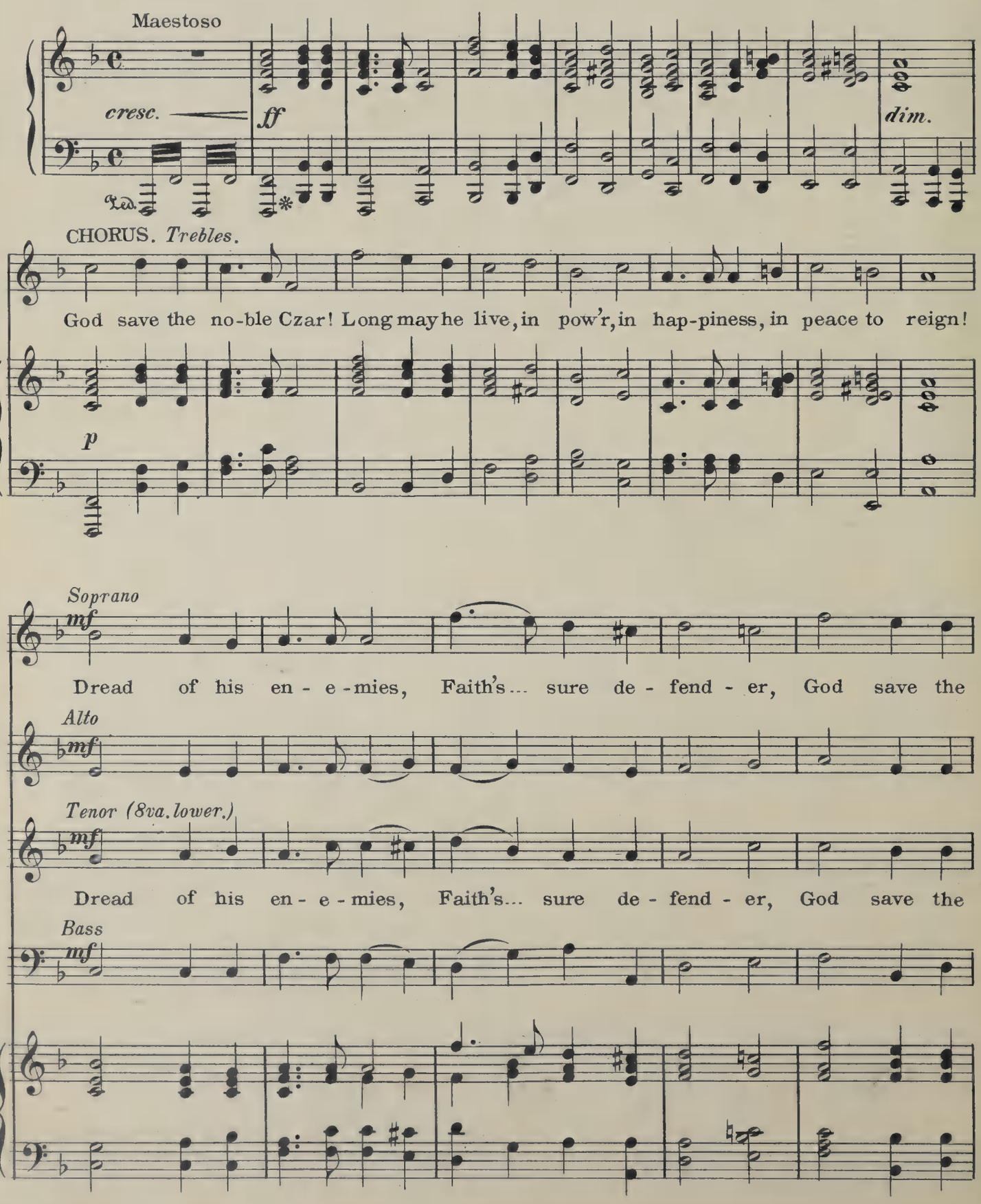
soul ..... is march-ing on! Glo - - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
grave ..... of old John Brown! Glo - - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
soul ..... is march - ing on! Glo - - ry, glo - ry hal - le -

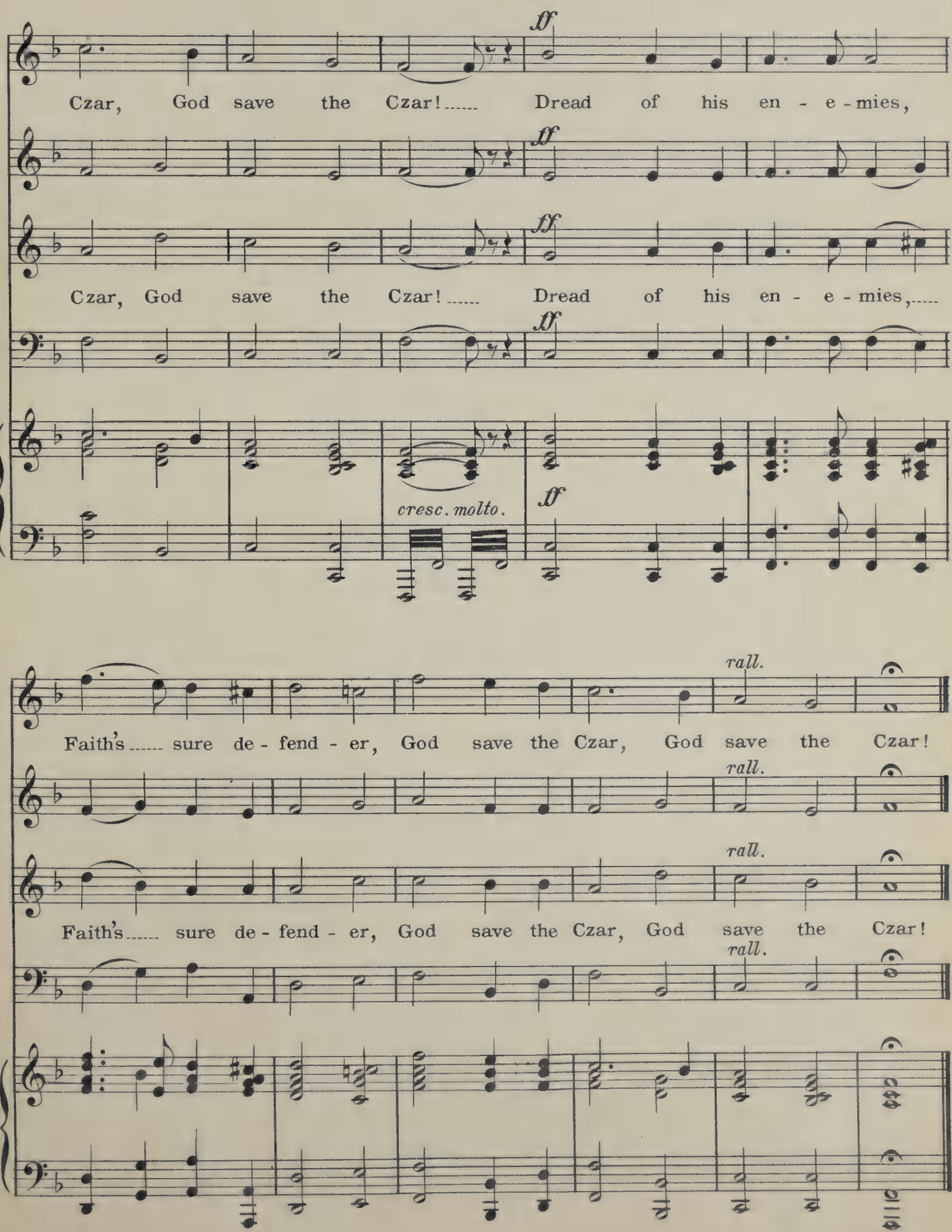
lu - - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - - jah!

Glo - - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march-ing on!

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Arr. by J. BARNBY




ff
Czar, God save the Czar! Dread of his en - e - mies,
ff
ff
Czar, God save the Czar! Dread of his en - e - mies,
ff
cresc. molto.
ff
rall.
Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar!
rall.
rall.
Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar!
rall.

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

1. All for - ward! All for - ward!
2. All for - ward! All for - ward!
3. All for - ward! All for - ward!

f

All for - ward to bat - tle! the trum - pets are cry - ing, All
All for - ward for Free - dom! In ter - ri - ble splen - dor, She
All for - ward to con - quer! Where free hearts are beat - ing,

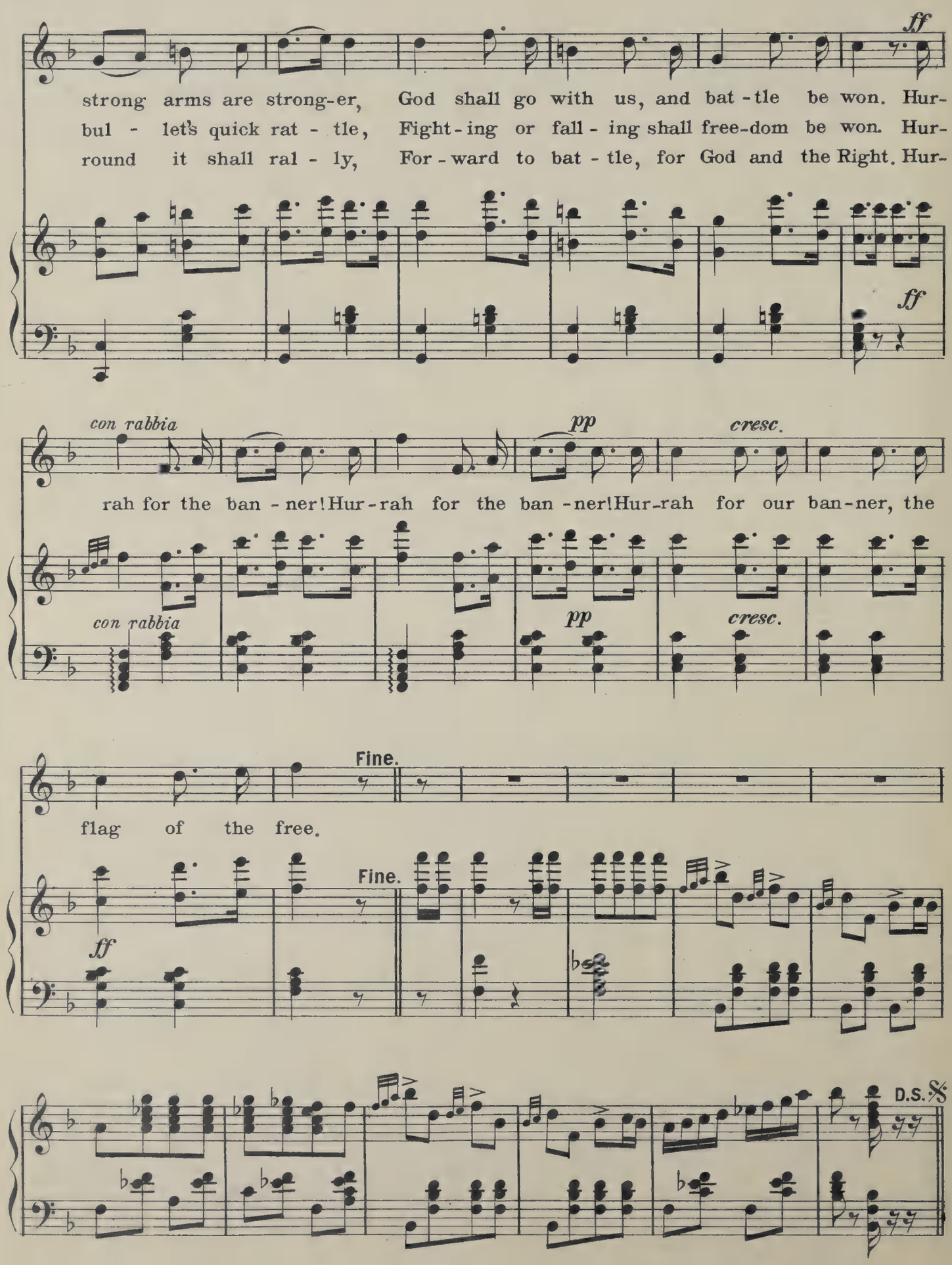
for - ward! All for - ward! our old flag is fly - ing, When Lib - er - ty
comes to the loy - al who die to de - fend her; Her stars and.....
Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing!..... Lib - er - ty

calls us we lin - ger no long - er; Reb - els, come on! tho' a
stripes o'er the wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heav-ens to
calls us from moun - tain and val - ley; Wav - ing her ban - ner she

thou - sand to one! Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty!
wel - come us on. All for - ward! to glo - ry, tho'
leads to the fight. For - ward! all for - ward! the

death - less and glo - ri - ous, Un - der thy ban - ner, thy
life - blood is pour - ing, Where bright swords are flash - ing, and
trum - pets are cry - ing, The drum beats to arms, our.....

sons are vic - to - rious! Free souls are val - iant, and
can - nons are roar - ing, Wel - come to death in the
old flag is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong hands a-


ff
strong arms are strong-er, God shall go with us, and bat-tle be won. Hur-
bul - let's quick rat - tle, Fight-ing or fall - ing shall free-dom be won. Hur-
round it shall ral - ly, For-ward to bat - tle, for God and the Right. Hur-
ff
con rabbia
pp
cresc.
rah for the ban - ner! Hur-rah for the ban - ner! Hur-rah for our ban-ner, the
con rabbia
pp
cresc.
Fine.
flag of the free.
Fine.
ff
D.S.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

HENRY CAREY — UNKNOWN

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,

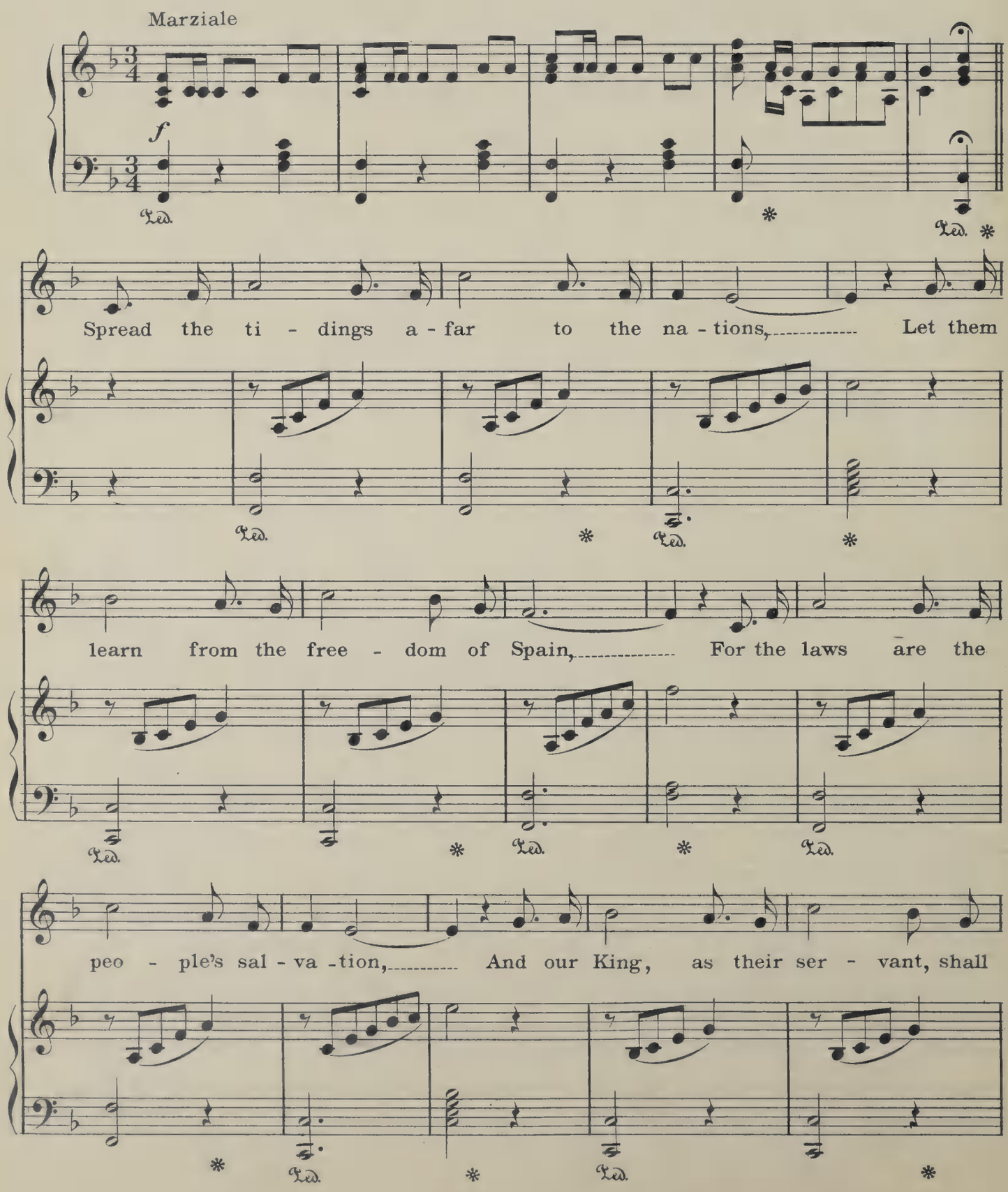
God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall. Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their
Long may he reign! May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God... save the King.
knav - ish tricks; On him our hopes we fix, God... save the King.
give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God... save the King.

SPANISH NATIONAL HYMN.

SOLO AND CHORUS

MANUEL FENOLLOSA



reign. For their coun - try, true Span - iards will dare it,

f

Dare to per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause. To the

f

to - ries de - struc - tion, we swear it! "Live for-

cres - - *cen* - - *do*

ev - er the King and the laws."

ff

SEMI-CHORUS.

For their coun - try, true Span - iards will dare it, Dare to per - ish for

FULL CHORUS.

ff

Lib - er - ty's cause. To the to - ries de - struc - tion, we

ff

ff

swear it! Live for ev - er the King and the laws!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

(THE MOREEN.)

THOMAS MOORE

1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
2. The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The

fa-ther's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung..... be - hind..... him.
harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again, For he tore its chords ... a - sun - der, And

f

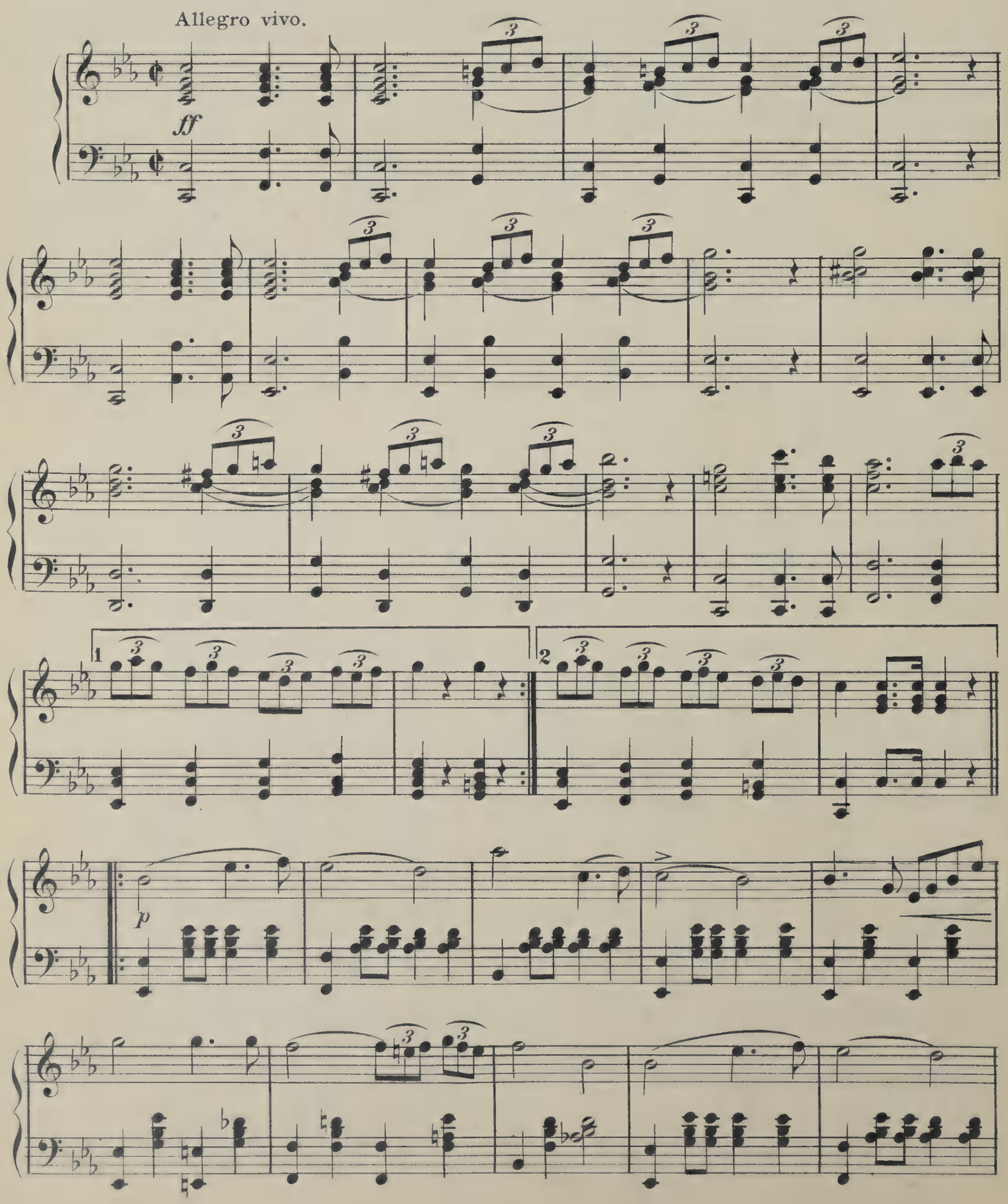
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, *One* sword at least, thy
said, "No chains shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the

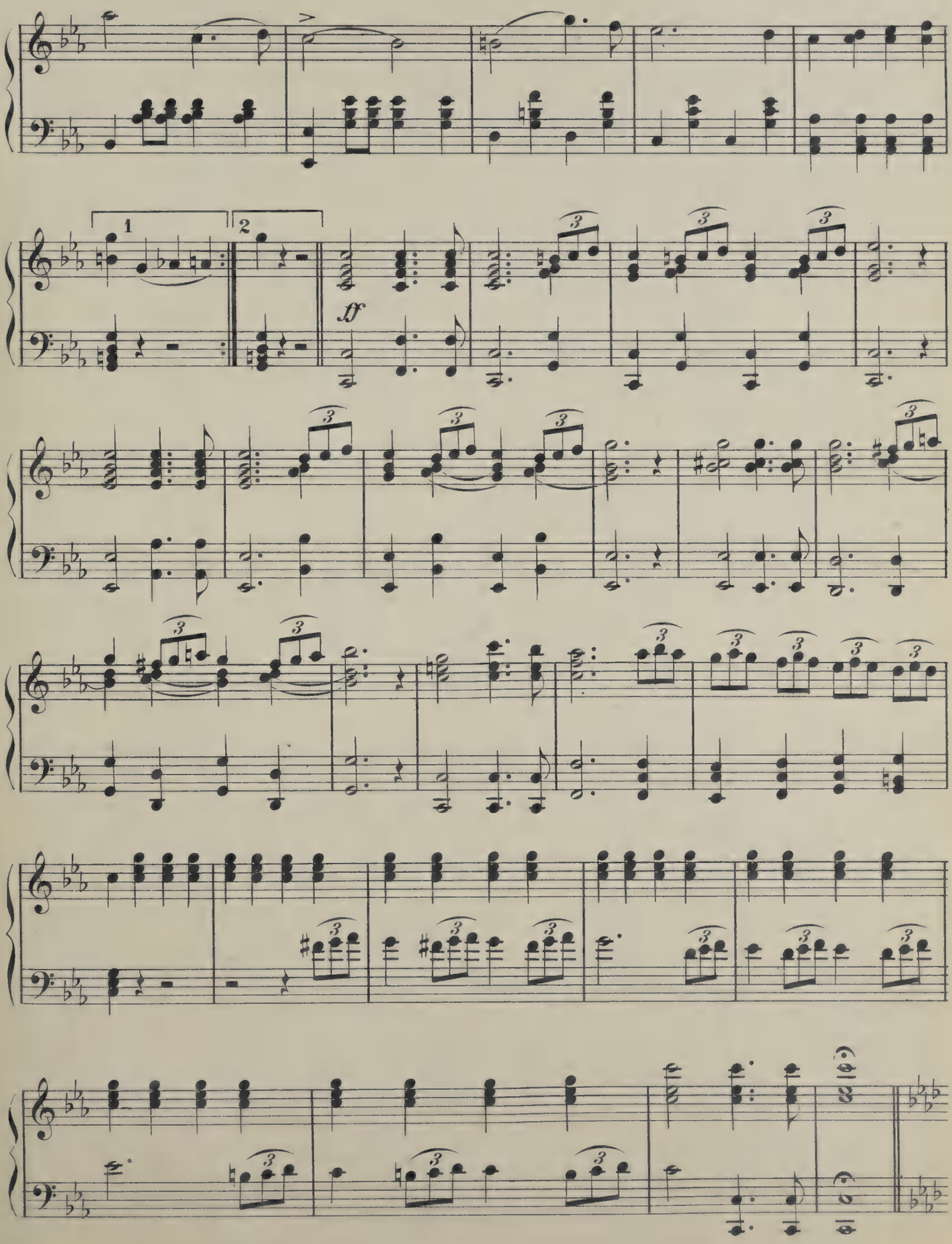
f *p*

rights shall guard, *One* ..... faith - ful harp..... shall praise..... thee!"
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound..... in slav - er - y!"

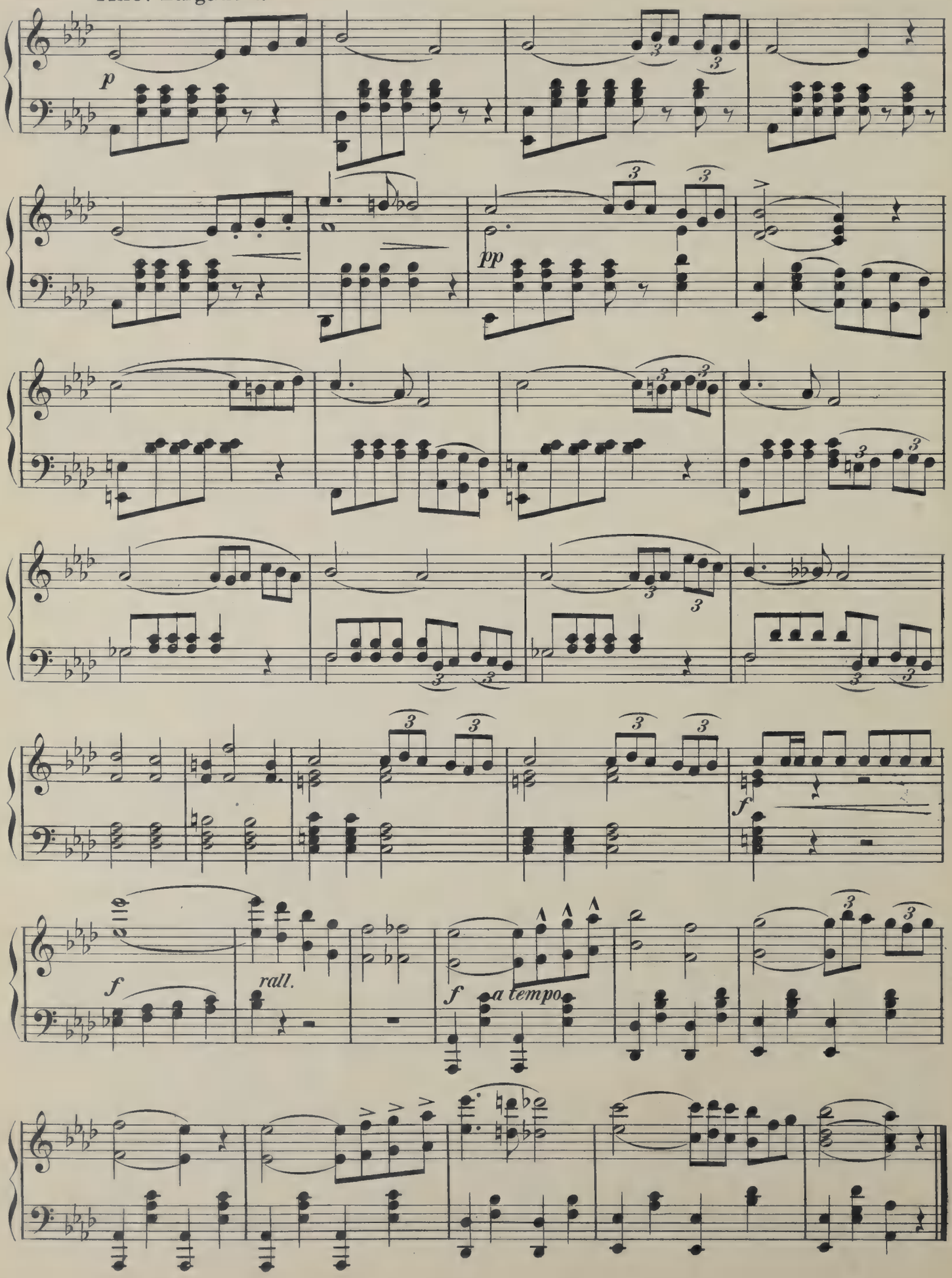
NATIONAL AIR OF JAPAN.

(FOU SÔ KA.)



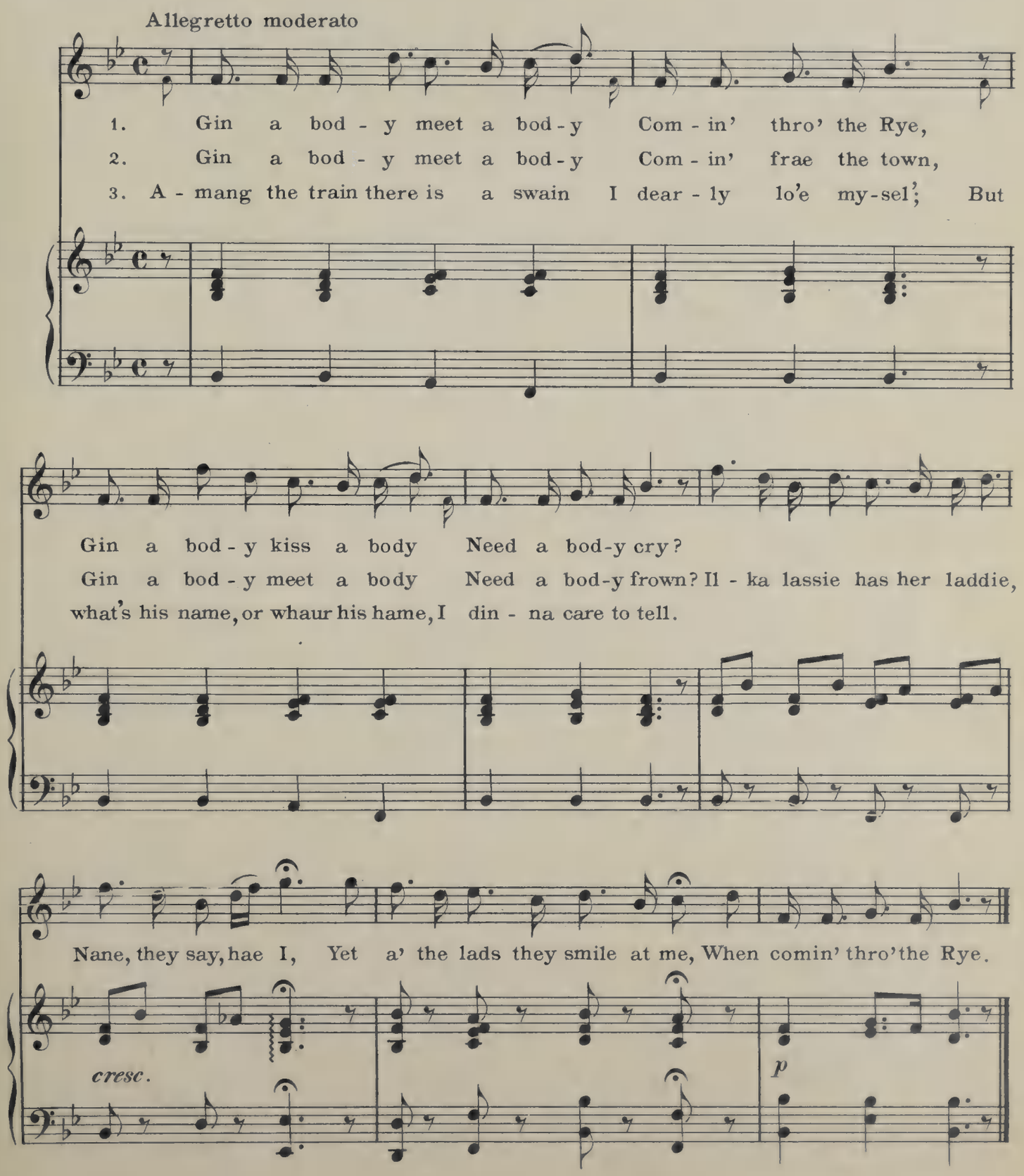

1
2
ff

TRIO. Largement.



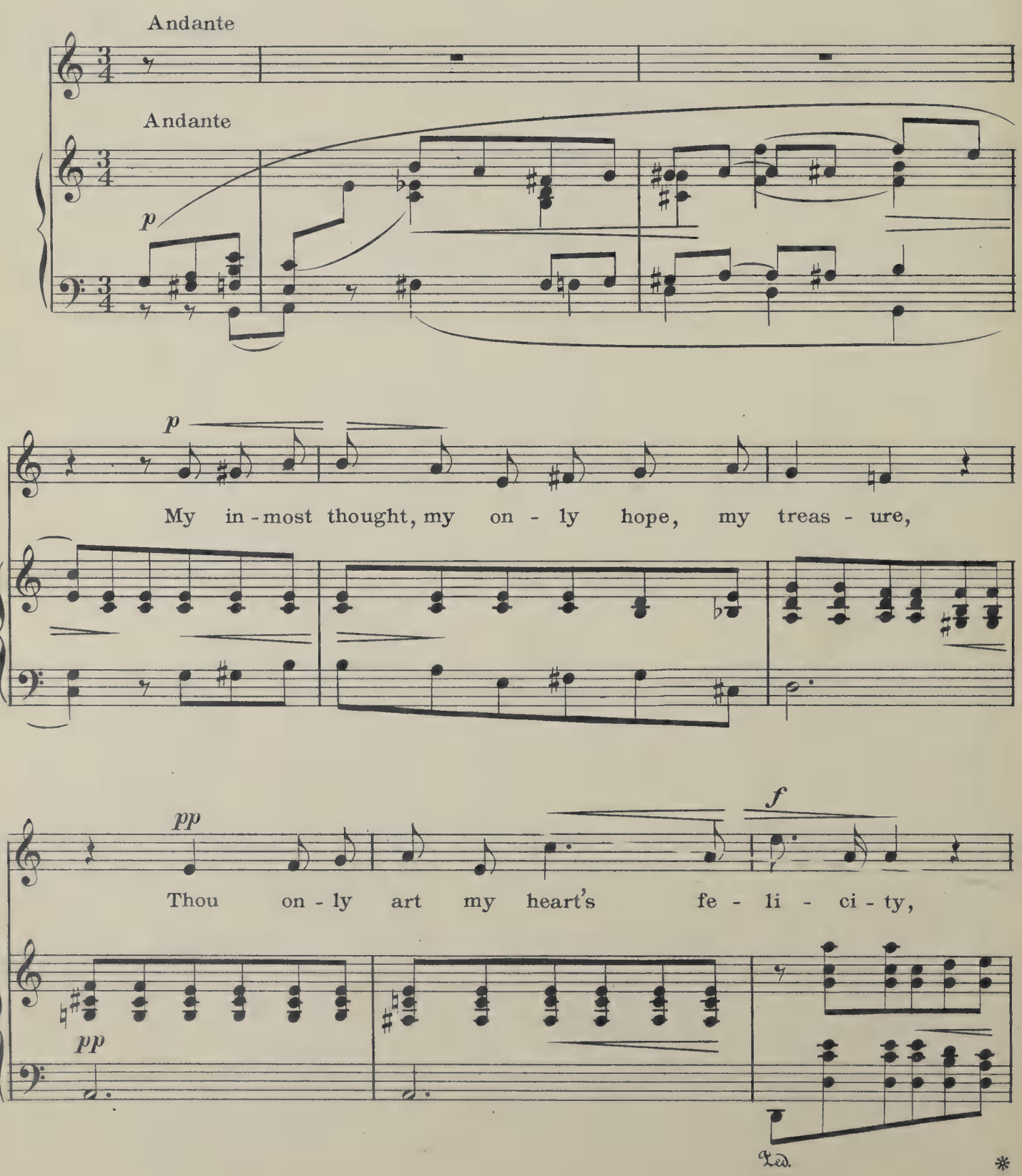
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

UNKNOWN. Arr. by J. PARRY.



I LOVE THEE.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. EDVARD GRIEG.



p

I love thee far a - bove all earth - ly

pleas - ure! I love but thee! I love but thee! Thro'

cres. sempre

time I love thee, and e - ter - ni - ty! Thro' time I love thee, and e -

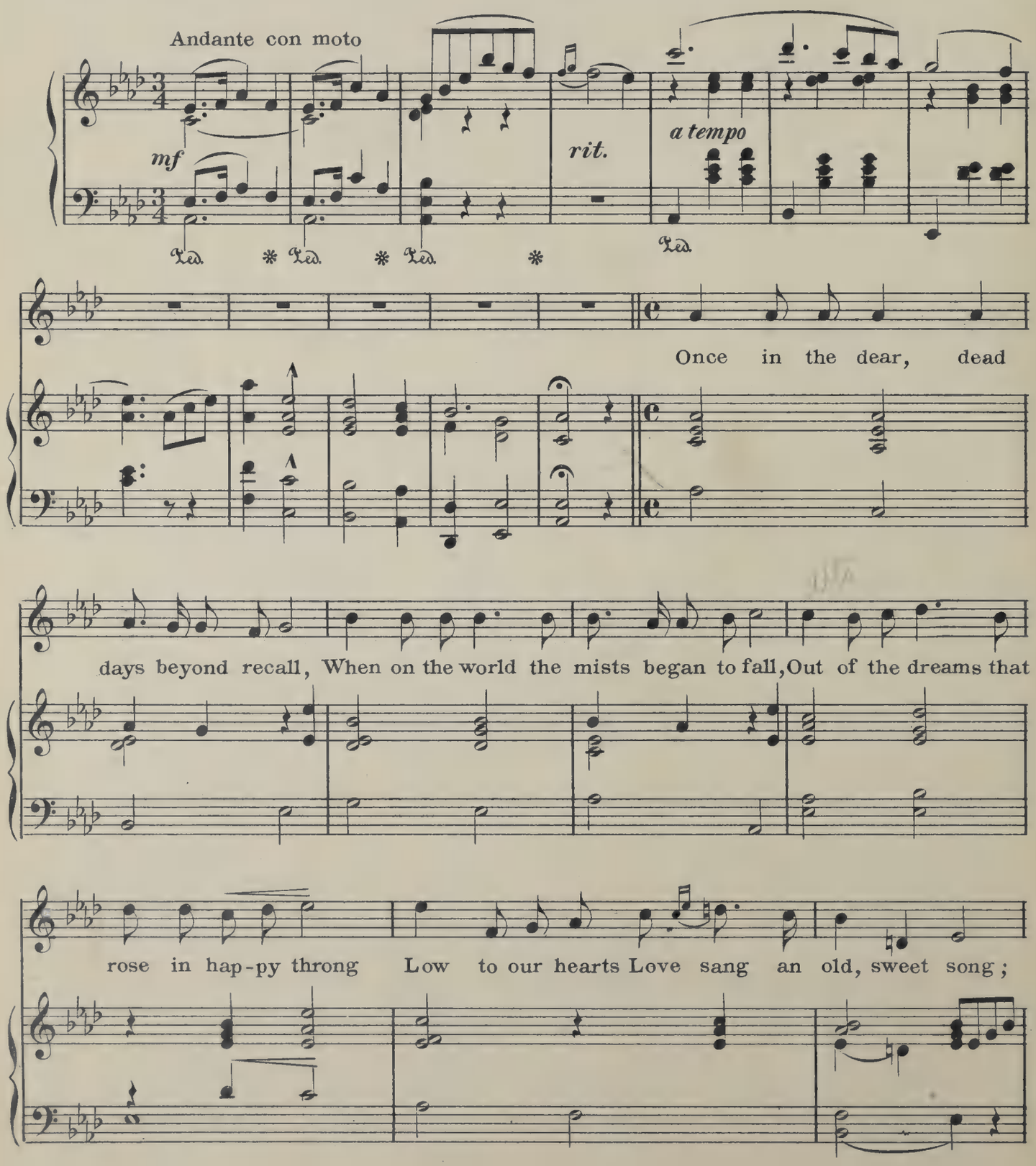
ff *rit.*

ter - ni - ty!

dim. *pp*

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM. J. L. MOLLOY.



And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-

to our dream. Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are,

p *a tempo*

rit.

p

low And the flick'-ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go;

f

Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and long, Still to us, at

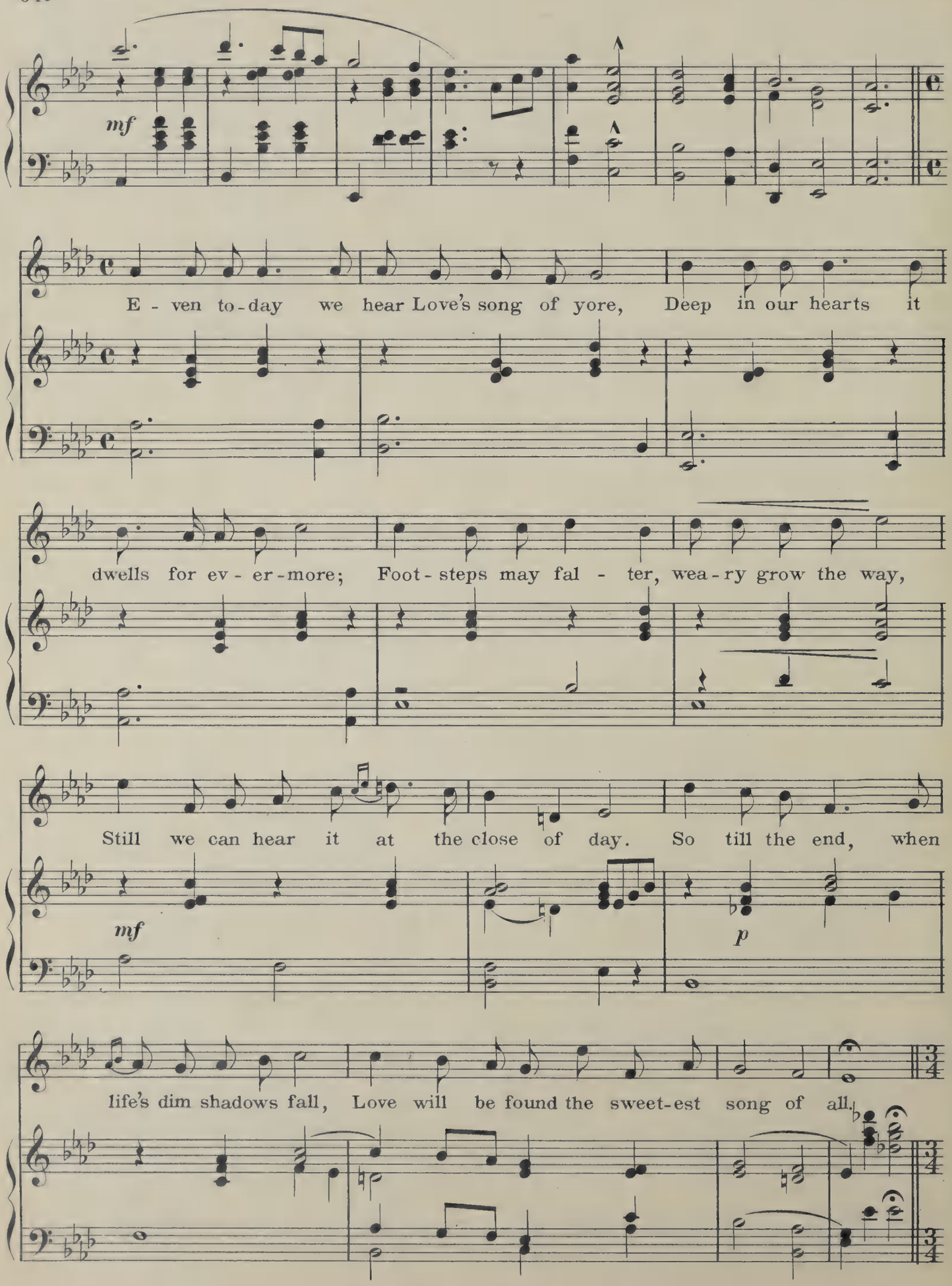
mf

twi- -light, comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old, sweet song.

rit.

f *rit.*

sempre


mf
E - ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it
dwells for ev - er-more; Foot - steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day. So till the end, when
mf
p
life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

a tempo

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick - 'ring

p cantando

sempre Ped. Ped.

shad - ows soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry,

f

mf

Ped. Ped.

sad the day and long, Still to us, at twi - light, comes Love's old

ad lib.

song, Comes Love's old, sweet... song.

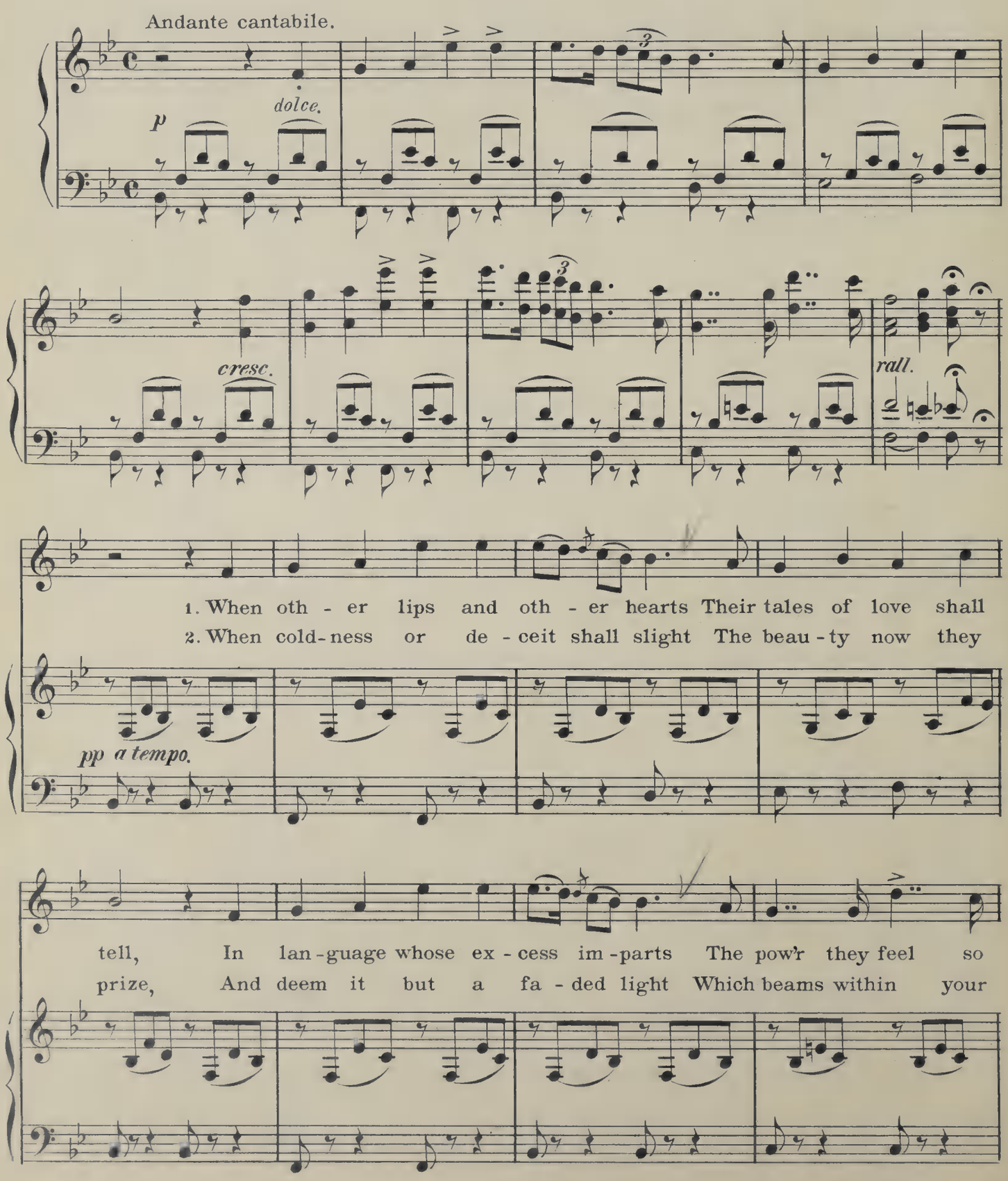
f animato

rit.

Ped. Ped.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL." M.W. BALFE.



well, There may per - haps in such a scene, Some rec - ol - lec - tion
eyes, When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to

be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
see, In such a mo - ment I but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber

f *f*

me, And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me, That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

cresc.

cresc.

dim.

SNOWFLAKES.

MARY MAPES DODGE

FREDERICK H. COWEN

Allegretto non troppo

p

1. Whene'er a snow-flake leaves the sky, It turns and
2. And when a snow-flake finds a tree, "Good-day," it

p *p*

cresc. *p*

turns to say "good-bye! Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray, Good-bye, dear
says, "good-day to thee! Thou art so bare and lone-ly, dear, Thou art so

cresc. *p*

poco rit. *p* *rit.* *D.C. for 2nd. Verse.*

cloud. so cool and gray!" Then light - ly trav-els on its way...
bare and lone - ly, dear, I'll rest, and call my comrades here."

colla voce *p* *rit.*

a tempo *mf* *agitato e cresc.*

3. But when a snow - flake, brave and meek, Lights on a

a tempo *mf* *agitato e cresc.*

a tempo tranquillo. p

ro - - sy maid - en's cheek, It starts— "How

a tempo tranquillo.

f pp

warm and soft the day, how warm and soft the day, 'Tis

mf

cresc. ed accel.

poco più vivo. cresc. f

sum - - mer, 'tis sum - - mer, 'tis

poco più vivo.

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Lento. pp

sum - - - - - - - - mer!..." And it

Lento.

f lunga. p dim. pp

Ped. *

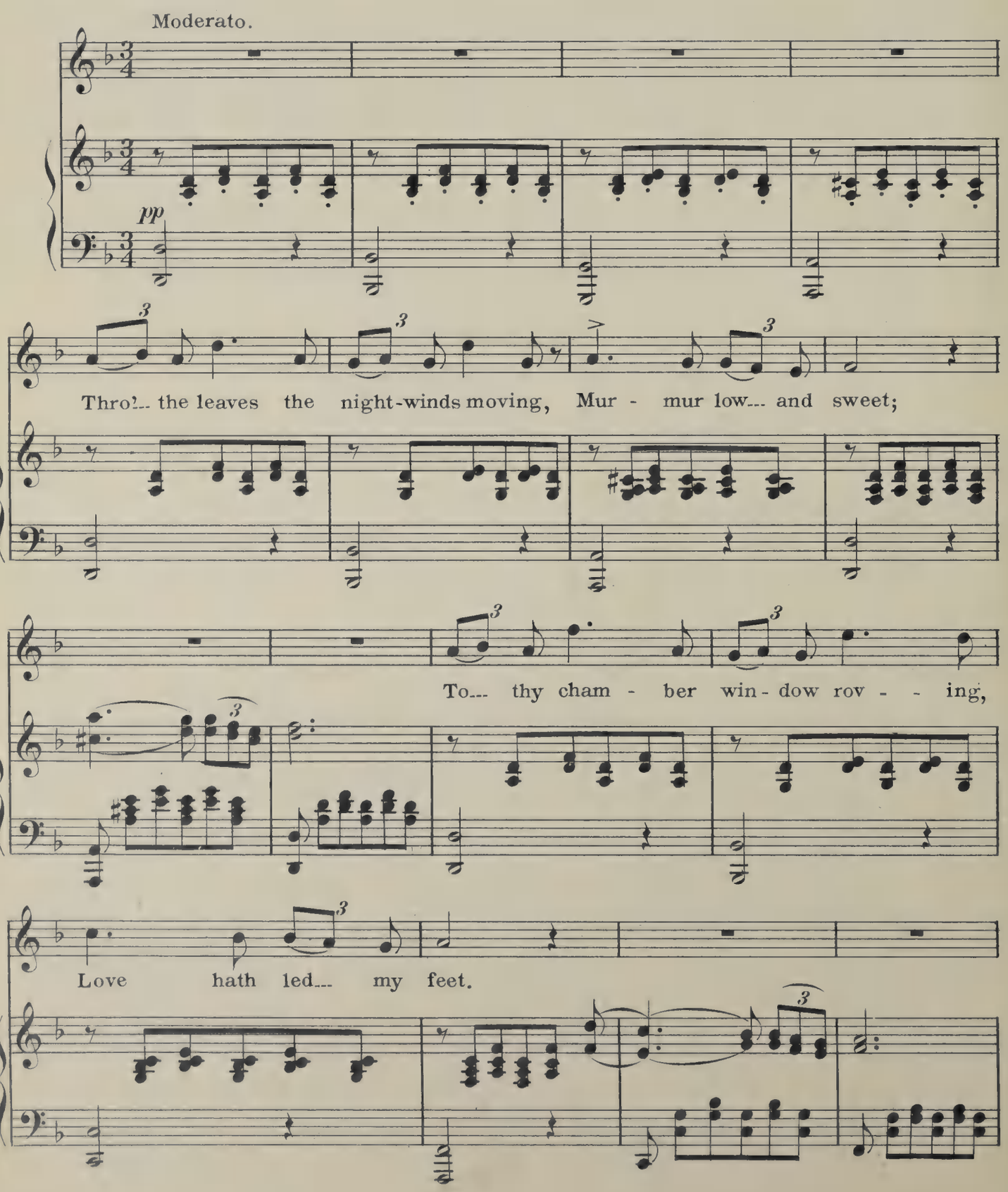
melts a - way.

Tempo primo.

pp pp

SERENADE.

UNKNOWN. FRANZ SCHUBERT.



Si - lent prayers of bliss - ful feel - ing, Link... us, though a - part,

pp

Link... us, though a - part, On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing,

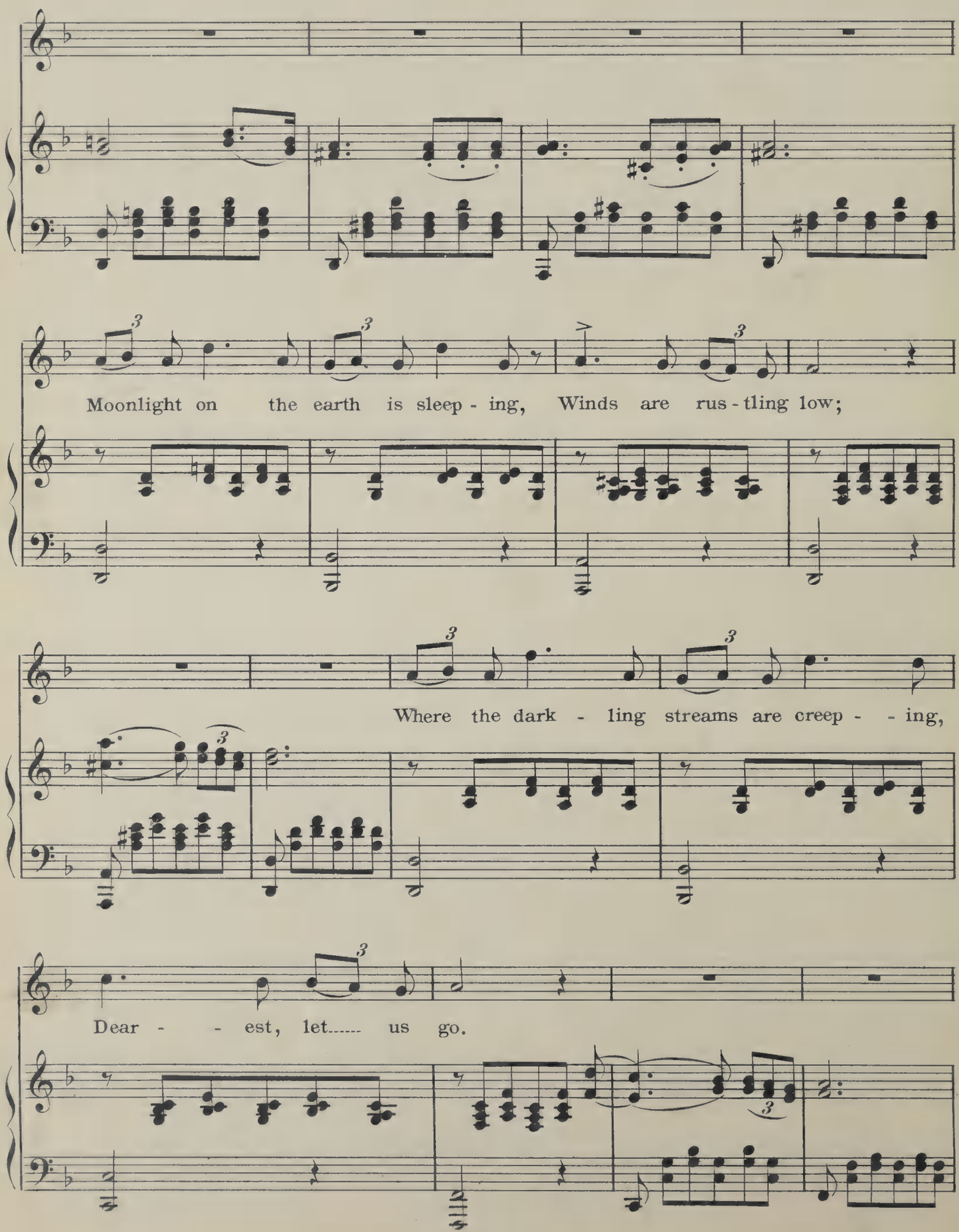
To.....thy dream - ing heart, To..... thy dream - - ing heart.

f

f

mf

pp


Moonlight on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rus - tling low;
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - - ing,
Dear - - est, let..... us go.

All the stars keep watch in hea - ven, While--- I sing to thee;

pp

While--- I sing to thee; And the night for love was giv - - en,

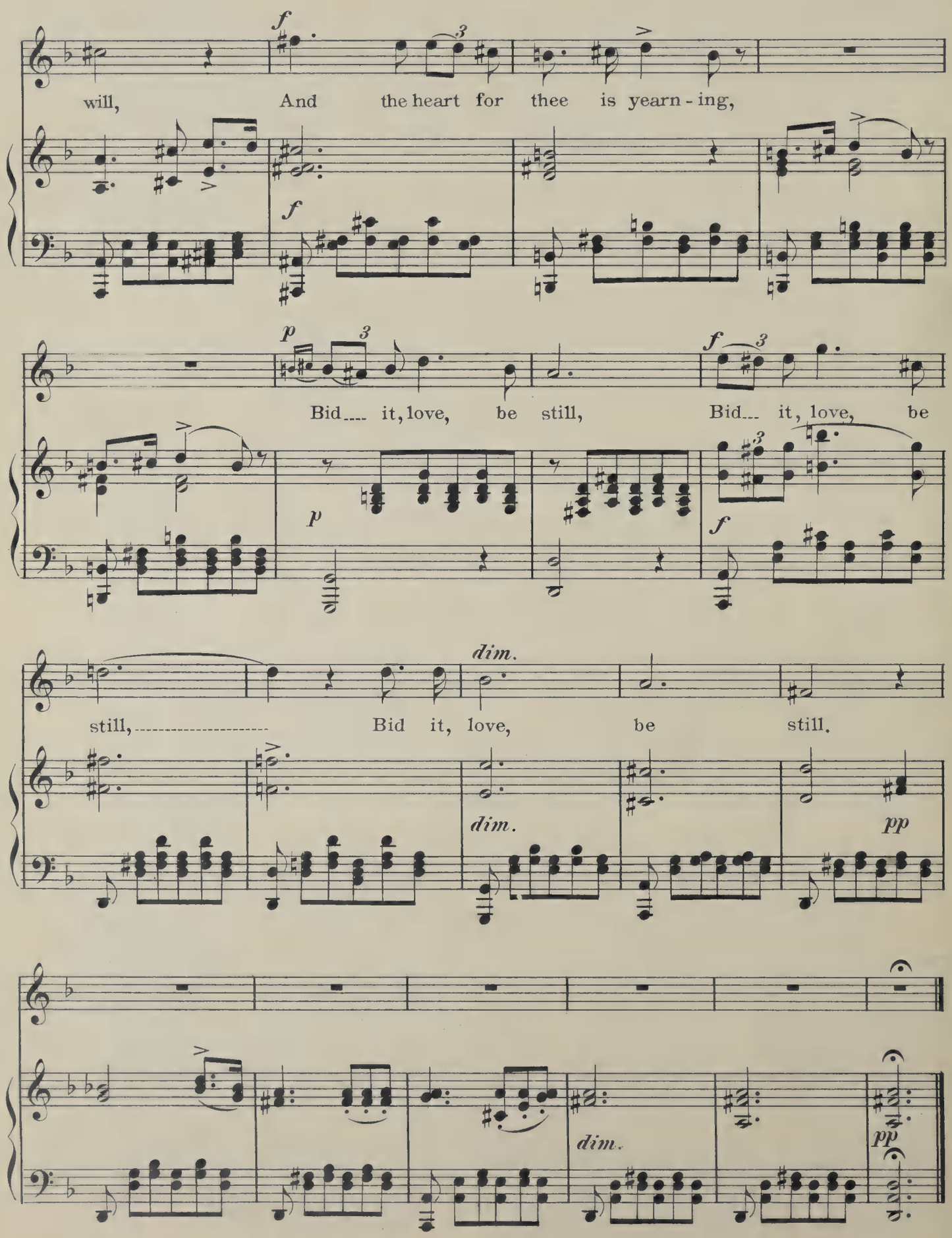
Dear - est, come to me, Dear - est, come to me.

f

f

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing, Wails the whip - poor-

cresc.


f
will, And the heart for thee is yearn - ing,
f
p
Bid it, love, be still, Bid it, love, be
p
f
f
still, Bid it, love, be still.
dim.
dim.
pp
dim.
pp

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

HENRY CAREY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,... There's none like pret - ty
Her fa - ther he makes cab - bage - nets,..... And through the streets does
Of all the days that's in the week..... I dear - ly love... but

pp

Sal - ly; She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our..... al - ley; There
cry 'em; Her moth - er she sells la - ces long... To such as please to buy 'em; But
one day, And that's the day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and Monday; For

is no la - dy in the land That's half..... so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the
sure such folks could ne'er be - get So sweet... a girl as Sal - ly; She is the
then I'm drest all in my best To walk..... abroad with Sal - ly; She is the

p

dar - ling of my heart, And lives... in our... al - ley.
dar - ling of my heart, And lives... in our... al - ley.
dar - ling of my heart, And lives... in our... al - ley.

ten. *p*

DREAMS.

MATHILDE WESENDONCK. RICHARD WAGNER.

In very moderate time, but not dragging.

pp

dolcissimo

un poco cresc.

p

Say! oh,

dim.

pp

say, what won - drous dream - - ings Keep my inmost soul re -

WAGNER

volv - - ing, That they not, like emp - - ty gleam - -

ings, In-to noth-ing are dis - solv-ing? Dream - - ings that with

p

ev'- ry hour,... Ev'- ry day in bright-ness grow, And with their Ce-lestial pow - er

poco cresc. *mf*

Lively

p

sweet - - ly thro' the bos- - om flow? Dream - - ings that, like

dim. *più p.* *pp* *pp* *cresc.*

Ped. *

rays of splen-dor; Fill the bo - som, nev-er wan-ing, Last-ing im-age there to

mf

p ritenuto *accel* *f* *a tempo* Quicker *p*

ren - - der, All for-get-ting, one re-tain-ing; Dream - - ings like the

dim. *pp cresc.* *f*

Ped. *

sun that kiss-es From the snow the buds new-born, That to strange and

p *cresc.*

Abating

unknown blisses They are greet-ed by the morn; That ex-pand ... they may and

dim. *dolce*

More and more abating

blos - som, Dream - ing, spend their odors suave, Gent - ly die up -

p *tenderly*

più p

on thy bos- om, And then vanish in the grave.

morendo

pp

più p

pp

NELLY WAS A LADY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Adagio

Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - - ing,

Long time I trab-ble on de way; All night de cot-ton-wood a -

tot - - ing, Sing for my true - lub all de day.

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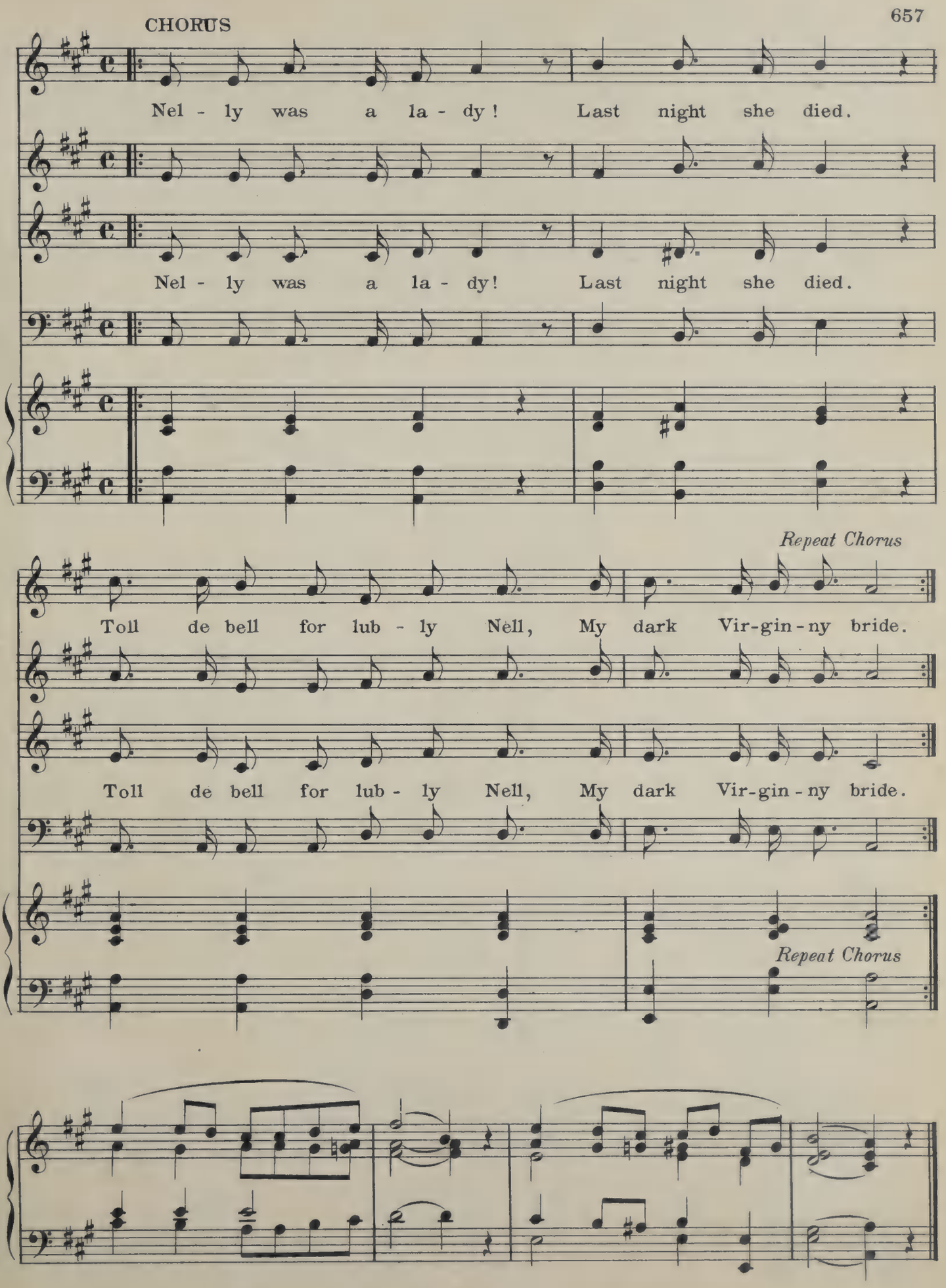

CHORUS
Nel - ly was a la - dy! Last night she died.
Nel - ly was a la - dy! Last night she died.
Repeat Chorus
Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ny bride.
Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ny bride.
Repeat Chorus

2.

Now I'm un-happy, and I'm weep-ing, Can't tote de cot-tonwood no more;

CHORUS.

Last night, while Nelly was a - sleep - ing, Death came a-knockin' at de door.

3.

When I saw my Nelly, in de morn-ing, Smile till she open'd up her eyes,

CHORUS.

Seem'd like de light ob day a - dawn-ing, Jist 'fore de sun be-gin to rise.

4.

Close by de margin ob de wa - ter, Whar de lone weeping willow grows,

CHORUS.

Dar lib'd Vir-gin-ny's lub - ly daughter; Dar she in death may find re - pose.

5.

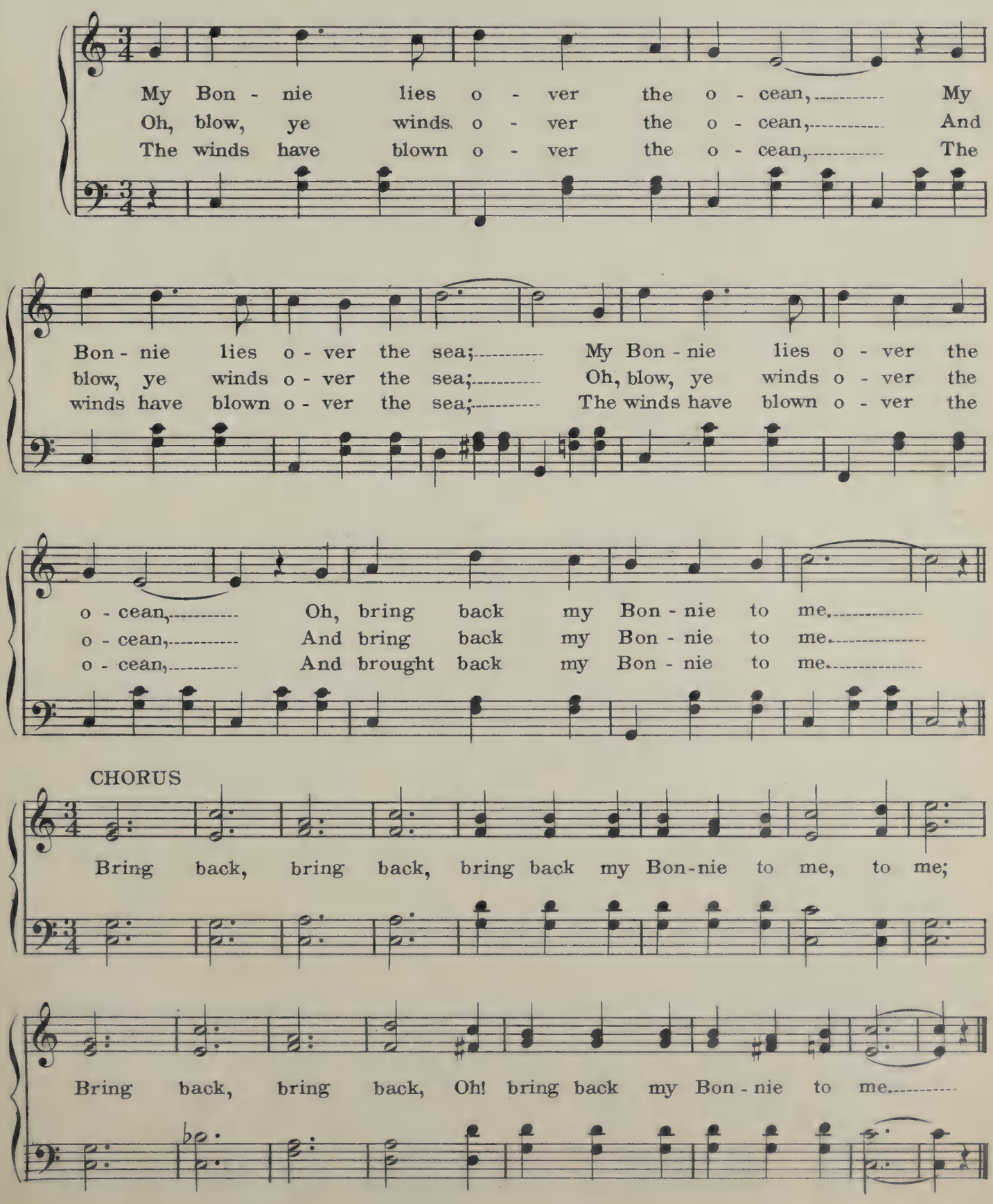
Down in de meadow 'mong de clov-er, Walk wid my Nelly by my side;

CHORUS.

Now all dem hap-py days am o - ber, Fare - well, my dark Vir-ginny bride.

BONNIE.

COLLEGE SONG.



HARK! HARK! THE LARK!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE — FRANZ SCHUBERT

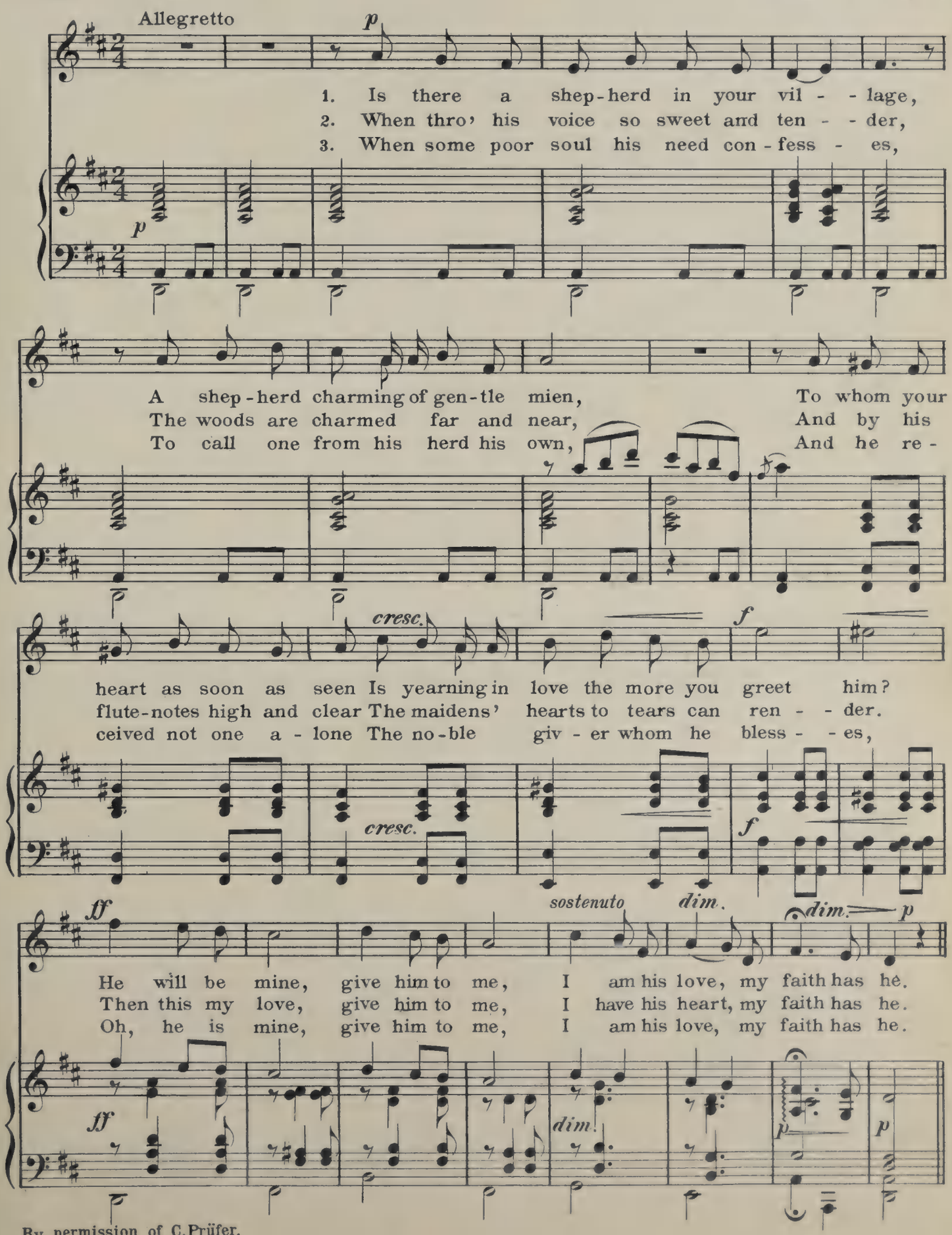
Allegretto.

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ - bus 'gins a - rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On chaliced flow'rs that lies, On chaliced flow'rs that lies. And wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, With ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

cresc. *f* *decres.* *decres.*

FLORIAN'S SONG.

LAURA M. UNDERWOOD. BENJAMIN GODARD.



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A CREOLE LOVE-SONG.

THÉO. MARZIALS. Mrs. MONCRIEFF.

Moderato ma non troppo.

p *molto legato*

pp

I gaze all day on the burn - ing plain, And I
Will no cloud gath - er, will no breath blow From the

pp *pp*

long, I long for the cool a - gain, I am sad and faint with the
far, far hill and the far faint snow, The sun burns white in the

pp

noon - day heat, And I would, I would I were near my sweet! Oh,
noon a - bove, And my heart is burnt like a flame of love. Oh,

p *p*

come, my be - lov - ed, come! Oh, heart of my heart, my
come, my be - lov - ed, come! Oh, heart of my heart, my

mf *accel.* *rall.*

own! Oh, star of my twi - light, come! I am wea - ry
own! Oh, star of my twi - light, come! I am wea - ry

mf

rit. *a tempo* *mf* *molto legato*

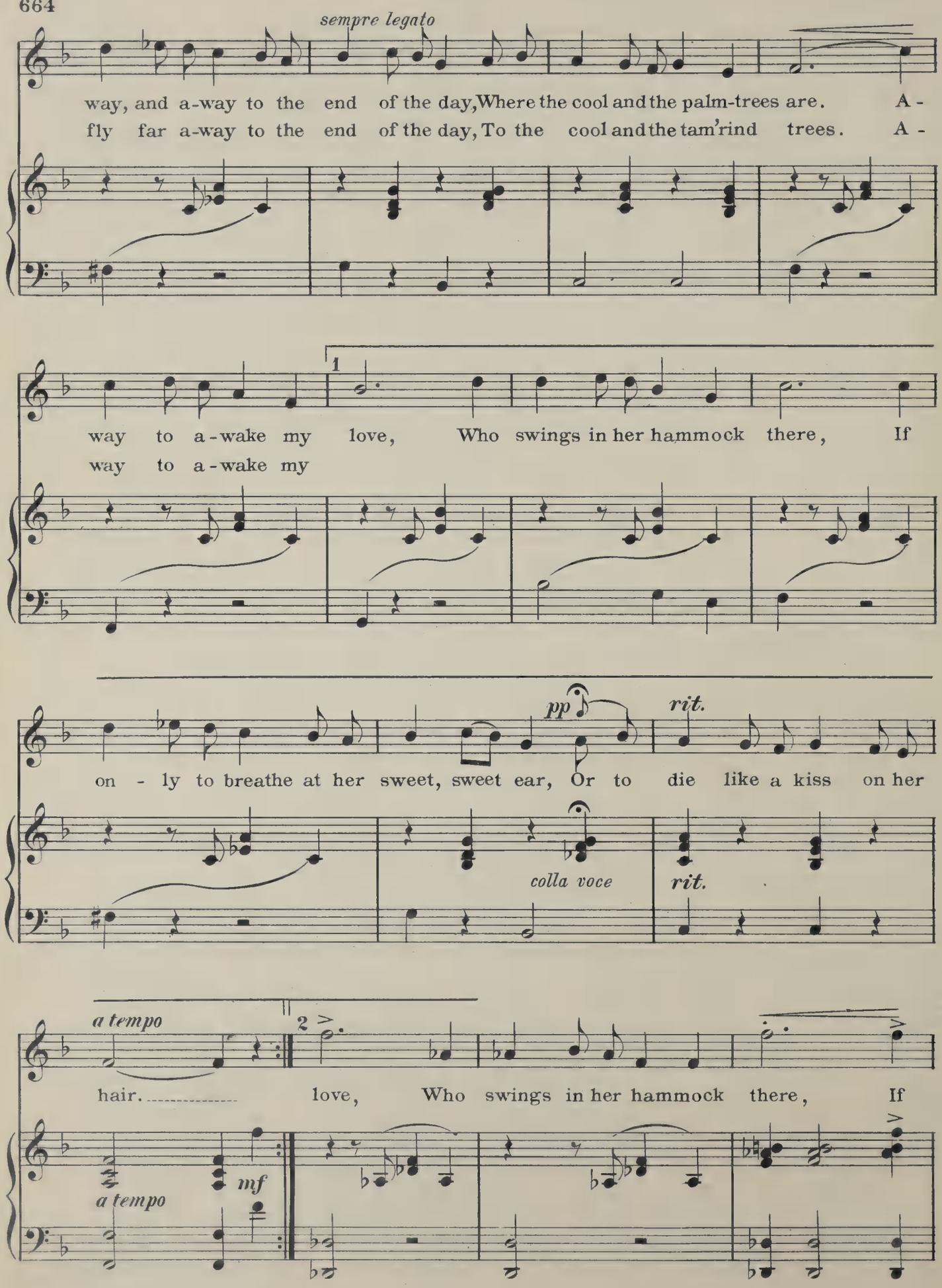
wait - ing for thee, a - - lone. But Oh, if my heart had
wait - ing for thee, a - - lone. But Oh, that my heart had

rit. *a tempo* *molto legato*

Ped. *

wings, To fly like a blue - bird far, A -
wings, The wings of the eve - ning breeze, To

Ped. *


sempre legato
way, and a-way to the end of the day, Where the cool and the palm-trees are. A-
fly far a-way to the end of the day, To the cool and the tam'rind trees. A-
way to a-wake my love, Who swings in her hammock there, If
way to a-wake my
pp
rit.
on - ly to breathe at her sweet, sweet ear, Or to die like a kiss on her
colla voce
rit.
a tempo
hair.
love, Who swings in her hammock there, If
mf
a tempo

ff *rall.* *rit.*

on - ly to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear, Or to die ..... like a kiss on her

ff *rit.*

pp *accel.* - - - - - - - -

hair. Oh, come, my be - lov - ed, come! Oh, heart of my heart, my

p *accel.* - - - - - - -

mf *pp rall.*

own! Oh, star of my twi - light, come! I am wea - ry wait - ing and all a -

mf *sempre* *pp rall.* *molto*

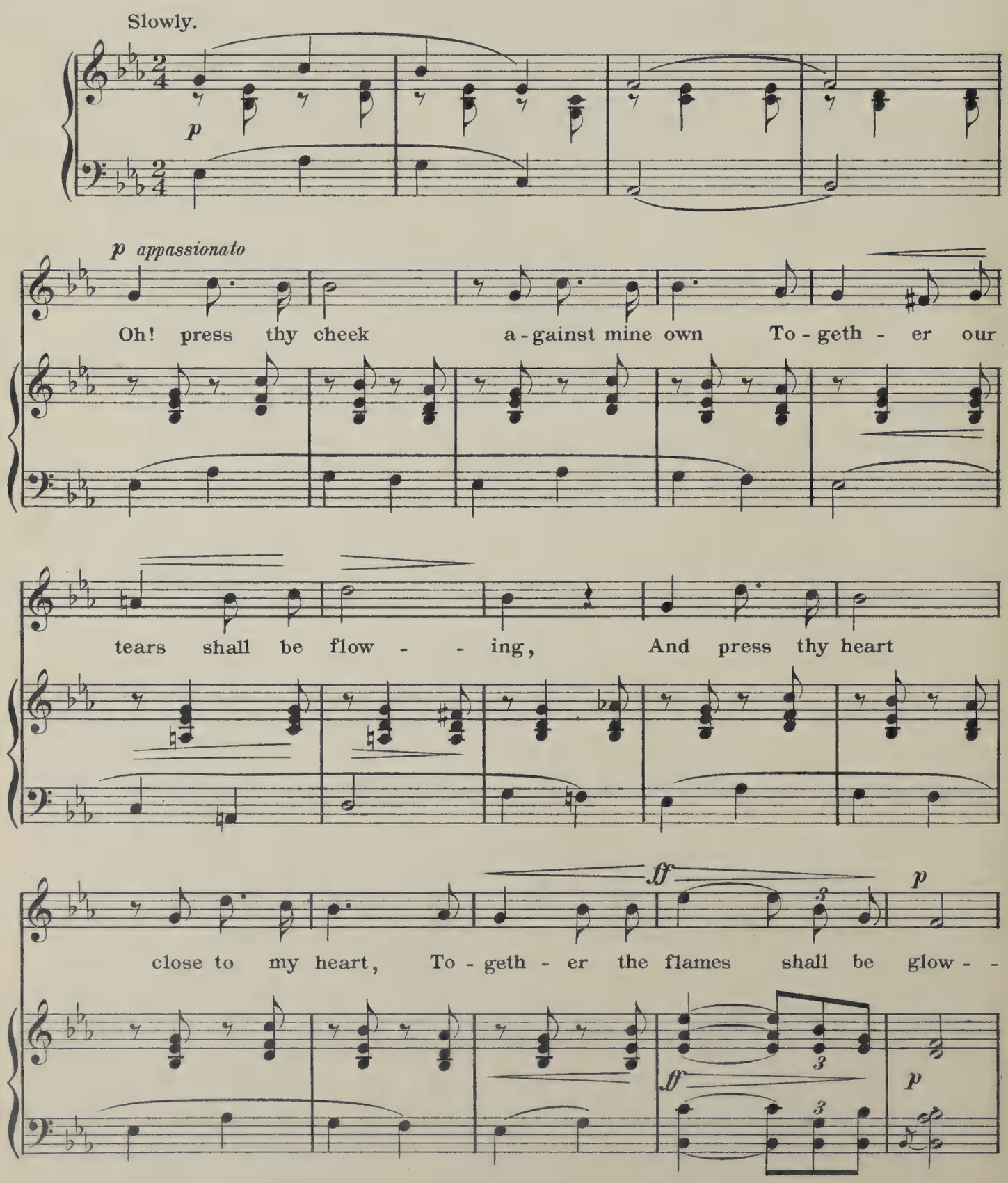
p a tempo

lone. .....

a tempo *pp* *legato*

OH! PRESS THY CHEEK AGAINST MINE OWN.

LOUIS C. ELSON. ADOLF JENSEN.



ing; And when in the glow - ing flames at last, The

pp

streams of tears are throng - - ing, And when my arm shall en -

pp

p

cir - cle thee fast Then I shall die of long - - ing!

p

pp (like a sweet memory.)

Oh! press thy cheek a - gainst mine own!

pp

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

EDWARD FITZBALL. Sir HENRY R. BISHOP.

Andantino espressivo.

dolce *sosten.*

My pret - - ty Jane! my pret - ty Jane! Ah!
But name the day, the wed - ding day, And

nev - er, nev - er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
I will buy the ring; The lads and maids in

eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. The
fa - vors white, And the vil - lage bells, the village bells shall ring. The

tr

Spring is wan - ing fast, my love, The corn..... is in..... the ear, The

mf p

summer nights are com - ing, love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then

pret-ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy,..... But

tr

meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, While..... the bloom is on the rye.....

BEAUTY'S EYES.

F. E. WEATHERLY. F. PAOLO TOSTI.

Lentamente. (♩ = 44.)

pp molto legato

pp

p

p

1. I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, I need no
2. I hear no birds at twi - light call - ing, I catch no
3. I want no king - - dom where thou art, love, I want no

p

moon, no sun to shine, While I have you, sweet-heart, be -
mu - sic in the streams, While your gold - - en words are
throne to make me blest, While, with - in thy ten - der

cresc.

side me, While I know that you are mine. I need not
fall - ing, While you whis - per in my dreams. Ev'- ry
heart, love, Thou wilt take my heart to rest. Kings must

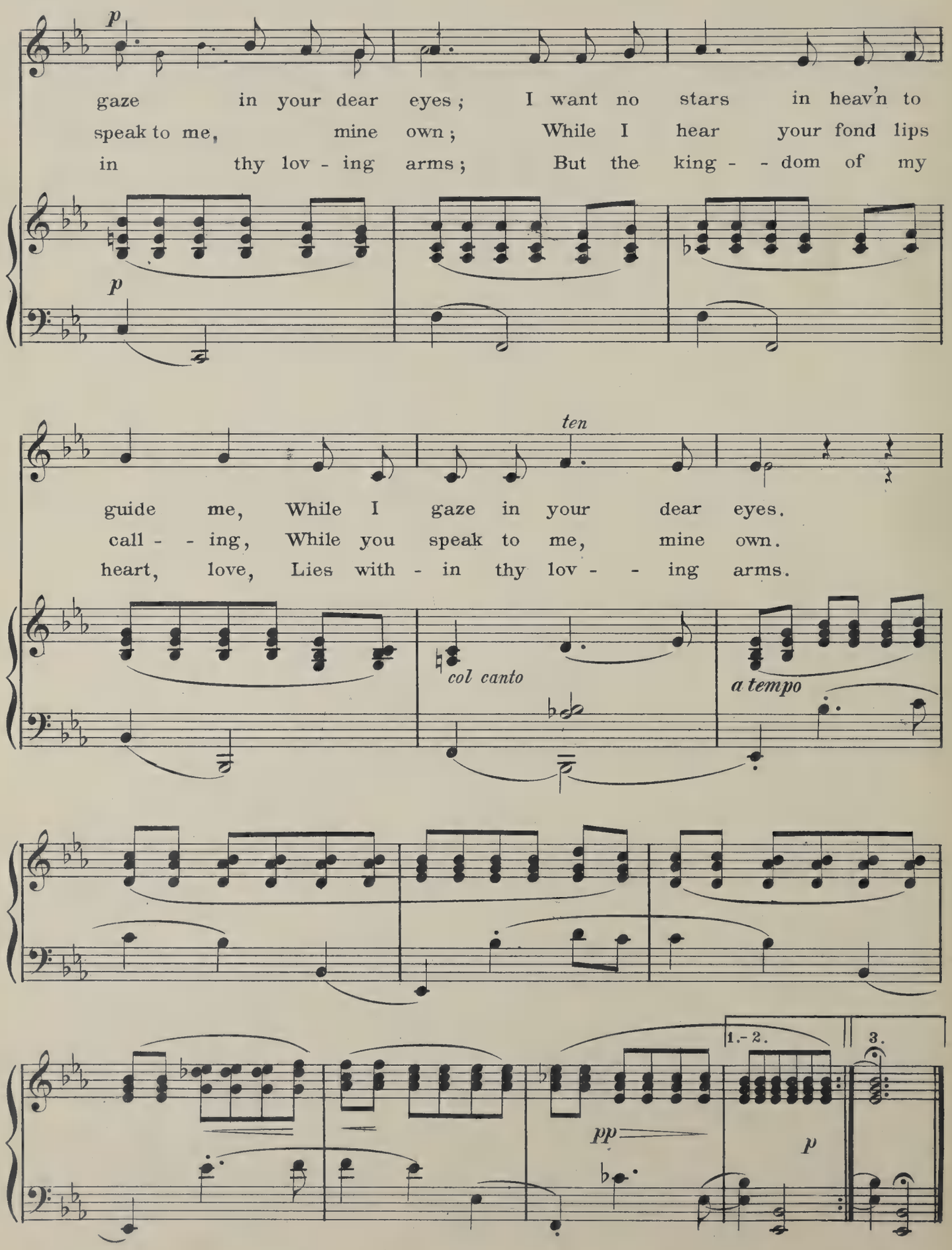
cresc.

fear what-e'er be - tide me, For straight and sweet my path-way
sound of joy en - thrall - ing, Speaks in your dear voice a -
play a wea - ry part, love, Thrones must ring with wild a -

f

lies; I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, While I
lone; While I hear your fond lips call - - ing, While you
larms; But the king - - dom of my heart, love, Lies with-

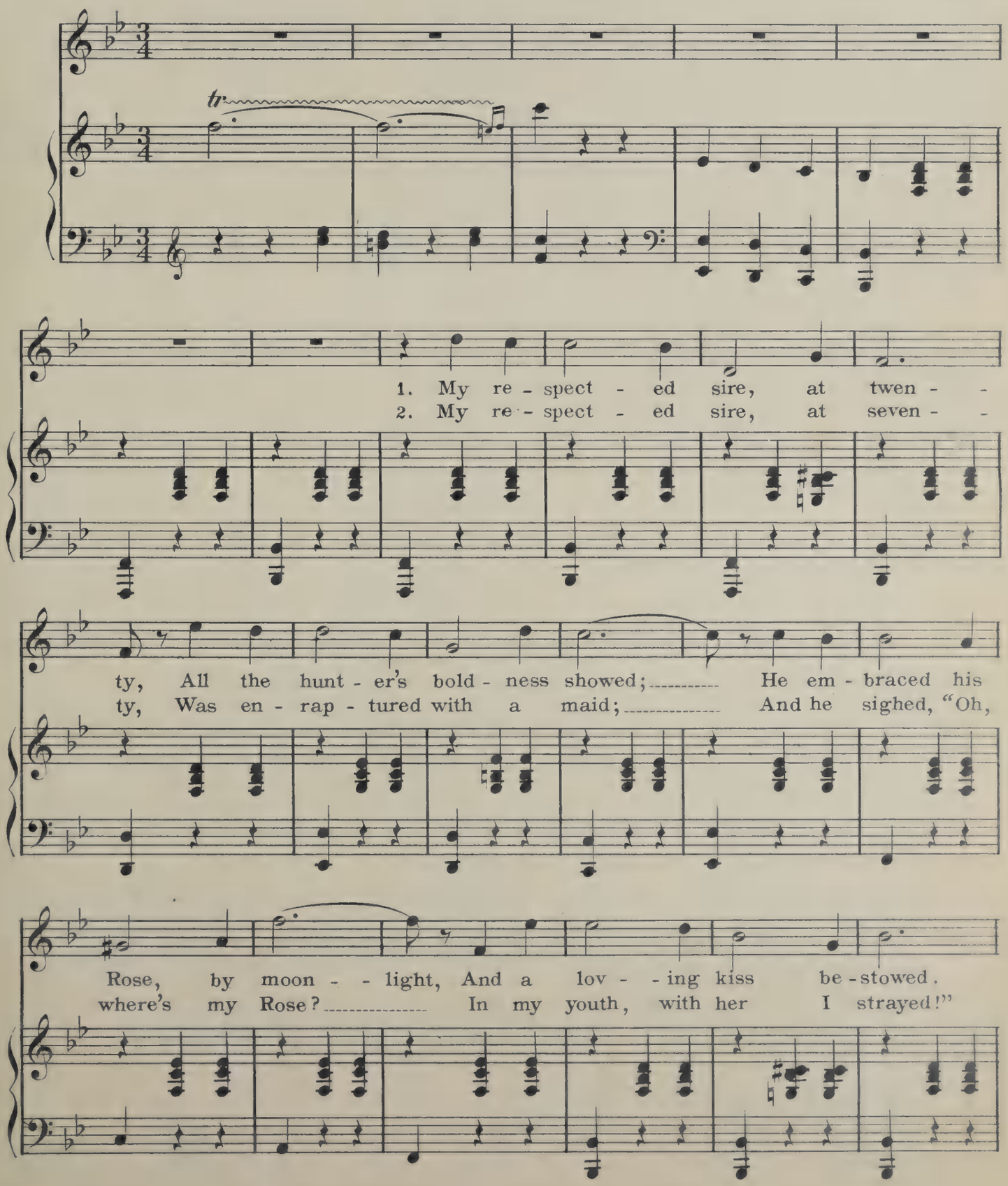
f


p
gaze in your dear eyes; I want no stars in heav'n to
speak to me, mine own; While I hear your fond lips
in thy lov - ing arms; But the king - - dom of my
p
ten
guide me, While I gaze in your dear eyes.
call - - ing, While you speak to me, mine own.
heart, love, Lies with - in thy lov - - ing arms.
col canto
a tempo
pp
1.-2.
3.
p

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

TYROLESE.

CARL ZELLER.



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It was thus he heard the sing - - ing Of a charm - ing
Tho' his voice with age was trem - - bling, Yet he shout - - ed

night - in - gale. Voice of glad - - ness, soft - - ly
like a boy; Like the night - - in - gale he

Meno mosso

war - bling From the sha - dy vale: Once a - gain, once a -
trilled, and soft - - ly sang for joy: Once a - gain, once a -

gain, once a - gain as you sang in the vale;
gain, once a - gain as we sang in the vale;

Sing a - gain, once a - gain, once a - gain As you / we sang in the

CHORUS.

moon - lit vale. *(Humming)*

SOLO.

Sing a - gain, once a - gain, once a -

molto rit.

gain As {you / we} sang in the moon - lit vale.

molto rit.

GOOD-BYE.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. F. PAOLO TOSTI,

Andantino.

pp *legato assai* *rit.*

p

Fall - ing leaf and fad - ing tree, Lines of white in sul - len sea,

pp e legato

Shad - ows ris - ing on you and me, Shad-ows ris - ing on you and me; The

legato

swal - lows are mak-ing them read-y to fly, Wheeling out on a wind-y

rit. *pp* *lentamente* *cresc.*

sky Good-bye, Summer! Good - bye, good - bye, good-bye!

col canto *molto legato* *pp* *cresc.*

pp

rit.

Summer, good bye, good ..... bye! .....

p *col canto* *dim.* *pp*

pp parlato e poco più *molto rall*

Hush! a voice from the far a - way!

poco piu *molto rall col canto*

List-en and learn, it seems to say; All the to - mor-rows shall be as to-

-day, All the to - morrows shall be as to - day. The cord is frayed, the

cruse is dry, The link must break, and the lamp must die ..... Good

rit. *dim.* *col canto*

lentamente *cresc. a poco*

bye to hope, good bye, good bye! Good bye to

cresc.

hope, good bye, good bye!

rit.

parlato *cresc* *rit.*

What are we wait - ing for, Oh! my heart?

cresc

col canto

Kiss me straight on the brows and part! A-gain,

cresc.

a-gain, my heart, my heart, What are we wait - - ing

cresc.

cresc. *sempre*

for, you and I? A plead - ing look,

sempre

cresc. *largamente*

a sti - fled cry! Good bye for -

rit e forte *ff* *largamente*

ev - er! Good bye for - ev - er! Good bye! *rit.*

ff

rit.

good bye, good bye!

dim.

p *dim.* *sempre*

col canto

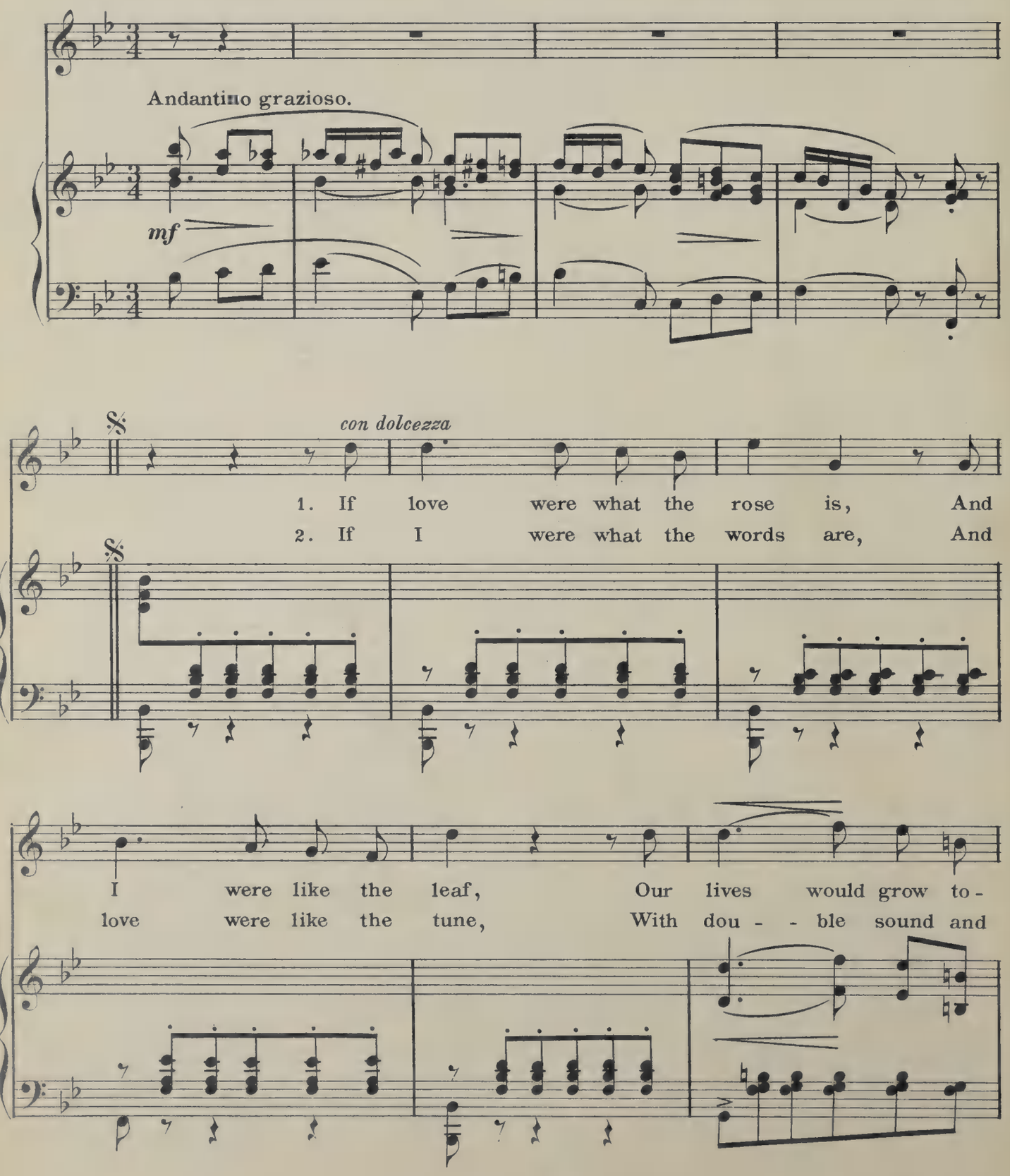
p *pp* *ppp*

rit.

p *pp* *ppp*

IF.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE. CIRO PINSUTI.



p

geth - - er, In sad or sing - ing weath - er, Blown
sin - - gle, De - light our lips would min - gle, With

p

un poco rall

fields or flower-ful clos - es, Green pleas - - ure or gray
kiss - - es glad as birds are, That get sweet rain at

un poco rall

rall. *p* *a tempo* *cresc*

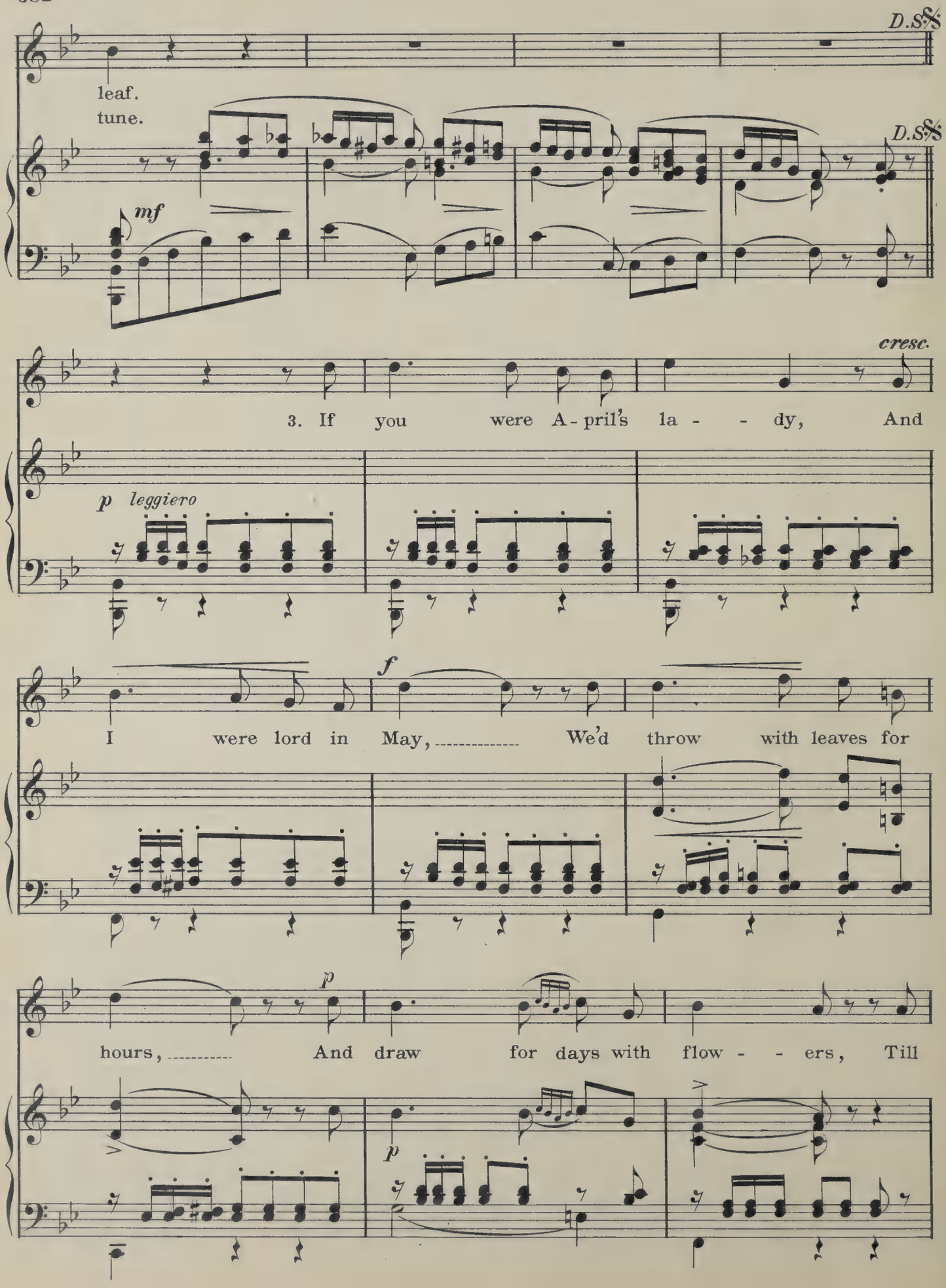
grief; If love were what the rose is, And I were like the
noon; If I were what the words are, And love were like the

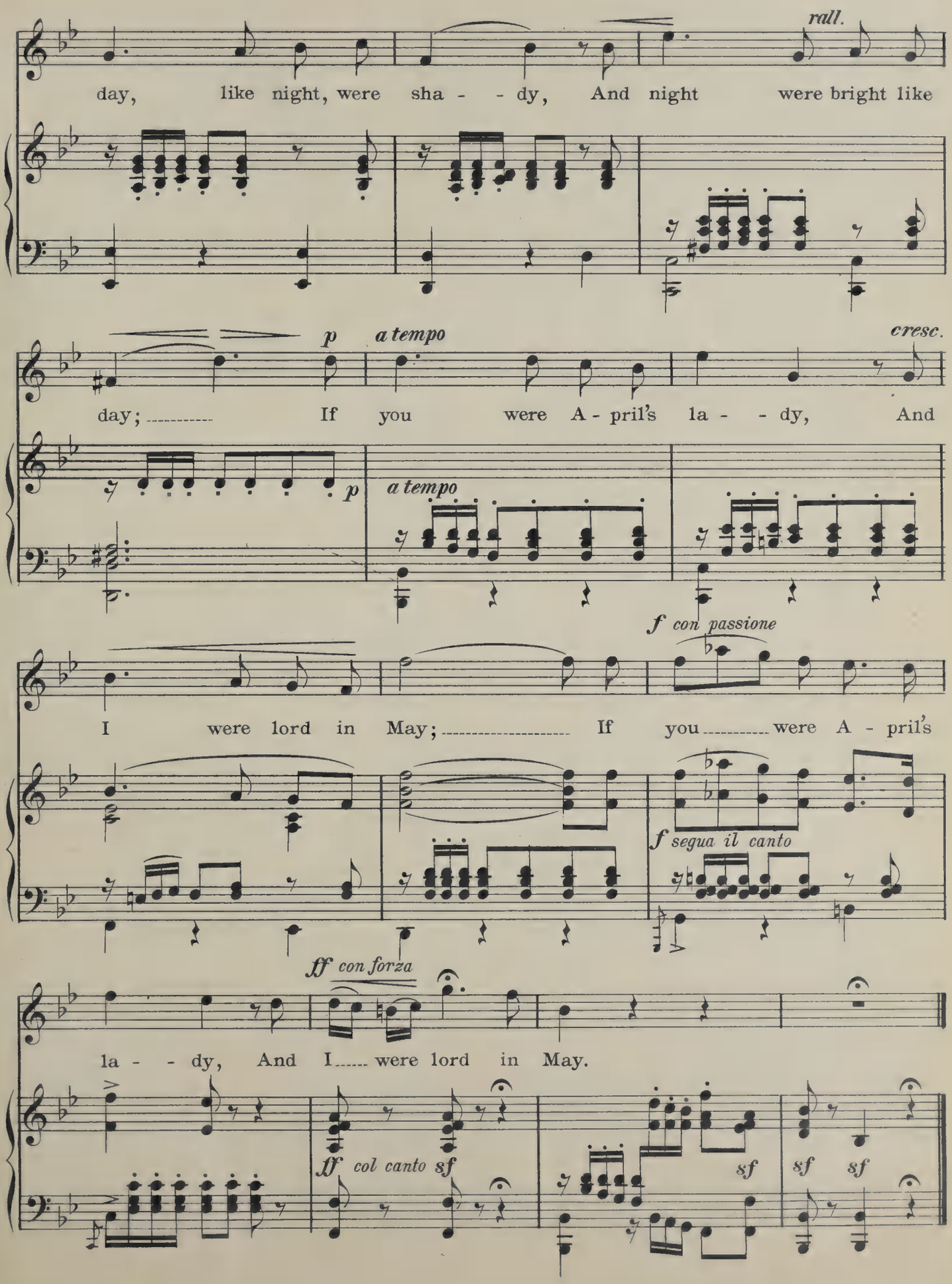
rall. *p* *a tempo* *cresc*

con passione *f* *p con grazia*

leaf; If love were what the rose is, And I were like the
tune; If I were what the words are, And love were like the

f segua il canto *p col canto* *p*


D.S.
leaf.
tune.
D.S.
mf
cresc.
3. If you were A-pril's la - - dy, And
p leggiero
f
I were lord in May, We'd throw with leaves for
p
hours, And draw for days with flow - - ers, Till
p


rall.
day, like night, were sha - - dy, And night were bright like
p
a tempo
cresc.
day; If you were A - pril's la - - dy, And
p
a tempo
f con passione
I were lord in May; If you were A - pril's
f segua il canto
ff con forza
la - - dy, And I were lord in May.
ff col canto sf
sf
sf
sf

CONSTANCY.

FRANK L. STANTON. CHARLES F. WEBBER.

Molto sostenuto.

It is some - thing sweet, when the world goes ill, To know you are faith-ful and love me still; To feel, when sun-shine has left the skies, That the light is shin-ing in your dear eyes: Beauti-ful eyes, more dear to me Than all the wealth of the

p *legato*

rit. *poco agitato*

colla voce *poco agitato*

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world could be. Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong, For God gives grief with His

gift of song, And pover-ty too, but your love is more To me than riches and

rit. *lento*

gold - - en store. Beau-ti - ful love, un-til death shall part; It is

rit. *lento*

Ped.

mine, as you are,..... my own sweet-heart.

più lento

LAST NIGHT.

THÉO. MARZIALS. HALFDAN KJERULF.

Andantino.

p

1. Last night the night - in - gale
2. I think of you in the
3. O think not I can for-

p

p dolce.

woke me! Last night when all was still! It sang in the
day - time I dream of you by night I wake and would
get you; I could not though I would I see you in

gold - en moon - light, From out the wood - land hill. I
you were here, love, And tears are blinding my sight. I
all a - round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

dolce

p

o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I look'd on the dream - ing
hear a low breath in the lime - tree, The wind is float - ing
flow - ers that slum - ber so gen - tly; The stars a - bove the

dolce.

mf

dew,..... And oh!.... the bird,... my dar - ling, Was sing - ing,
through;..... And oh!.... the night, my dar - ling, Is sigh - ing,
blue;..... Oh! heaven it - self,.... my dar - ling, Is pray - ing,

p

colla voce.

p

sing - ing of you,... of you!
sigh - ing for you,... for you!
pray - ing for you,... for you!

p

p dolce a tempo.

COULD I!

THÉO. MARZIALS. F. PAOLO TOSTI

Moderato. ♩ = 76

Could I..... but come to thee—once but once on-ly, There as you

pp

sit a-lone so sad and lone-ly, *prit.* With your head on your

a tempo.

hands..... so wear-y-heart-ed, Lost in sweet dreams of hap-py times de-

part-ed. But once! But

cresc.

rit.

rit.

ppp molto lento.

once ..... to en - ter there when night is fall - ing, In the

ppp armonioso e legato assai.

pp

rit. *cresc.*

old sweet way, just com - ing at your call - ing, And like an

col canto. *cresc.*

con anima.

an - - gel bend - - ing down a - bove you, To breathe in -

affrett. *a tempo.* *rit.*

to your ear "I love you, I love ..... you!"

a tempo. *col canto.* *a tempo*

Could

dim. *rit.*

Tempo.

I.....but come just once, with unbound tresses Binding us round in long for-gone ca-

ress-es! But just once to for-get..... that word was

prit.

a tempo.

spok-en, That left two lives for-ev-er lost and broken, But

cresc.

once! But once..... to en-ter there when night is

ppp molto lento

rit.

ppp armonioso e legato assai.

pp

rit. *cresc.*

fall - ing, In the old sweet way, just com-ing at your call - ing, And, like an

col canto. *cresc.*

con anima.

an - gel bend - - ing down a - bove you, To breathe in-

affrett. *pp*

to your ear "I love you, I love ..... you!" To breathe in

col canto. *col canto.* *a tempo.* *p*

un fil de voce. *ppp*

to your ear "I love you, I love you!"

pp *dim.* *col canto.* Lento. *ppp* *ppp*

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

Mrs. L. T. CRAIGIN. ERIK MEYER-HELMUND.

Allegretto

Moth - er, moth - er dar - ling, be not an - gry, To... the... for - est

p

I've been dai - ly; Moth - er, moth - er dar - ling, bright the sun shone,

Ti - - ny..... birds... were..... sing - - ing gai - - ly.

mf

Ah! .....

pp

By permission of O. Ditson Co.

Moth - er, moth-er dar - ling, be not an - gry, Thee I ev - er will o - bey;

pp

Moth - er, moth-er dar -ling, bright the sun shone, But-ter-flies were sport - ing

rit.

light and gay.

Moth - er, I the truth will tell thee; There my lov - er have I met;

He's a hunt-er young and hand - some, And of him I'm think - ing yet!

3

Ped.

f *pp*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

a tempo

Ah! Moth - er, moth-er dar - ling, be not an - gry, Thee I ev - er

a tempo

Ped.

will o - bey; Moth - er, moth - er dar - ling, bright the sun shone,

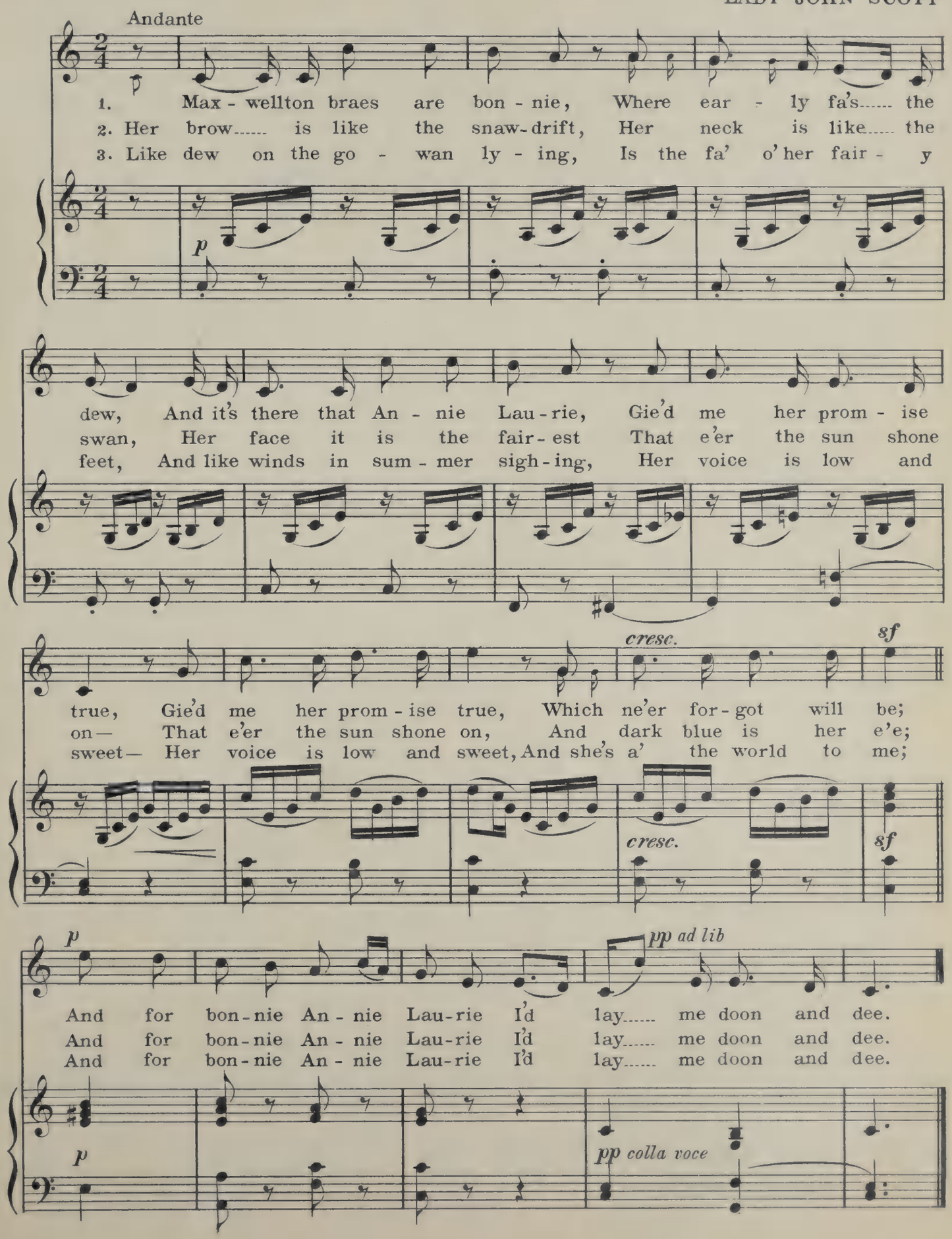
But - ter - flies were sport - - ing light and gay.

rit molto

a tempo

ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT



THINE EYES SO BLUE AND TENDER.

GEO COOPER. EDWARD LASSEN.

Very slow, with deep feeling.

Thine eyes so blue and ten - - der,
Thy soft and gold - - en tress - - es,
Thy lips are crim - - son ros - - es

When their soft glance I seek, A - wake me to vi - sions of
splen - - dor, Thoughts that I may not speak. Dear
Like a chain bind my heart! So lov - ing and sweet! their ca-
ress - - es, Nev - - er from me de - part! Ah!
Un - der the sky's blue dome! Their beau - ty all sweet-ness dis-
clos - - es; How could I from them roam? Oh!

eyes so blue and ten - - der, I see them ev'- - ry-
bright and silk - - en tress - - es That haunt me ev'- - ry-
lips like love - - ly ros - - es, With - in thee lies a

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

where! My soul, like waves of o - - cean, They
where! As some poor bird that flut - - ters, My
thorn, To wound my heart for - ev - - er, To

Ped. *

rit. 1st. & 2d. Verses. D.S.

drown in light so fair!
spir - - it you en - snare!
make my life for -

D.S.

rit.

Ped.

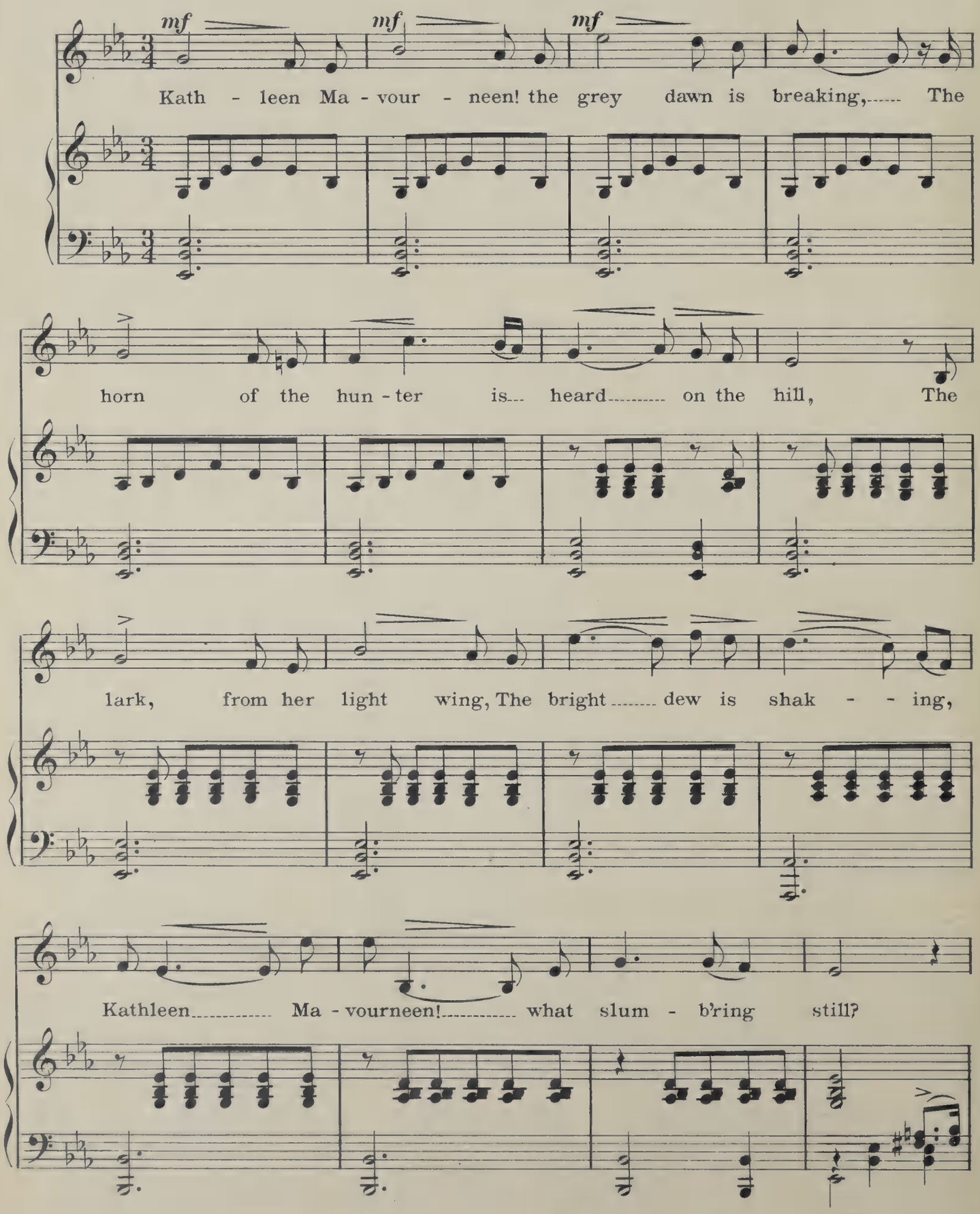
End.

lorn!

a tempo

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

ANNIE (BARRY) CRAWFORD. F.W.N. CROUCH,



mf

Oh, hast thou for - gotten how

mf

espress·e legato

mf

soon we must sever? Oh, hast thou for - gotten, this day, we must

p

part? It may be for years, and it may be for - ev-er, Oh,

colla voce

why..... art thou si_ lent, thou voice of my heart? It may..... be for

cresc.

years, and it may be for - ev-er, Then why..... art thou silent,

mf *mf* *mf* *mf*

Kathleen Ma - vourneen? Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! A - wake from thy

slumbers,..... The blue mountains glow in..... the sun's golden light; Ah!

mf

where is the spell that once hung on my numbers, A - rise in thy

beauty, thou star of my night, A - rise..... in thy beauty, thou

cresc. *slentando*

star..... of my night.

a tempo *rall.*

mf *con amore affetto* *f*

Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To

mf *fz*

think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for

pp *sempre legato*

years, and it may be for - ev - er, Then why art thou si - lent, thou

mf *sempli.* *mf* *mf* *mf*

voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for -

mf

ev - er, Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

rall. *dim.* *p*

THE BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND.

UNKNOWN. Arr. COLIN COE.

1. "Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land laddie gone? Oh!
2. "Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land laddie stay? Oh!
3. "Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land laddie wear? Oh!

where, tell me where is your High - land lad - die gone?" "He's
where, tell me where did your High - land lad - die stay?" "He
what, tell me what does your High - land lad - die wear?" "A

gone with streaming ban - ners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my
dwelt beneath the hol-ly trees, Be - side the rap - id Spey, And
bon - net with a loft-y plume, the gal - lant badge of war, And a

cresc.

sad heart will trem-ble, till..... he comes safe - ly home, He's
many a bless - ing followed him the day he went a - way, He
plaid a - cross the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star A

gone with streaming ban - ners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my
dwelt beneath the hol-ly trees, be - side the riv - er Spey, And.....
bon - net with a loft-y plume, the gal - lant badge of war, And a

cresc.

sad heart will trem - ble, till..... he comes safe - ly home."
many a bless - ing fol - lowed him the day he went a - way."
plaid a - cross the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star."

APART.

BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER

Moderato assai.

mf *sostenuto*

con espressione

1. I
2. But

rit. *p* *a tempo*

know not where thou art to - night,
One there is, whose watch - - ful eye

My love, my lost, On
Knows where thou art This

By permission of O. Ditson Co.

land or sea, In peace - - ful calm,
qui - et night, And He knows why

dim. ed rall.

or tem - pest tossed; I
we are a - - part; And

rit.

a tempo.

on - ly know the world is wide And we two are a -
may He al - ways watch o'er thee, For, love, this is my

a tempo.

part, That thou art ab - sent from my side — I
prayer, And keep thee safe - ly, ten - der - ly, For

f

know not where thou art, My love! I on - ly know that
ev - er in His care, My love! And may - be you will

f

wea - - ri - ly, And dark with grief and
think of me, Al - though we are a -

dim

woe, The long days seem to come to me,..... And
part, For I am long - ing so for thee,..... My

dim.

rall. 1 D.C. *f* 2 *p dolente ad lib.*

wear- i - ly..... they go. love! my lost dear heart.

colla voce. 3 D.C. *f* *colla voce.* *p* *pp rit.*

ROBIN ADAIR.

CAROLINE KIPPEL. Arr. by KINGLEY.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near.
2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in... A... dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in... A... dair.

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to... hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in..... was there.
But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in..... A - dair.

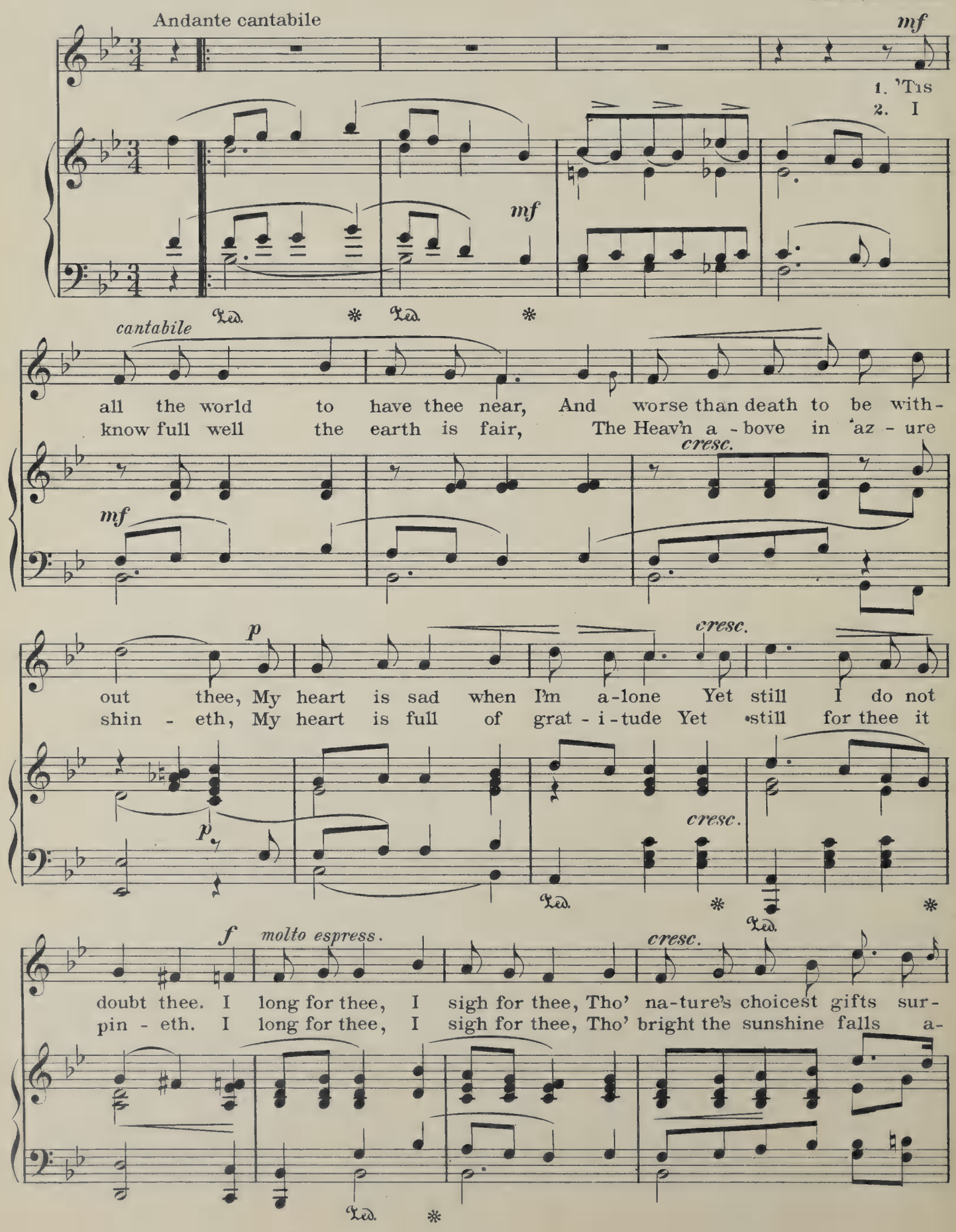
Where's all the joy and mirth Made this... town a heav'n on earth?
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?
Yet he I loved so well Still in..... my heart shall dwell;

f *dim.*

Oh, they're all fled with thee, Rob - in... A - dair.
Oh, it was part - ing with Rob - in... A - dair.
Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in... A - dair.

BEST OF ALL.

FRANK MOIR



round me, I still must wish for thee, I still must seek for thee, Nor be at

poco rall.

rest, nor be at rest, till I have found thee.

rall. *col canto.* *mf* Tempo.

mf Più mosso e agitato.

3. Tho' Earth may smile, and

p *mf*

Sun may shine, And I may feel the touch of na - ture, Tho'

cres. e rit.

I may see, in vis - ions bright,..... Thy face and ev - 'ry

cres. e rit.

f *fp* *più lento* *p*

feat - ure There still re-mains a heav - y load, An

f *fp* *più lento*

ach - ing void of long - ing sor - row, Which I a - lone can

feel, And on - ly sleep can heal, With balm-y wing, with balm-y

rall. f maestoso

wing; un-til to-mor - row Then come to me, O come to me, 'Tis

rall. cresc. f

con passione

worse than death to be with - out thee, And I will love but thee, And I will

f

accel. f cresc ad lib

love but thee, And be at rest, and be at rest, when I have

accel. f col canto

found thee!

f a tempo f

THE WIND IS AWAKE.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY. HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegretto con moto

dolce

1. The wind is a-wake; pretty leaves, pretty leaves, Heed not what he says; he de-ceives, he de-ceives, O-ver and o-ver To the love-ly clov-er, O-ver and o-ver To the love-ly clov-er,

f *cresc.* *rall.* *p* *cresc.*

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p e con anima

He has lisped the same love, and for-got it too,..... He will soon be

p e con anima

f *marcato*

ff

lisp - ing and pledging to you.

ff *colla voce* *grazioso*

2. The boy is a - broad; pretty maid, pretty maid, Be-

3. The way of the boy is the way of the wind, As

portamento

-ware his soft words; I'm a-fraid I'm a - fraid..... Times many a

light as the leaves is dain - ty maid - kind;..... One to de-

rall.

cresc.

score, He has said them be-fore,--- Times many a score,
-ceive, And the one to be-lieve,--- The one to de-ceive,

cresc.

He has said them be-fore.... He died for a doz - en ere his beard prick'd
And the one to be-lieve, 'Tis the old, old way of it, year af - ter

pe con anima

cresc.

through,..... And the ve-ry same death he will die for you.
year,..... But I know you'll learn of it, too late, my dear.

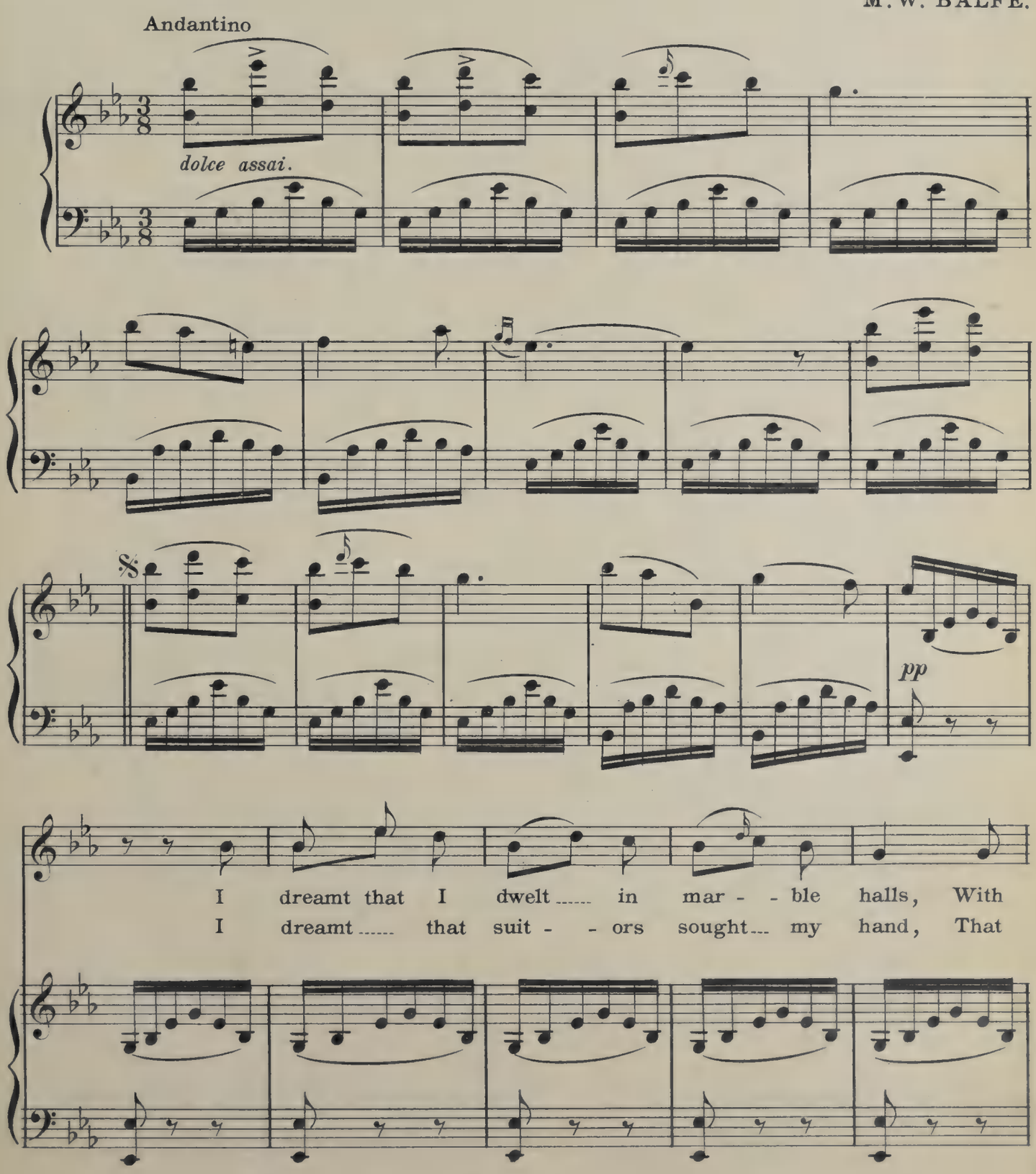
f cresc. *marcato* *ff* *colla voce*

p più mosso *pressez* *ff* *p* D.S. *End*

BALFE

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

M. W. BALFE.



vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as -
knights up - on bend - - ed knee, With vows no

sem - bled with - in those walls, That I was the hope and the
maid - - en heart could with - stand, They pledged their faith to

pride. I had rich - es too great to count, Could
me. And I dreamt that one of that no - - ble

boast Of a high an - ces - tral name, But I
host Came forth my hand to claim, But I

pp

al - - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you loved... me

al - - so dreamt, which charmed me most, That you loved... me

pp

still the same, That you loved me, you loved... me still..... the

cresc.

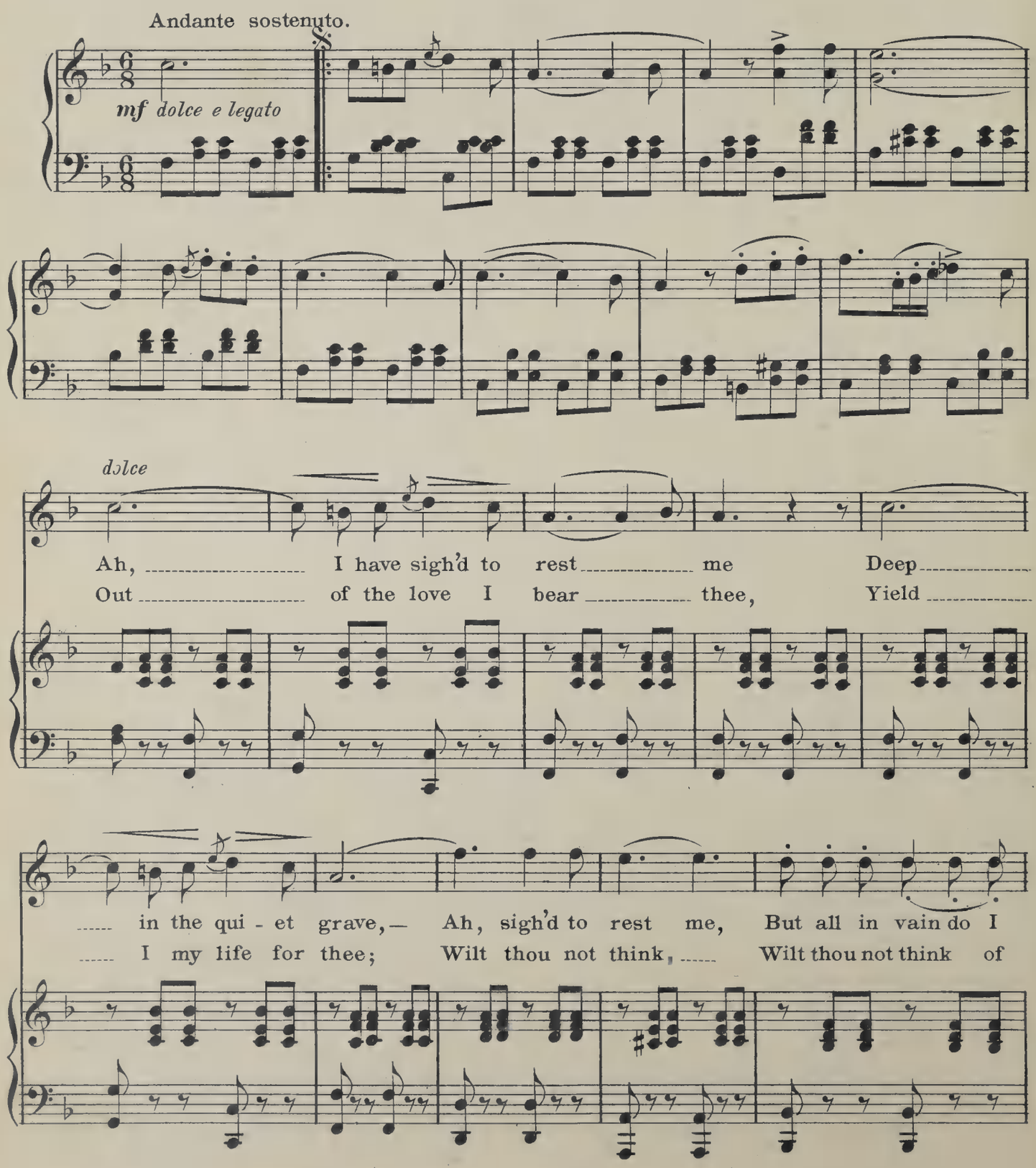
D.S. 𝄋

same, That you loved me, you loved..... me still..... the same.

D.S.

AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

CHAS. JEFFERYS. G. VERDI.



1

crave, O fare thee well, my Leo - no - ra, fare thee well!
me? O think of

Ah, I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I crave, O fare thee

sf

-well, my Le-o - no - ra, fare thee well! me, my Le - o -

D.S. 𝄋 2

col canto *a tempo* D.S. 𝄋 *col canto*

a tempo

no - ra, fare thee well! Out of the love I bear thee,

Yield I my life for thee; Ah! think of me, ah! think of me, my Le - o -

no - ra, fare thee well! Tho' I no more be - hold..... thee,

f

Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,

cresc.

Cheer-ing my last lone hour. Le - o - no - - ra, fare-well!.....

pp *cresc.*

ff

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Greek of Philostralus.
Translation of
BEN JONSON.

MOZART.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,.....
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,.....

p

Or leave a kiss with - in.... the cup, And I'll.... not look for wine;..... The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be;..... But

p *dim.*

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine,.....
thou.... there - on did'st on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me .....

mf

But might I of love's nec - tar sup, I would not change for thine.....
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of..... it - self, but thee.....

pp

EMBARRASSMENT.

LOUIS C. ELSON. FRANZ ABT

1. To tell thee something I am yearn - ing Yet how to speak it, know not well, Yet would'st thou still the clue be learn - ing, I
2. To thee with joy would I be sing - ing A song which in my heart is heard, But still my lips are on - ly bring - ing, One
3. I'd write a let - ter to thee tell - ing How deep and hid-den are my sighs, But from my breast with pas - sion swell - ing, One

p con leggerezza *pp* *f*

By permission of O. Ditson Co.

poco rit. mf molto espressivo

on - ly could as an - swer tell: I love thee, dar - ling,
soul - felt, ten-der, plead - ing word: I love thee, dar - ling,
sim - ple word a - lone will rise: I love thee, dar - ling,

pp poco rit. pp mf

p f

faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee,..... I

p f

p 1st. & 2nd.

love thee, dar - ling, faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee!

Tempo I p

D.S. 3rd.

thee!

D.S.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Moderato.

pp

Who is Syl - via? What is she, That all our swains com - mend her?
Is she kind, as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - - ness;
Then to Syl - via let us sing, That Syl - via is ex - cel - - ling;

pp

Ho - - - ly, fair ..... and wise is
To her eyes ..... love doth re - -
She ex - cels ..... each mor - - - tal

she; The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
pair, To help him of his blind - ness; And,
thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;

pp

That a - - dor - ed she might be,
be - - ing help'd, in - hab - - its there, And,
To her, gar - lands let us bring,

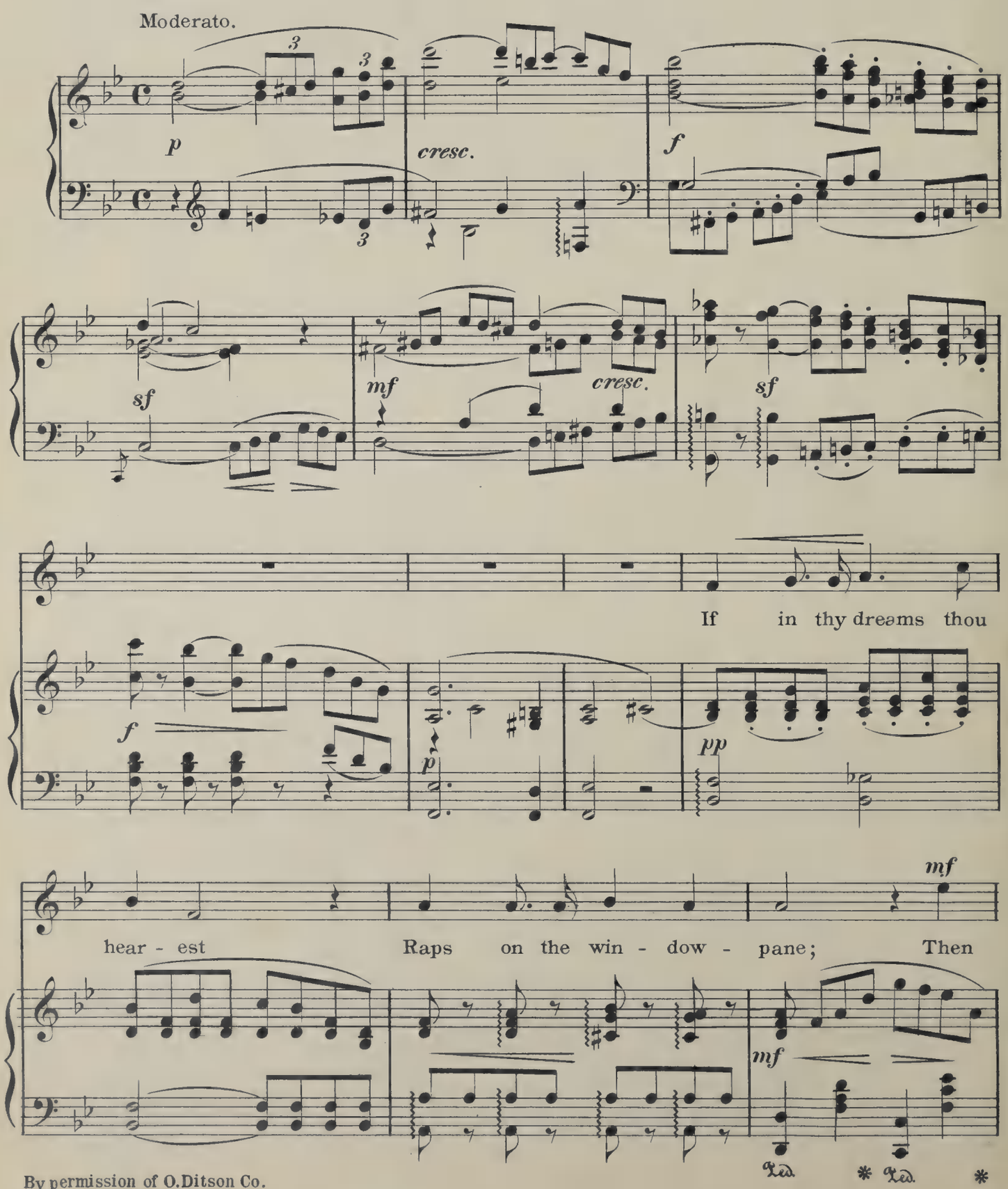
That a - - dor - - ed She might be.
be - - ing help'd, in - - hab - - its there.
To her, gar - - lands let us bring.

D.S. 𝄋

D.S. 𝄋

IN THY DREAMS.

J. S. DWIGHT. DUDLEY BUCK.



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p *f*

shall the Wind say: "Dear-est! dear - est! 'tis

p *pp*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

I, 'tis I, O let me in! Thy

f *f*

mf *poco rall.* *animato* *f*

lov - - er is so shy of thee, He sends the song, the kiss by

a tempo

colla voce *f*

Ped. * Ped. *

rall.

me. Slum - ber sweet, dar - - ling dear,

mf *rall.* *pp*

slum - - - ber!"

a tempo

rall.

Ped. *

Dost

ff

p *rit.*

won - der in thy dream - ing Why shines the light so

a tempo

clear, Then will the moon bright beam - - ing, bright

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dim. *f*

beam - - ing, Say: I, ... yes, I ..... would enter

mf

f

there! I come from one who watch doth keep, And prays for

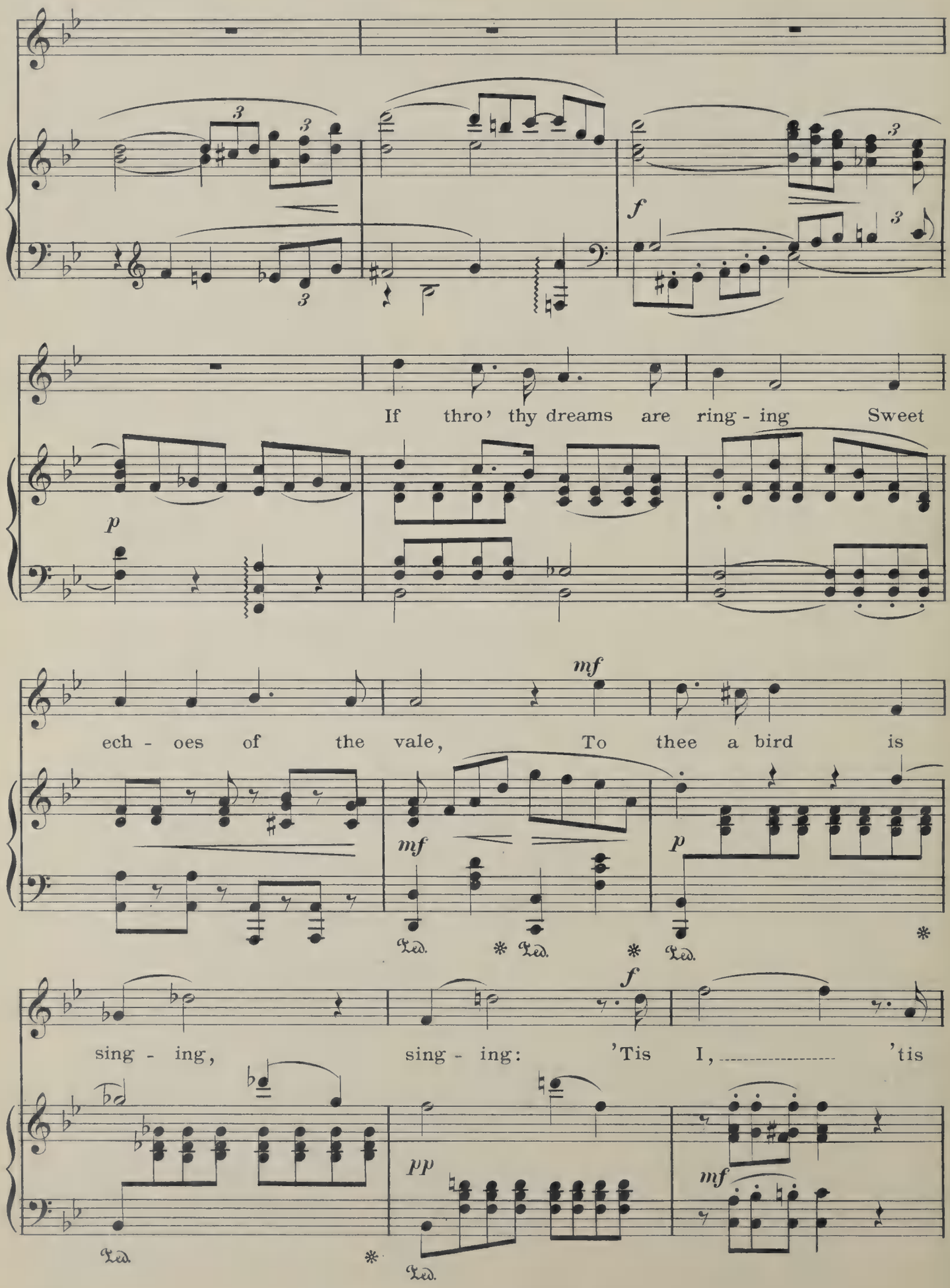
f *p* *colla voce*

thee ..... while thou'rt a - sleep; Slum - ber sweet,

mf a tempo *p*

dar - ling dear, slum - - - ber!"

pp


If thro' thy dreams are ring - ing Sweet
ech - oes of the vale, To thee a bird is
sing - ing, sing - ing: 'Tis I, 'tis

I, the nightin - gale! Of love and longing will I

f *f a tempo* *p* *colla voce*

sing, Till dawn to thee good mor - row bring.

f *f* *mf*

p *rall.*

"Slum - ber sweet, dar - ling dear, slum - - -

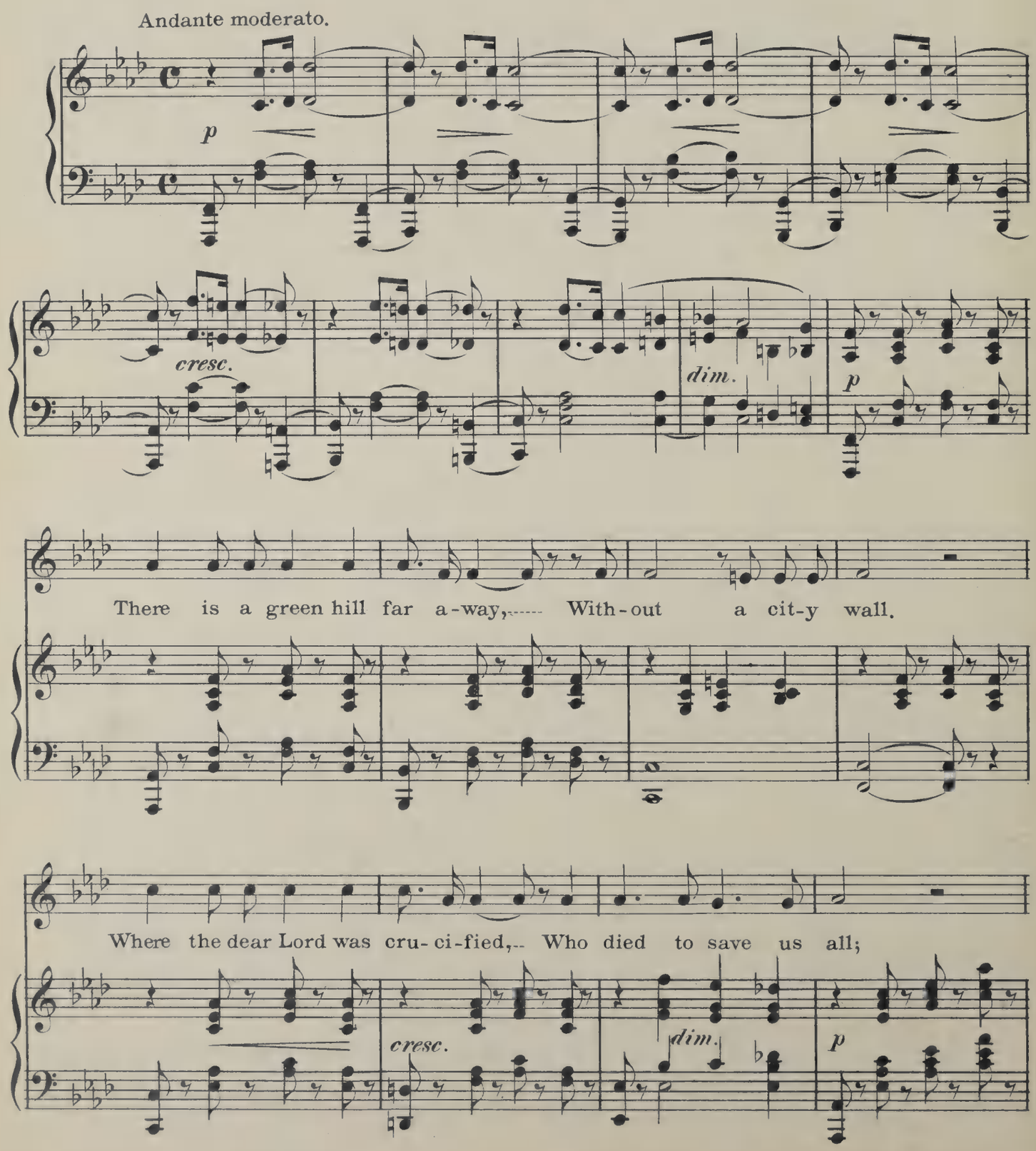
p *rall.*

ber!"

pp *a tempo*

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. CHAS. GOUNOD.



We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear,

cresc. *p*

But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffer'd there. He

cresc. *p*

died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good!

cresc. *dim.* *p*

That we might go at last to Heav'n,... Saved by his pre-cious blood!

cresc. *dim.* *p*

There was no oth - - er good e - nough ..... To

pay the price of sin; He

on - - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n ... and let us

cresc.

molto espress.

in! Oh, dear - - ly, dear - -

p

- - ly has He lov - - ed, And we must love Him

too, And trust ..... in His re - deem-ing blood, And

p

cres -

trust in His re - deeming blood, And try His works to do, And

cen - do *molto* *dim* *p*

try His works to do.

p

We must love Him, too;

p

We must love Him, too, And try His works to

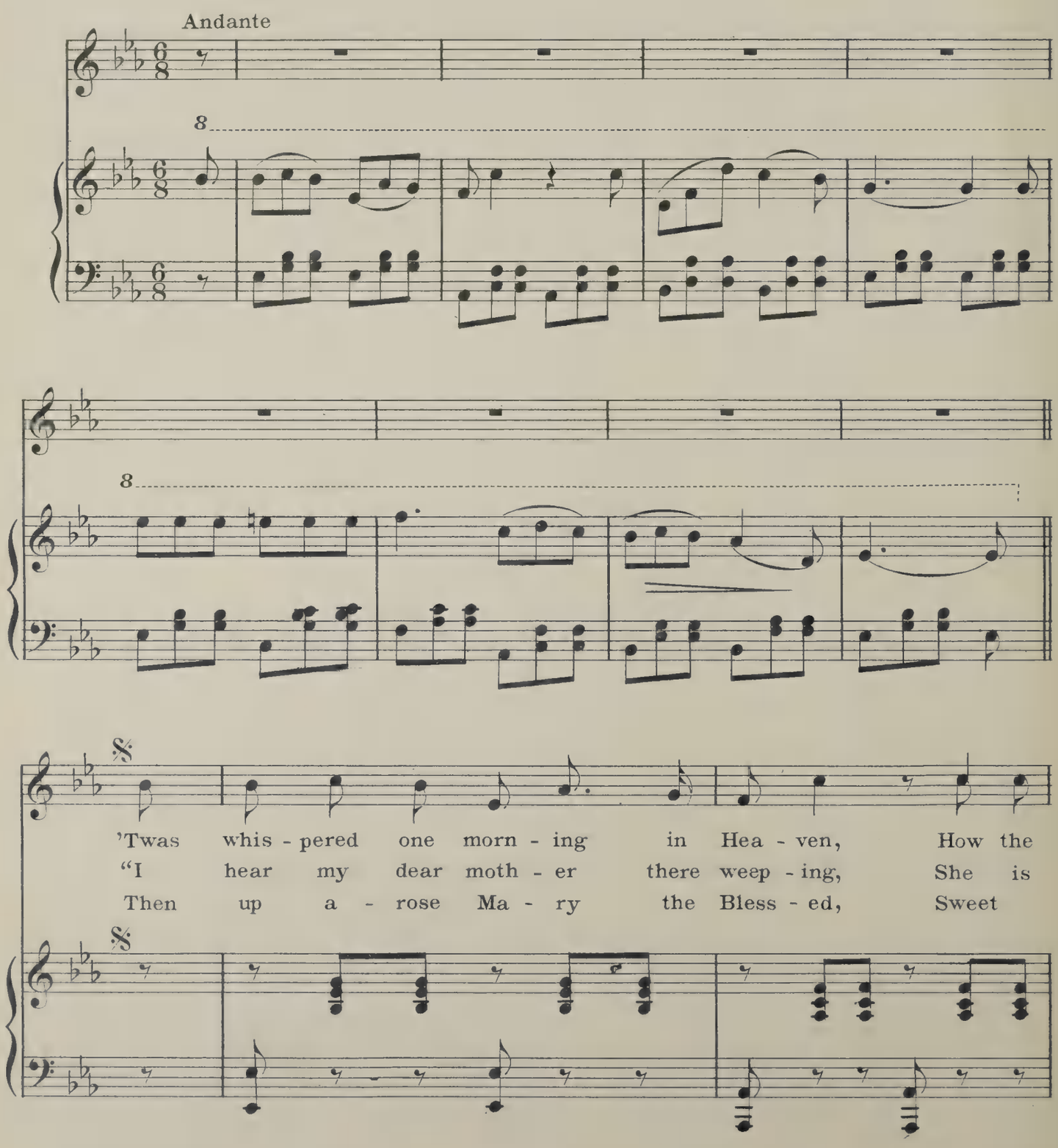
p *dim.* *p*

do.

pp

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

HELEN L. BOSTWICK. S. WINNER.



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lit - tle white an - get May, Sat ev - er be - side the
lone - ly, she can - not see A glimmer of light in the
Ma - ry, the moth - er of Christ, Her hand on the hand of the

por - tal, Sor - row - ing all the day; How she
dark - ness, Where the gates clos'd af - ter me; One
an - gel She laid, and her touch suf - ficed. Then

said to the state - ly ward - en, He of the gold - en
gleam of the gold - en splen - dor, O, warden, would shine so
turned was the key in the por - tal, Fell ring - ing the gold - en

bar— "O, an-gel, sweet an - gel I pray thee, Let the
far," But the an-gel he whis-pered, "I dare not Let the
bar, And lo! in the lit - tle child's fin-gers, Stood the

beau - ti-ful gates a - jar;..... On - ly a lit - tle I
beau - ti-ful gates a - jar;"..... Spoke low as he an-swered "I
beau - ti-ful gates a - jar;..... And lo! in the child's an - gel

pray you, Let the heav - en - ly gates a - jar.....
dare not, Let the heav - en - ly gates a - jar."
fin - gers, Stood the heav - en - ly gates a - jar.....

CHORUS.

"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, Let the beautiful gates a - jar,

"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, Let the beautiful gates a - jar,

pp

rit.

On-ly a lit-tle, I pray you, Let the beau-ti-ful gates a - jar."

On-ly a lit-tle, I pray you, Let the beau-ti-ful gates a - jar."

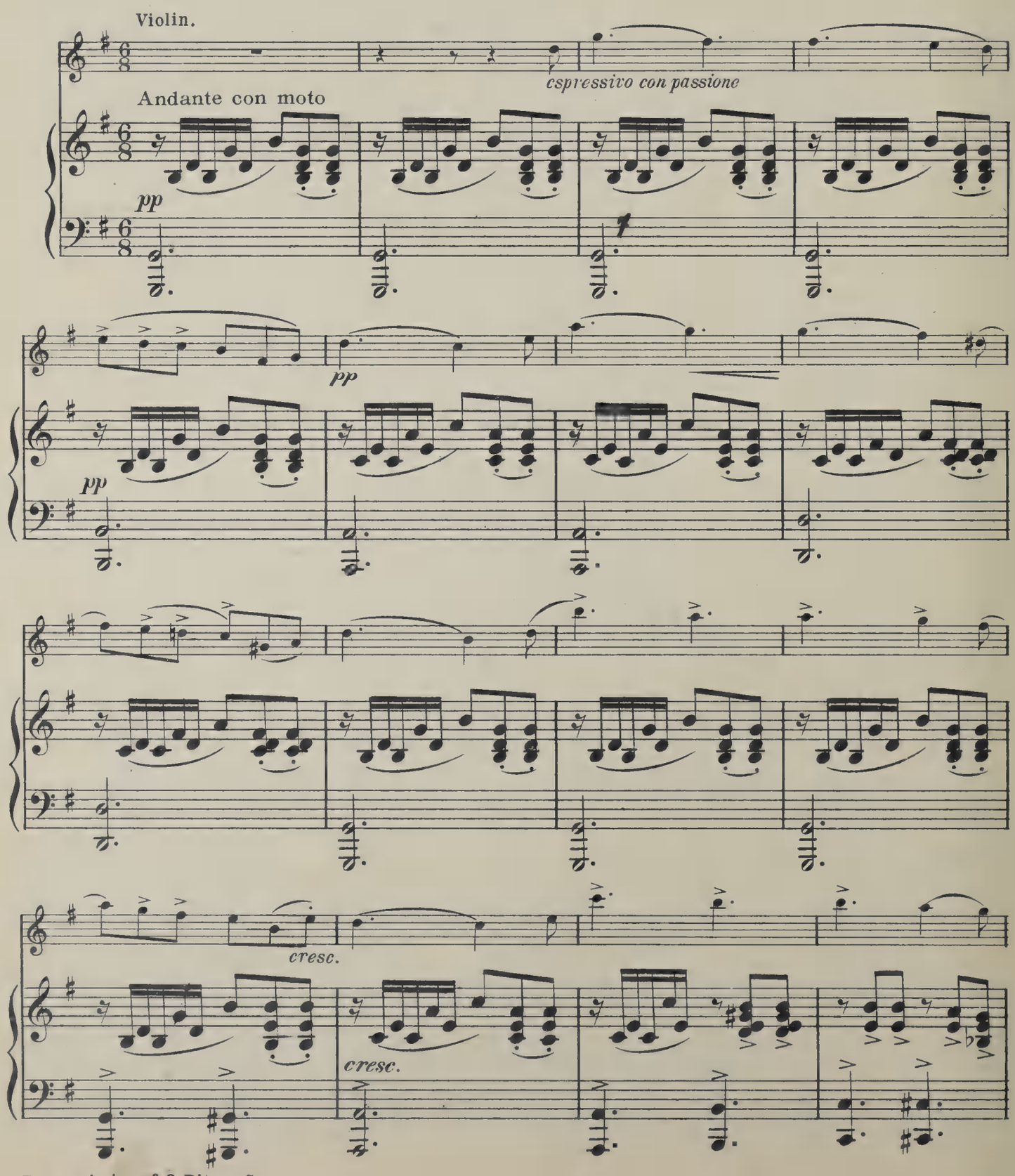
rit.

D.S. 𝄋

ANGEL S' SERENADE.

WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO.

G. BRAGA.



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ppp accompagnare il canto sempre pp

pp

(The child.) *pp*

What strains are those that wak - en'd me,

pp

pp

Soft - ly and sweet - ly play - ing? Did'st thou hear them, oh! moth - er,

hith - er borne On the wind's pin - ions stray - ing? Go to the door, I

cresc.

cresc.

pray thee, speed! And tell me whence those heav'nly sounds pro - ceed.

cresc.

senza rall.

(The mother.)

pp

poco più animato

Calm thee, my dar - ling, naught I see, I hear no voice sur - pris - ing,

pp

pp

pp

On - ly the zeph - yrs float - ing by, On - ly the moon up -

ris - ing! Of that sweet song— poor flow' ret weak and fad - ing, Who could have

pp

(The child)

sung it for thee? No! no!

pp

a tempo

pp

No! It was no earth - ly mel - o - dy That

woke me, that woke me, oh! mother ten - der. More it re -

sem - bled, far more, it seems to me, Such songs as an - gels

cresc.

pp tr.

pp rall.

con anima

ren - der. To join their ranks they're call - ing me,— Good-night, oh! dear-est

pp rall.

sempre pp

pp *pp*

moth - er! Sweet melo - dy, I fol - low thee!

That bliss - ful song That woke me, that

pp

woke... me, oh! mother ten - der, More..... it re - sem - bled, far

cresc.

more..... it seems to me, Such songs as an - gels ren - der. To join their

pp

tr

rall. con anima

ranks they're call - ing me, Good-night, oh! dearest moth - er! Sweet melo -

pp rall. colla voce

dy, I fol - low thee! I fol-low thee!

rall.

I fol - low thee! I fol-low thee!

Lento ppp

Lento ppp

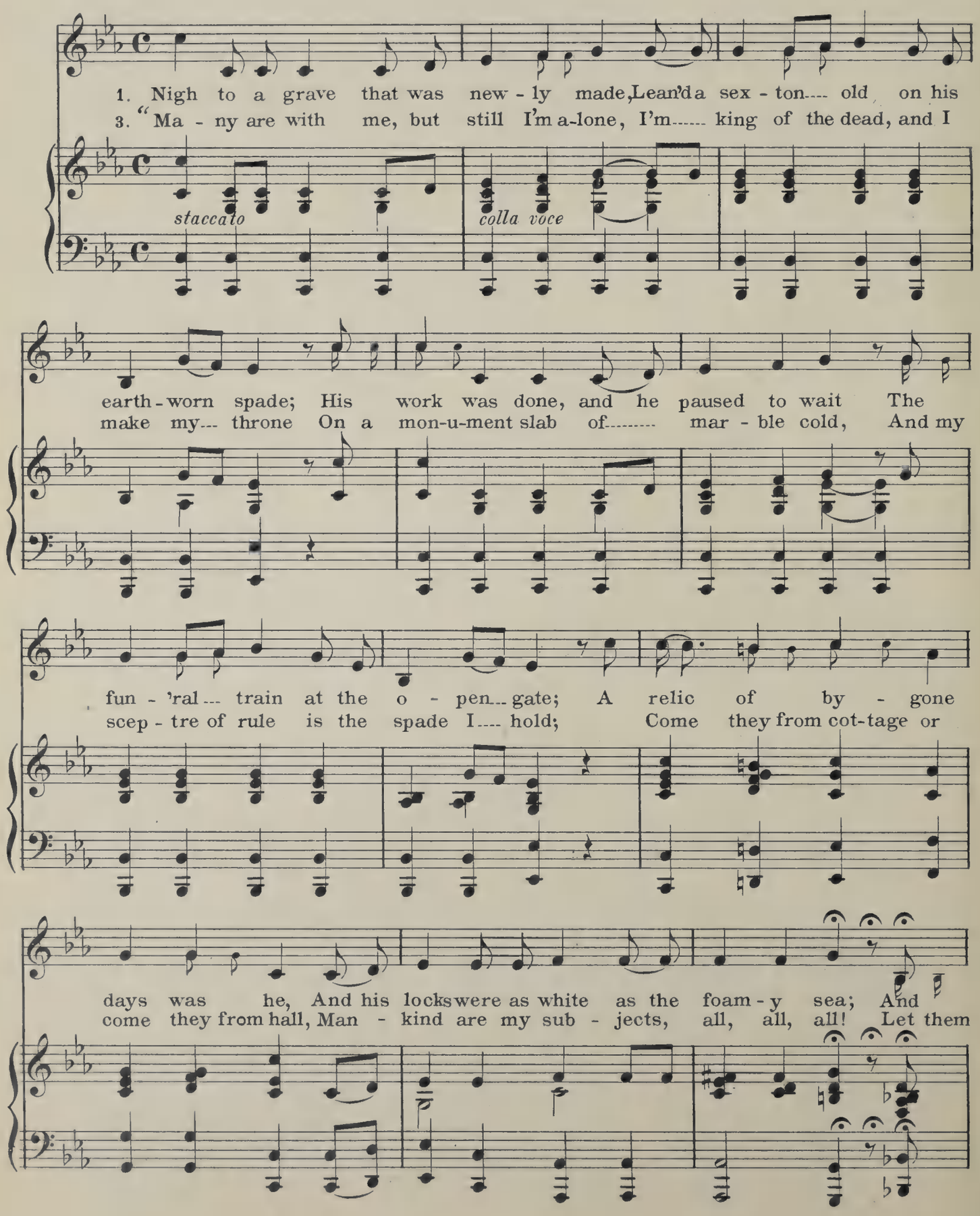
pp

I fol - low thee!

cresc. f

THE OLD SEXTON.

PARK BENJAMIN. HENRY RUSSELL.



these words came from his lips so thin: "I gath-er them in, I
loi - ter in plea-sure or toil - ful-ly spin— I gath-er them in, I

gather them in, gather, gather,

gath-er, I gather them in.

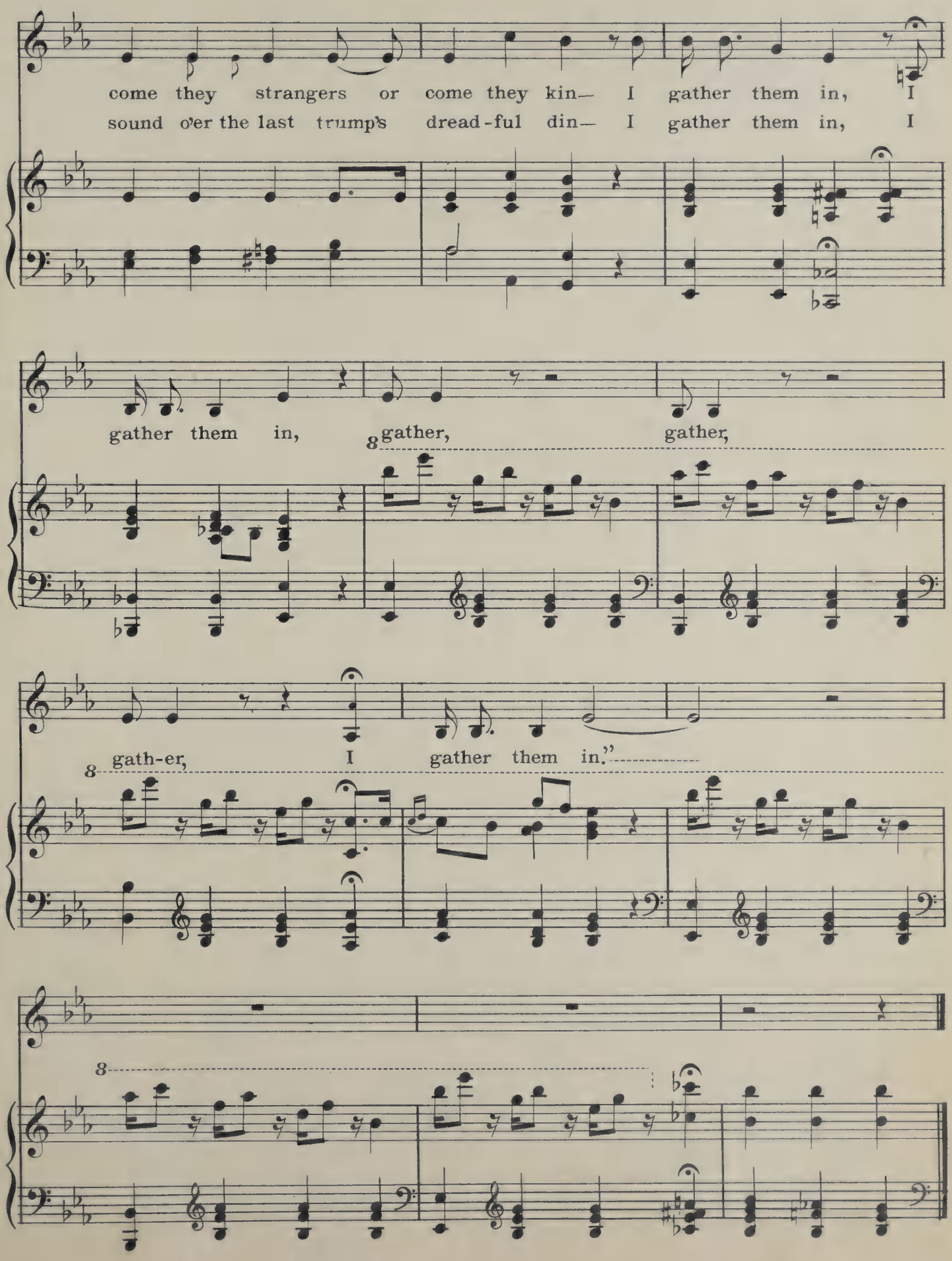
2. "I gath - er them in! for..... man and boy, Year af - ter year of.....
4. "I gath - er them in, and their fi - nal rest Is here, down here in the

staccato. *colla voce.*

grief and joy, I've build - ed the houses that lie a - round, In
earth's dark breast!" And the sex - ton ceased—for the fun - 'ral train Wound

ev - 'ry nook of this bur - ial ground; Mother and daugh - ter—
mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart—when

fa - ther and son, Come to my sol - i - tude one by one,— But
time is told, A might - ier..... voice than that sex - ton's old Will


come they strangers or come they kin— I gather them in, I
sound o'er the last trump's dread-ful din— I gather them in, I
gather them in,
8 gather, gather,
gath-er, I gather them in."
8
8

HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS.

Duet.—Soprano and Tenor.

CHARLES JEFFERY. (TROVATORE.) G. VERDI.

Allegro.

f *dim* *p*

ad lib. Recit. (Manrico.)

If yet thou lov'st me, If yet my voice can move thee, Oh

Moth-er, it's thy son now im-plores thee; For-get those dark

hor-rors and let sweet sleep now calm thy soul to re--

Andante. (M.M. ♪ = 72)

AZUCENA.

pose. Yes, I am grief - - worn and

stacc sempre

fain would rest me, But more than grief have sad dreams op - prest me;

Should that dread vi - sion rise in my slum - bers, Rouse me! its hor - rors

f *f* *p*

MANRICO.

then may de - part. Rest thee, O moth - er, I will watch o'er thee;

cresc.

Sleep may re - store sweet peace to thy heart.

f *pp*

AZUCENA.

Home to our mount - ains, Let us re - turn, love,

sotto voce

pp

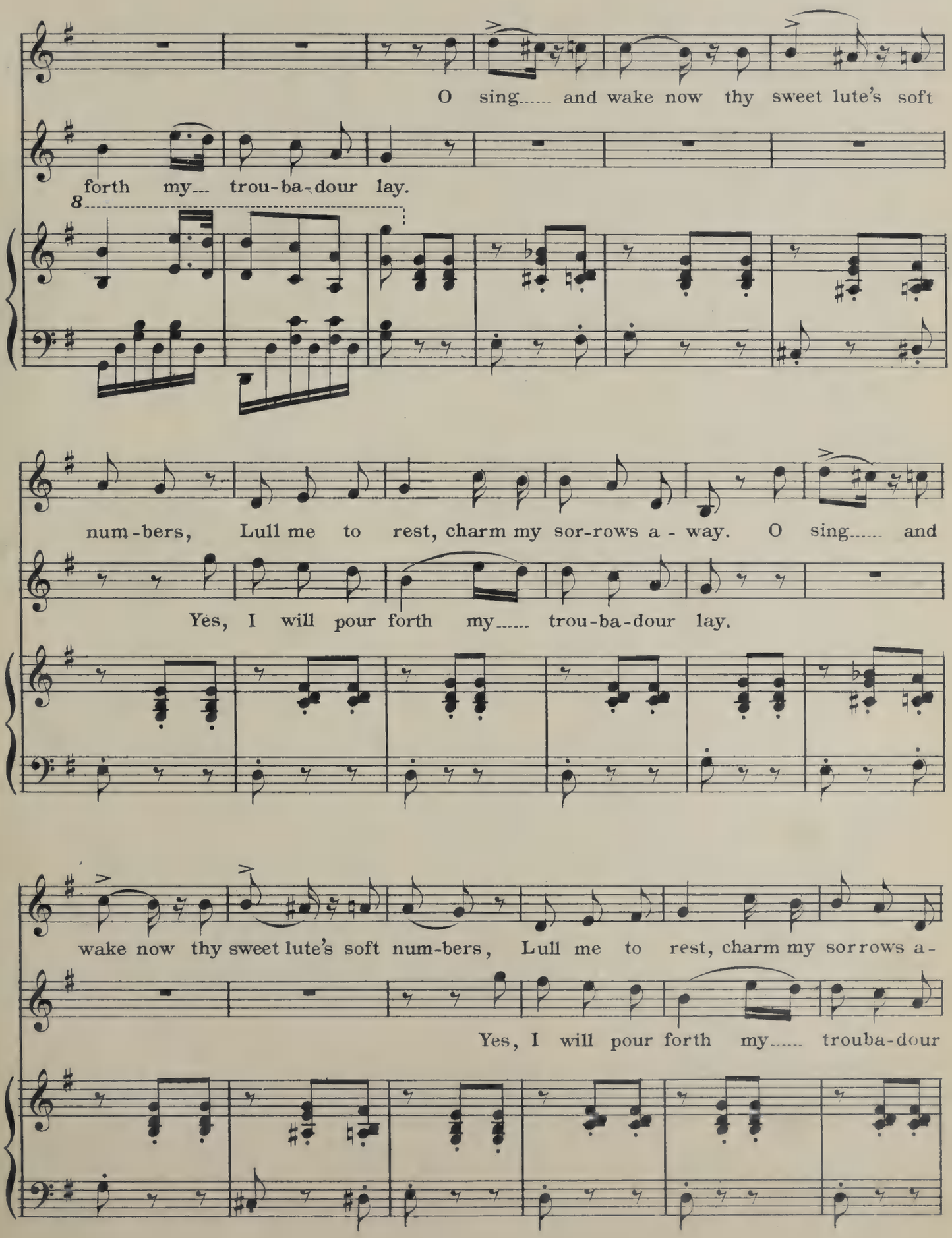
There in its young days Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song

Fall on my slum - bers, There shall thy lute make me joy - ous a - gain.

MANRICO.

Rest thee, my moth - er; Kneel - ing be - side thee, I will pour

8


O sing..... and wake now thy sweet lute's soft
forth my... trou-ba-dour lay.
8
num-bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sor-rows a - way. O sing..... and
Yes, I will pour forth my..... trou-ba-dour lay.
wake now thy sweet lute's soft num-bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sorrows a-
Yes, I will pour forth my..... trouba-dour

way, a - way, O charm sor - row a - way; O

lay. I pour forth my trou - ba - dour lay;

pp

sing and charm sor - row a - way, Lull me to

morendo

While I with my trou - ba - dour lay Lull thee to

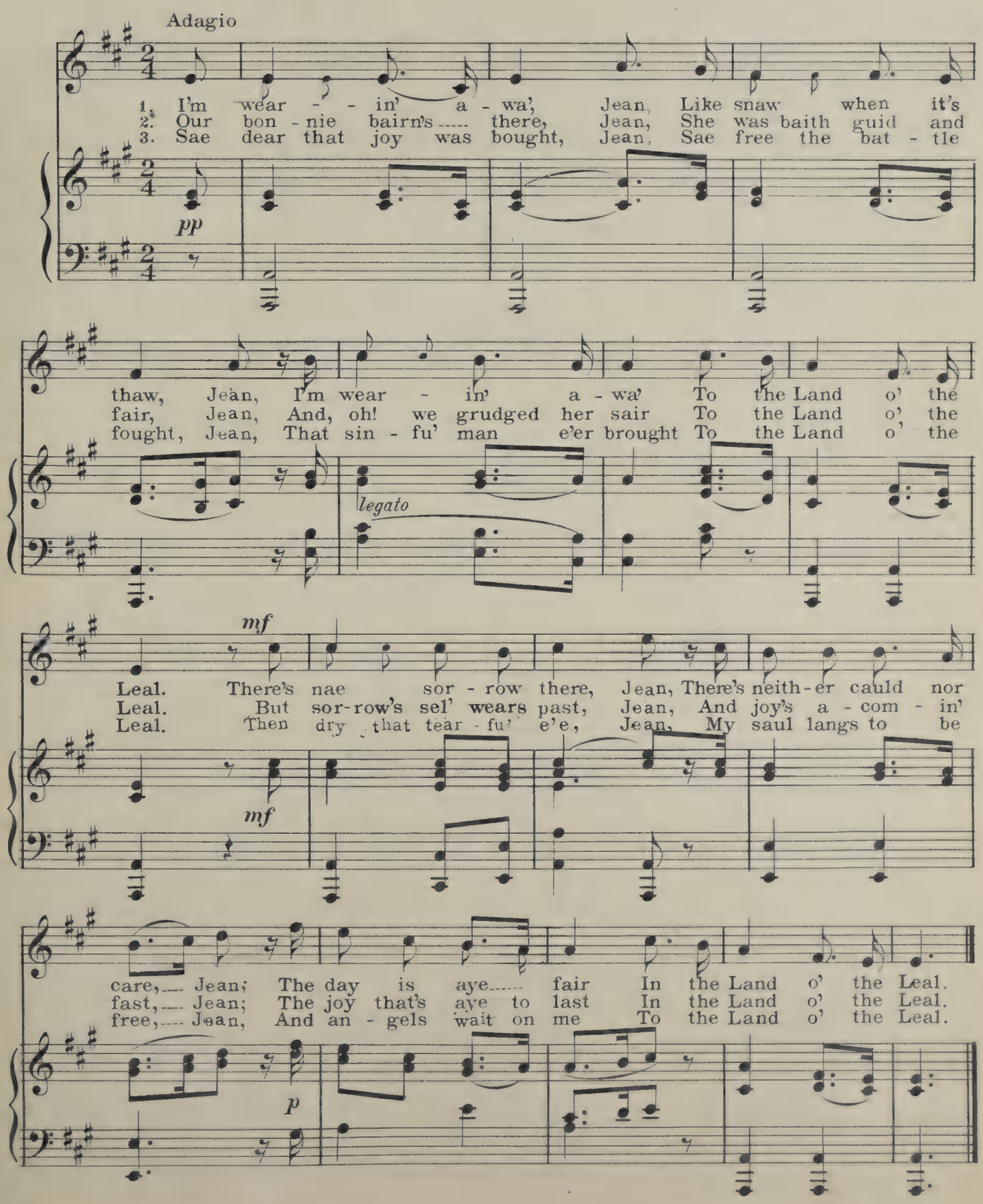
rest, Lull me to rest.

rest, Lull thee to rest.

morendo

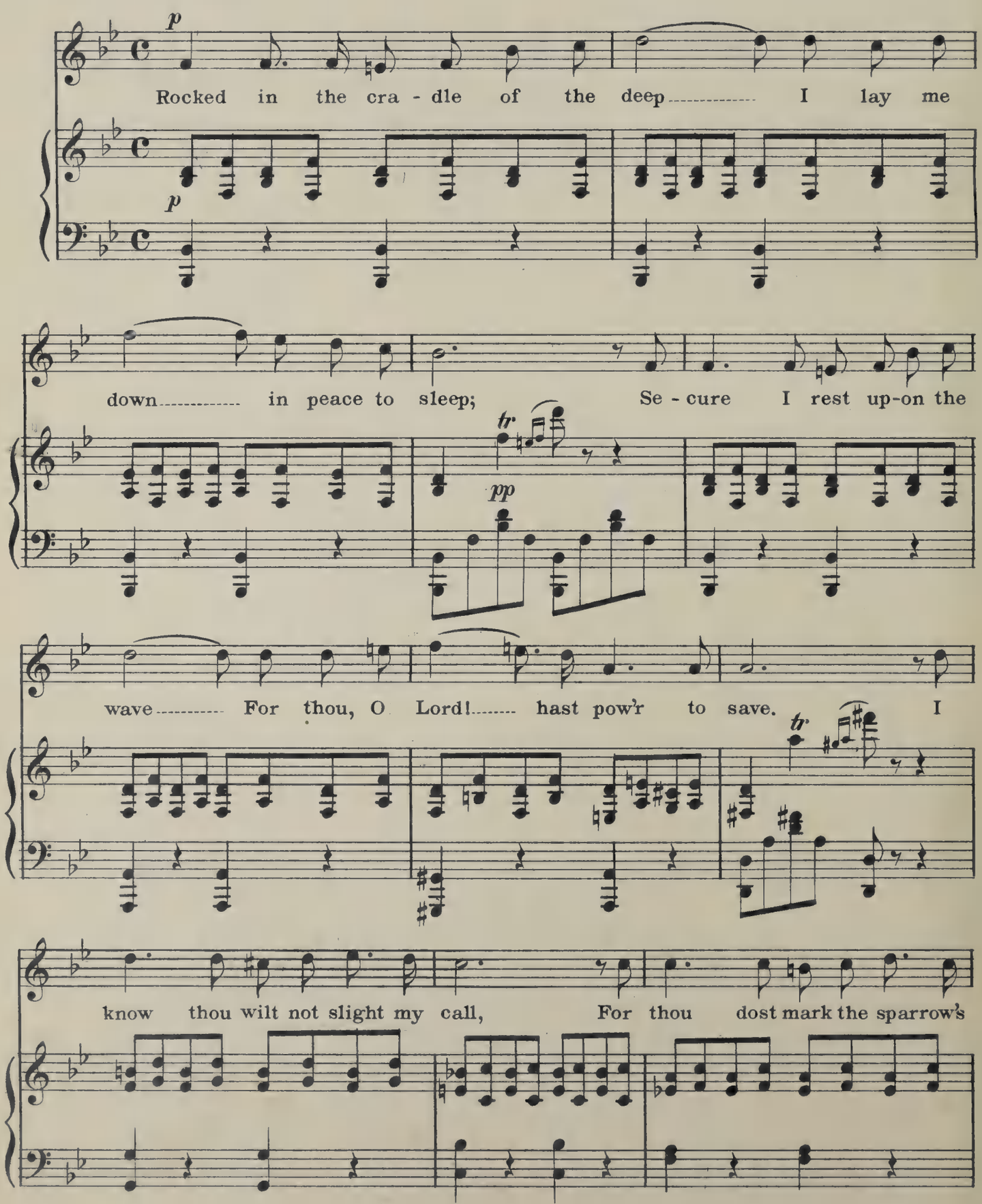
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

CAROLINA BARONESS MAIRE. OLD SCOTCH SONG.



ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. E. WILLARD. J. P. KNIGHT.



fall. And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep; And calm and peaceful is my

sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y

winds swept o'er the brine, Or tho' the tempest's fiery

breath ..... Rouse me from sleep ..... to wreck and death; *tr* In

o - - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i -

ty! *tr* And calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, ...

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep; *pp* And calm and peaceful shall I

tr *tr* *pp*

sleep, ... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

tr *tr* *tr*

THE SANDS O' DEE.

CHAS. KINGSLEY. F. BOOTT.

1. "O Ma - ry, go and call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands o' Dee!" The west - ern wind was wild and dank, The west - ern wind was wild and dank, Was wild and dank with foam; And all a - lone went she.

2. The creep - ing tide came up a - long the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the sand, As far as eye could see; The blind - ing mist came pour - ing down, The blind - ing mist came pour - ing down, Came down and hid the land, And never home came she.

f *p* *accel.* *f* *agitato* *p*

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3. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or float-ing hair, A tress o' gold - en
4. They row'd her in a - cross the roll - ing foam, The cru - el, crawl-ing

f

hair, O' drown - ed maid - en's hair, A - - bove the nets at
foam, The cru - el, hun - gry foam, To her grave be - side the

sea? Was nev - er weed or fish that shone, Was nev - er weed or
sea! But still the boat-men hear her call, But still the boat - men

fish that shone, That shone so..... fair A-mong the sands on Dee.
hear her call, Call the cat-tle home A-cross the sands o' Dee.

dim *p a tempo*

O MORNING LAND!

Duet. Mezzo Soprano and Tenor.

E. H. PHELPS.

Andante quasi Adagio.

MEZZO SOPRANO.

1. Some day, we
2. Some day, our

TENOR.

1. Some day, we
2. Some day, our

Andante quasi Adagio.

con tenerezza *poco accel.* *smorz.*

say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Par-a-dise; Some day, some
ears shall hear the song Of tri-umph o - ver sin and wrong; Some day, some

say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Par-a-dise; Some day, some
ears shall hear the song Of tri-umph o - ver sin and wrong; Some day, some

più moto

time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flow'r like, in each breast; Some time, some
time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get That some day

time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flow'r like, in each breast;
time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get

cresc. *dim.*

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cresc.

day, our eyes shall see The fa - ces kept in mem - o - ry!
all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me.

mf

Some time, some
That some day

cresc.

f

The fa - ces kept in mem - o - ry!
And rest be giv'n to you and me.

day, our eyes shall see, The fa - ces kept in mem - o - ry!
all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me.

dim.

marcato e rit.

maestoso molto accel. e cresc.

con transporto

p

p

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just o - ver in the morning
So wait, my friends, though years move slow, The hap-py time will come, we

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just o - ver in the morning
So wait, my friends, though years move slow, The hap-py time will come, we

maestoso molto accel. e cresc.

colla voce

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p *f* *ff*

lands, Just o - ver in the morn - ing lands, Some day their hands shall clasp our
know, The hap-py time will come we know, So wait, my friends, though years move

p

lands, Just o - ver in the morn - ing lands, Some day their hands shall clasp our
know, The hap-py time will come we know, So wait, my friends, though years move

p *f* *ff*

Ped. * Ped. *

mf *p rit.* *pp molto rit.*

hands, Just o - ver in the morn-ing lands. O morn - ing land! O morn - ing
slow, The hap - py time will come, we know. O morn - ing land! O morn - ing

hands, Just o - ver in the morn-ing lands. O morn - ing land! O morn - ing
slow, The hap - py time will come, we know. O morn - ing land! O morn - ing

mf *p* *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

land! land!

land! land!

pp *Fine.* D. S.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

WITH VERDURE CLAD.

F. J. HAYDN.

Andante.

With ver - dure clad the fields ap - pear, De - light - ful to the ra - vish'd sense; By flow - er sweet and gay En - hanc-ed is the charming sight, En -

hanc - - - ed is the charm - ing sight.

f *p*

Here fra - grant herbs their o - dours shed; Here

fz *p* *p*

shoots the heal - ing plant

Here shoots the heal - -

- - ing plant. Here frag - rant herbs their o - dours

shed; Here shoots the heal - ing plant the heal - ing

plant the heal - ing plant, Here shoots the

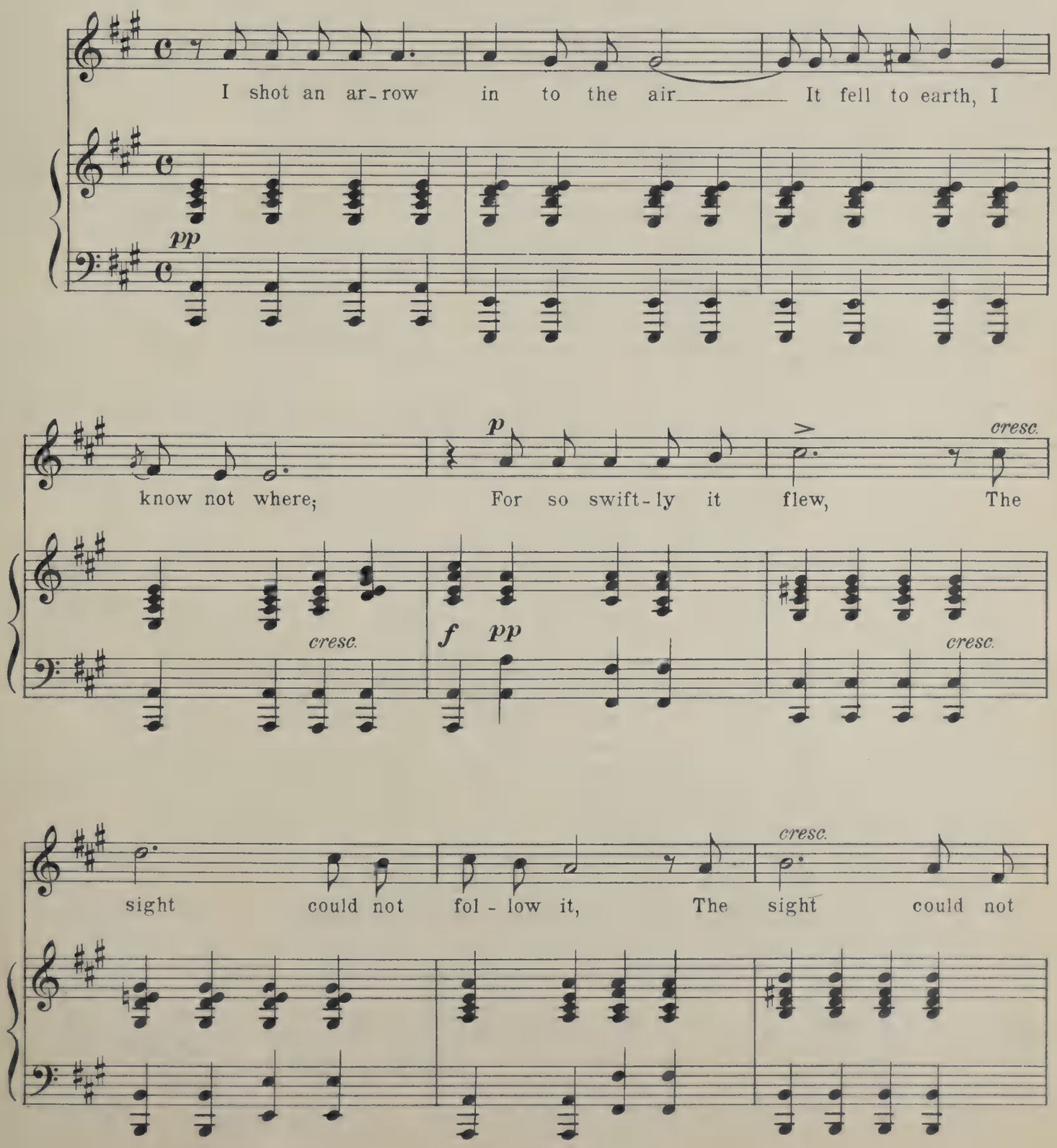
fz *pp*

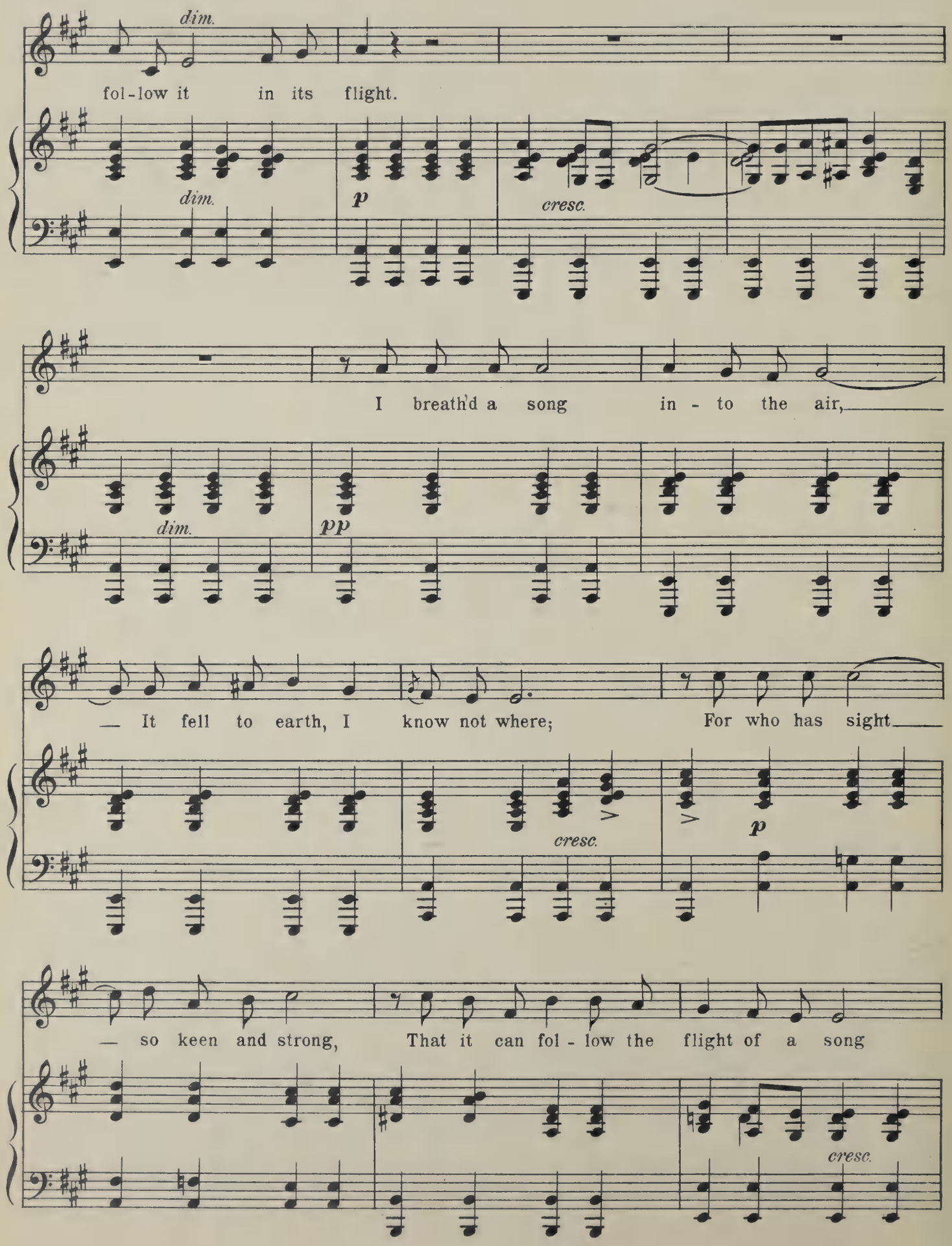
heal - ing plant.

f

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

LONGFELLOW. M. W. BALFE.




dim.
fol-low it in its flight.
dim.
p
cresc.
I breath'd a song in - to the air,
dim.
pp
— It fell to earth, I know not where; For who has sight
cresc.
p
— so keen and strong, That it can fol - low the flight of a song
cresc.

For who has sight so keen and so strong, That it can fol - - low the flight of a

f *dim.* *p*

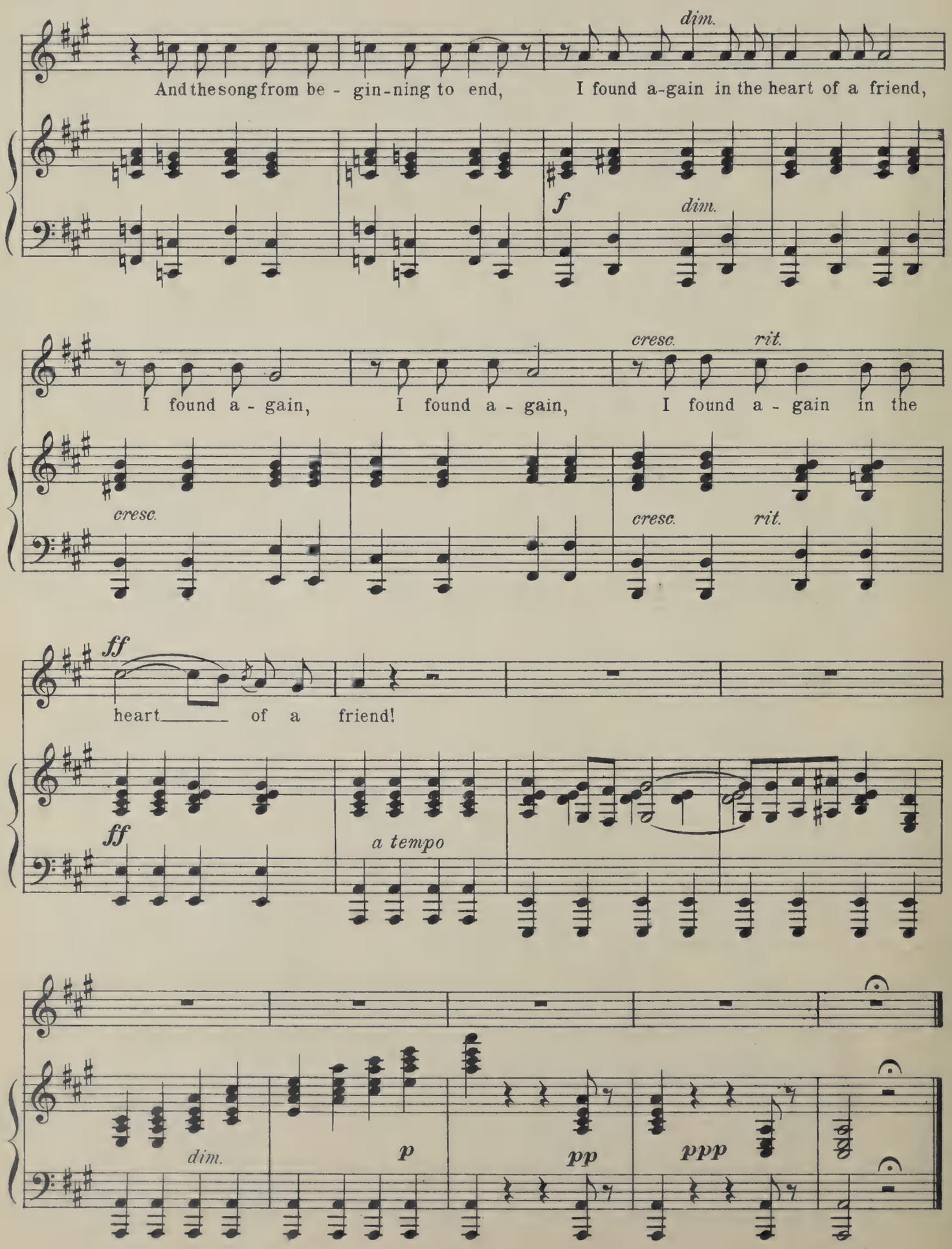
song?

cresc. *dim.*

Long, long af-ter-wards, in an oak I found the ar-row still un-broke;

pp *cresc.*

And the song from be - ginning to end, I found a-gain in the heart of a friend;


dim.
And the song from be - gin-ning to end, I found a-gain in the heart of a friend,
f
dim.
cresc.
rit.
I found a - gain, I found a - gain, I found a - gain in the
cresc.
cresc.
rit.
ff
heart of a friend!
ff
a tempo
dim.
p
pp
ppp

PALM BRANCHES.

JEAN BAPTISTE FAURE.

Andante Maestoso.

f

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos - soms gay Are strewn this day in fes - tal prep - - a - ra - tion, Where Je - sus comes, to wipe our

p

p e cresc.

ff

tears a - way. E'en now the throng to wel - come

rall. *a tempo*

him pre - pare; Join all and sing, His

cresc. *slargando* *ff*

name declare, Let ev - 'ry voice re-sound with ac - cla-ma - tion, Ho-

p *cresc.* *f*

san - - na! praised be the Lord!

ff

slargando *Largo*

Bless Him, who com-eth to bring us sal - va - - -

slargando *Largo*

tion!

p

2. His word goes forth, and peoples by its might Once more re-gain freedom from

3. Sing and rejoice, oh blest Je - ru - sa - lem Of all thy sons sing the e -

p e cresc.

deg - - ra-da - tion, Hu - man - i - ty dothgive to each his right,

man - ci-pa - tion Through boundless love, the Christ of Beth - le - hem

ff

While those in dark - ness find re - stored the light,

rall.

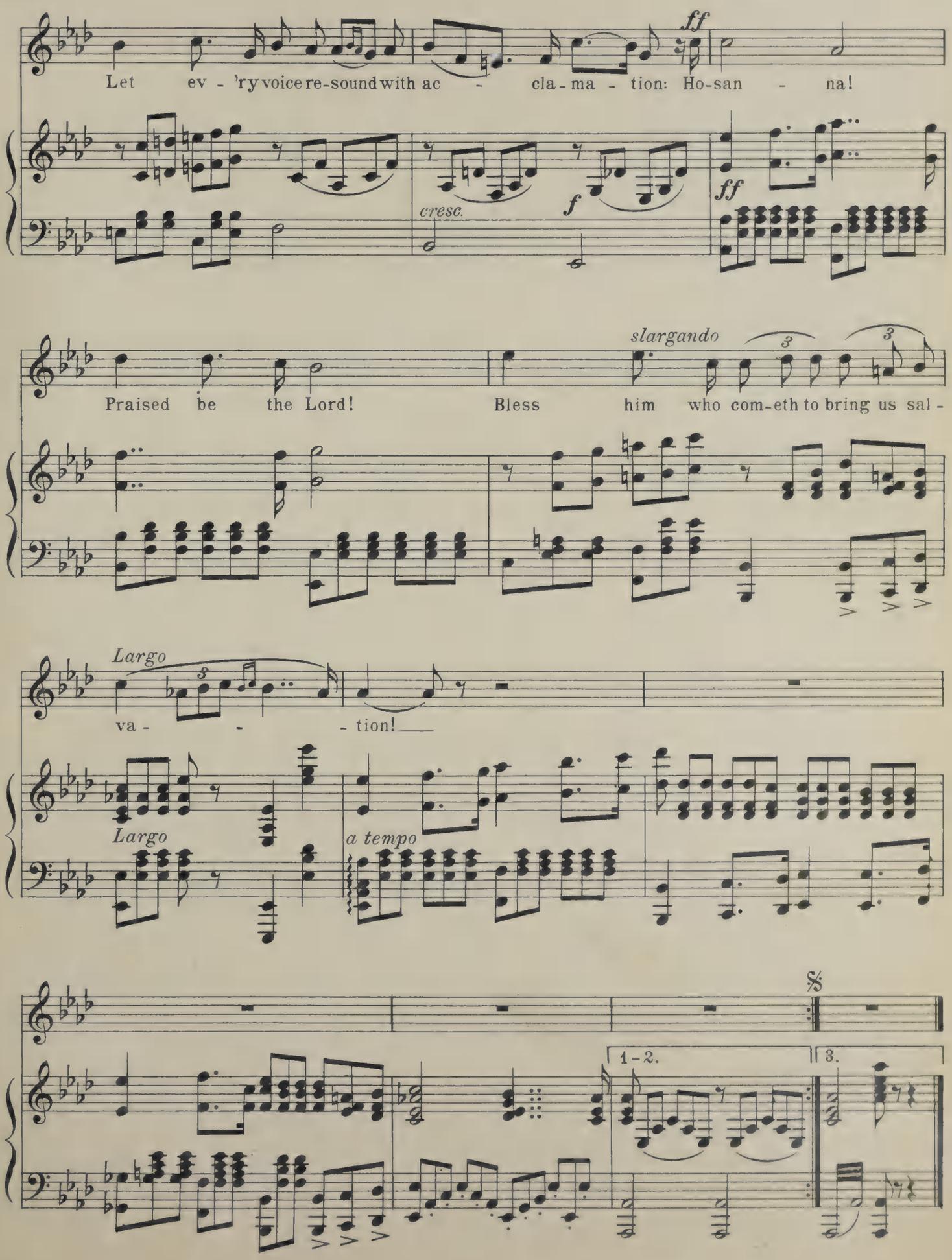
Brings faith and hope to thee for - ev - - er - more.

cresc. *ff* *slargando*

a tempo

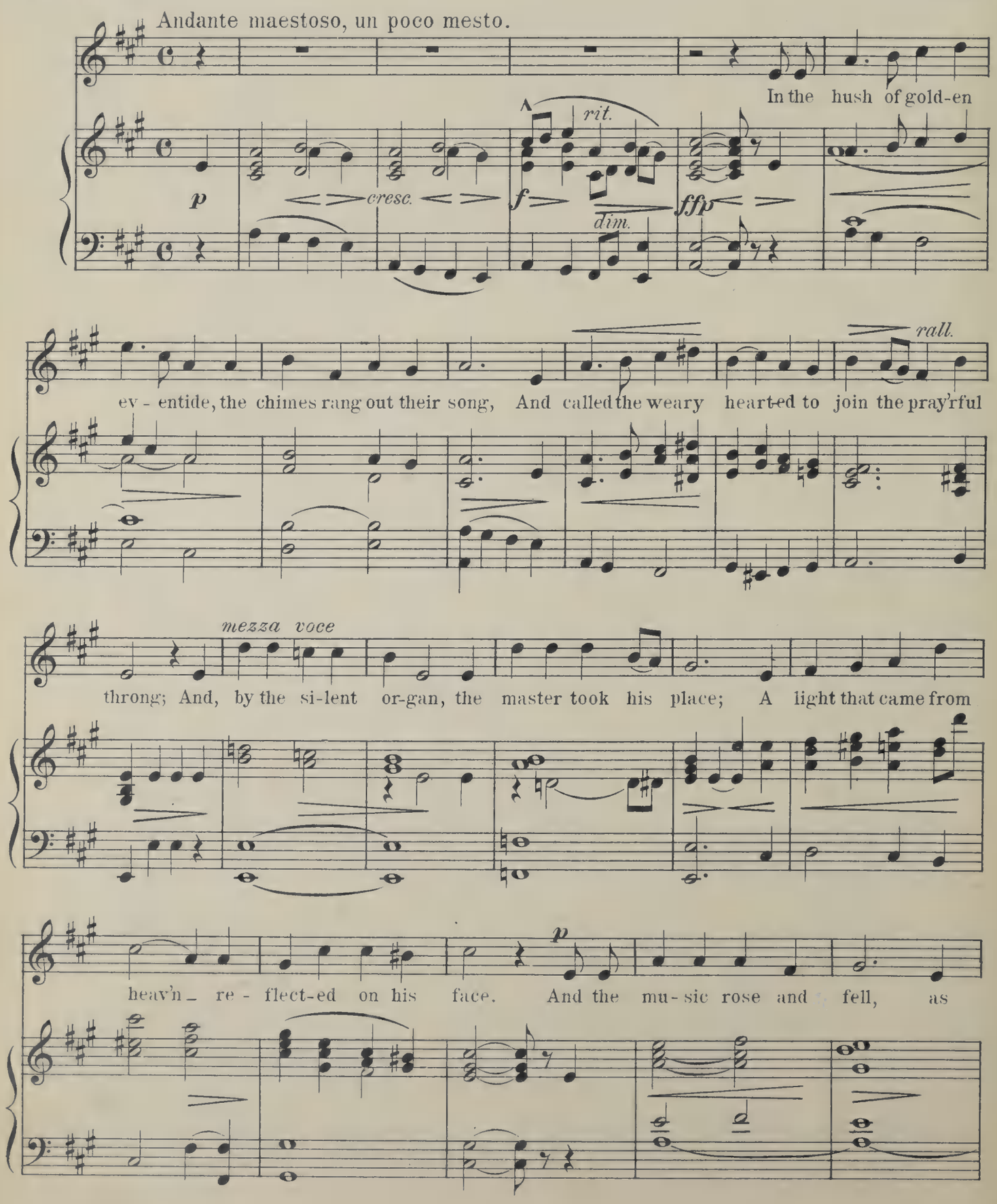
Join all and sing, His name de-clare,

Join all and sing, His name de clare,


ff
Let ev - 'ry voice re-sound with ac - cla - ma - tion: Ho-san - na!
cresc.
f
ff
slargando
Praised be the Lord! Bless him who com-eth to bring us sal -
Largo
va - - - tion!
Largo
a tempo
1-2.
3.

AT BENEDICTION.

MARY M. LEMON. O. BARRI.



dim. e con molto sentimento

f

sun-set veil'd the west; And there min-gled with its sound a dream long hush'd to

f *f*

rest. He seem'd to hear the

a tempo

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *fp* *p*

an-gels bear a message from on high, He seem'd to know the ca - dence they

Più lento

chant-ed in the sky, Then thro' the raft-ers peal-ing, his answ'ring bur-then

8 ✠ Piano tacet.

f *Più lento.* *fff e tutta forza*

✠ Organ may take between the signs as Solo.

pass'd, On spir-it pin-ions float - ing, to en-ter heav'n at last, But the

dim. *sempre marcato.* *pp*

mu-sic rose and fell, as sun-set veil'd the west; And there min - gled with its

sound, a voice long hush'd to rest.

rit. *rit.* *p a tempo* *Più lento*

mesto *mesto*

He chang'd his theme's wild bur - then to one of pa - tient pray'r; And

with the or-gan's plead-ing, it mount-ed thro' the air; And it float-ed far a-

bove, on waves of gold-en light; As thro' the qui-et land an an-gel wing'd its

f

f

flight. And the mu-sic rose and fell, as sun-set veil'd the west; Then the

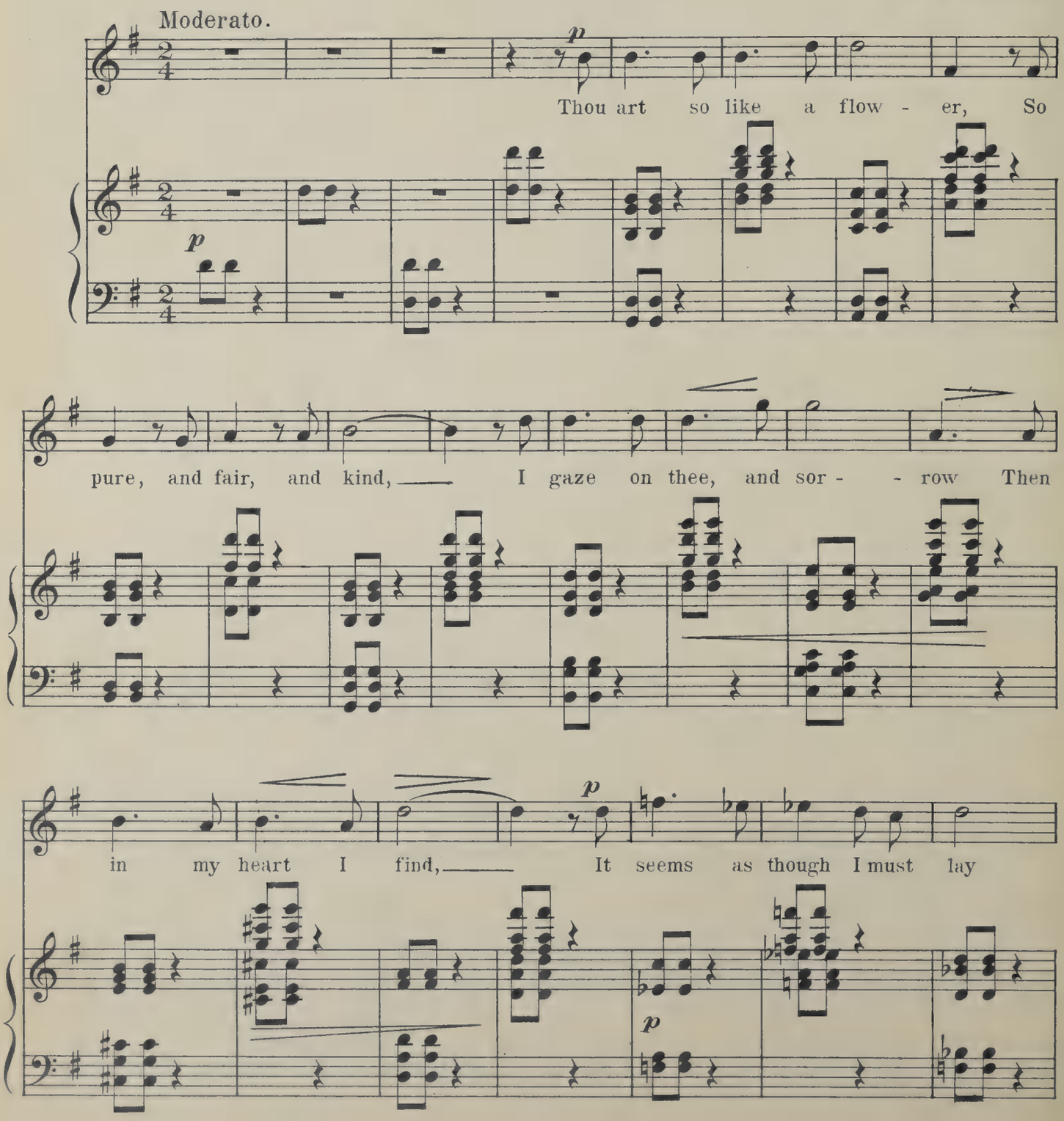
lento

cadence soft-ly ceas'd, but the an-gels heard the rest.

pp

THOU ART LIKE UNTO A FLOWER.

A. RUBINSTEIN.



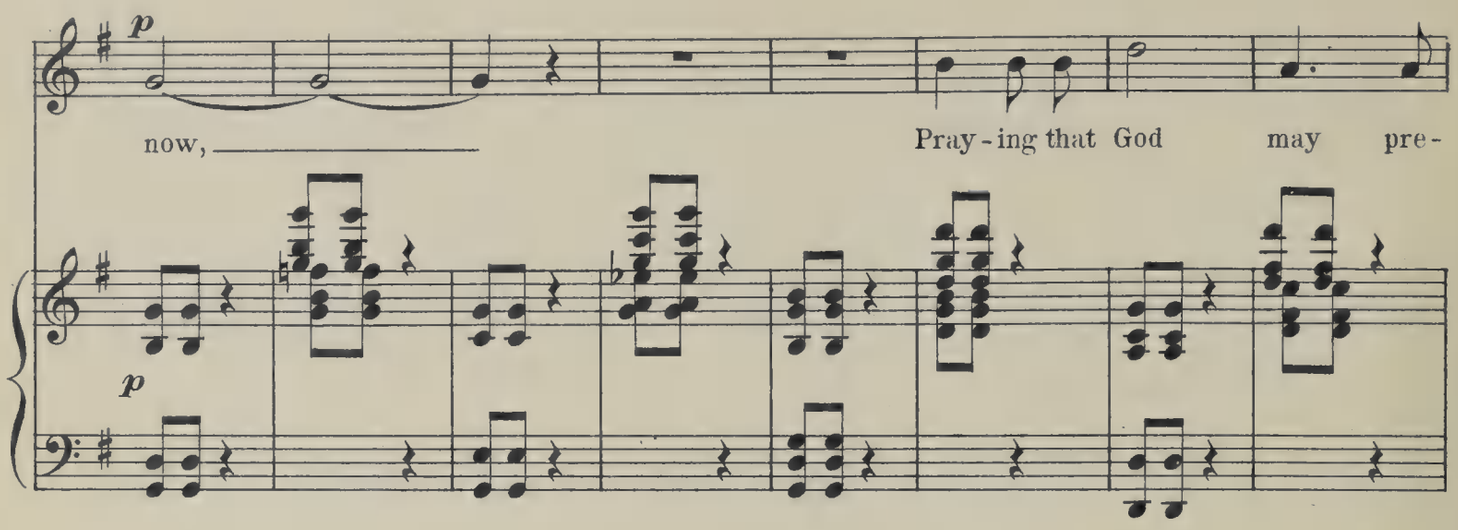
then My hand up - on thy brow, Pray- ing that God may pre -

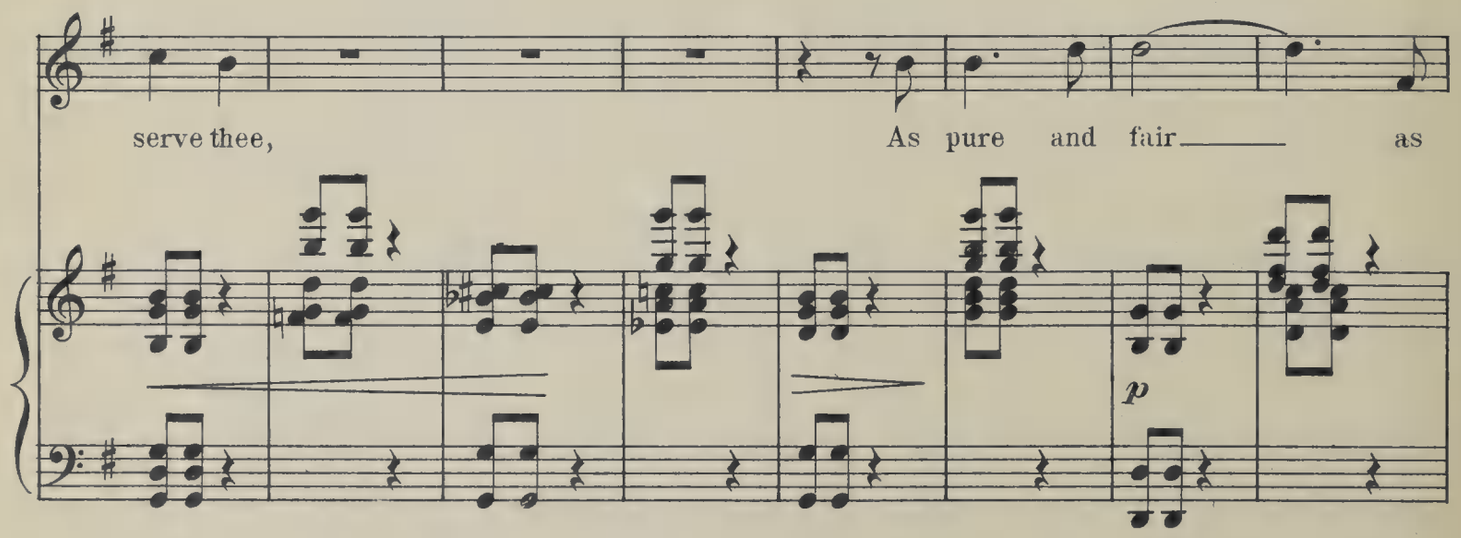
serve thee, As pure and fair as now, Pray - ing that

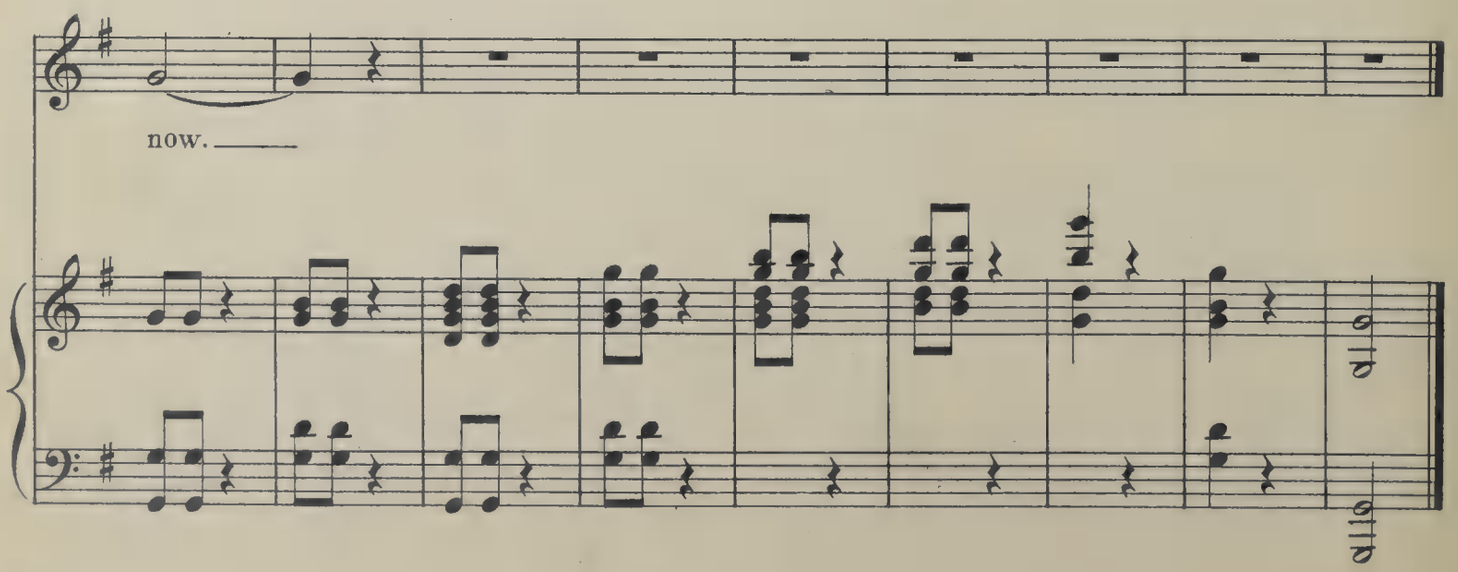
cresc. - -

cresc. - -

God may pre - serve thee, As pure and fair, as


p
now,
Pray-ing that God may pre-
p


serve thee,
As pure and fair as
p


now.

THE LOST CHORD.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante moderato.

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. *

p

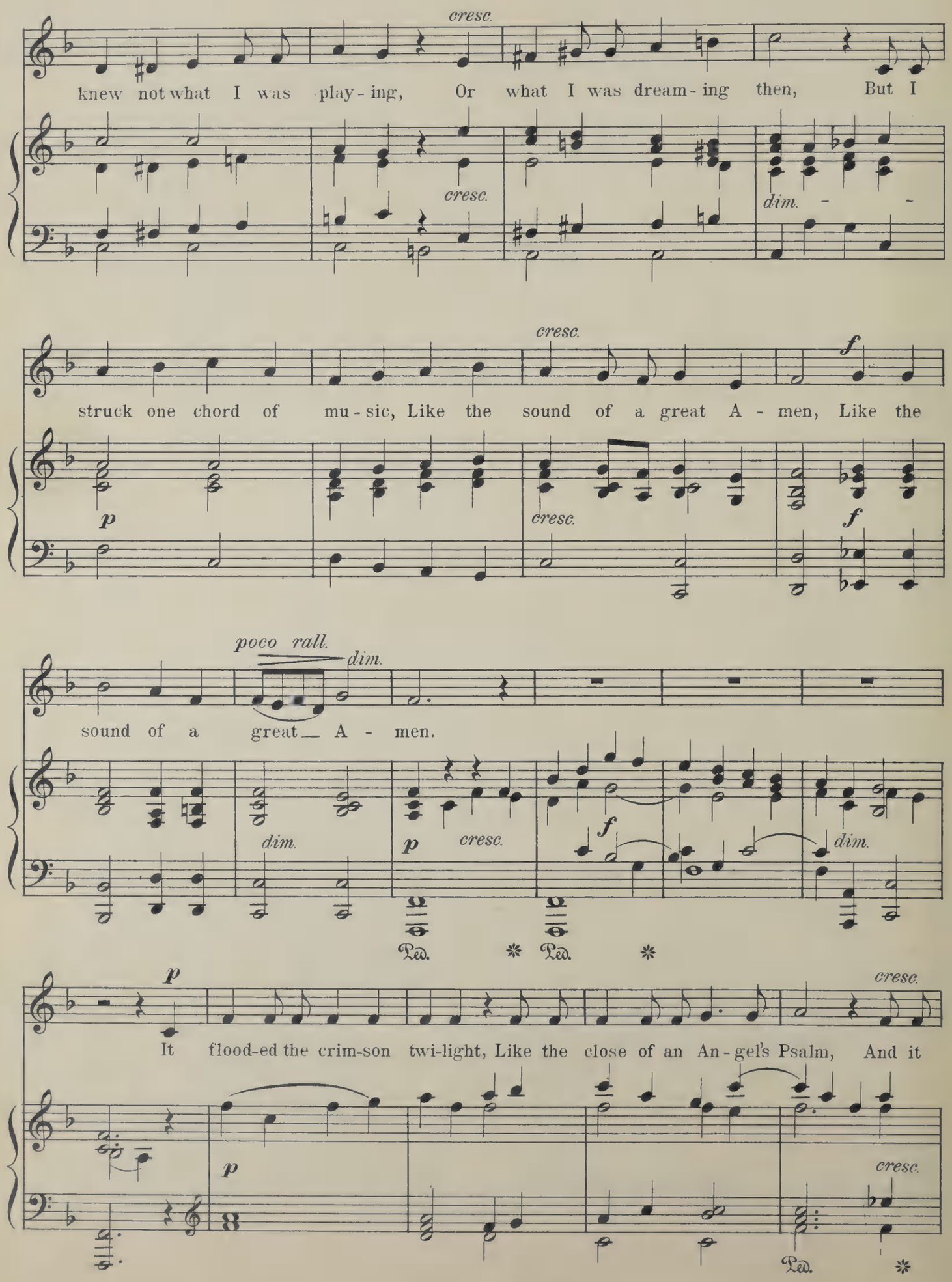
Seat - ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry, and ill at

p *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

ease, And my fin-gers wan-der'd i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys; I

Ped. *


cresc.
knew not what I was play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-men, Like the
p
cresc.
f
f
poco rall.
dim.
sound of a great A-men.
dim.
p
cresc.
f
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
p
It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An-gel's Psalm, And it
cresc.
p
cresc.
Ped.

dim.

lay on my fe - ver'd spir - it, With a touch of — in - fi-nite calm, It

dim.

cresc. dim.

qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife; It

cresc. dim.

seem'd the har - mo - nious ech - o From our dis - cord - ant life, It

p p tranquillo

tranquillo sempre

link'd all per-plex - ed mean - ings In - to one per - fect peace, And

poco a poco più animato — *f agitato*

trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have

cresc. animato — *f agitato*

sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which

f

came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to

f grandioso

mine. It may be that Death's bright An-gel Will

cresc. molto ritard. — *f*

speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall

sempre ff

hear that grand A - men. It may be that death's bright An - gel will

sf *sf*

ff ritard. *con gran forza*

speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall

fff *ritard.* *colla voce con gran forza*

hear that grand A - men.

a tempo *rallent.*

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were
swells; The chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in

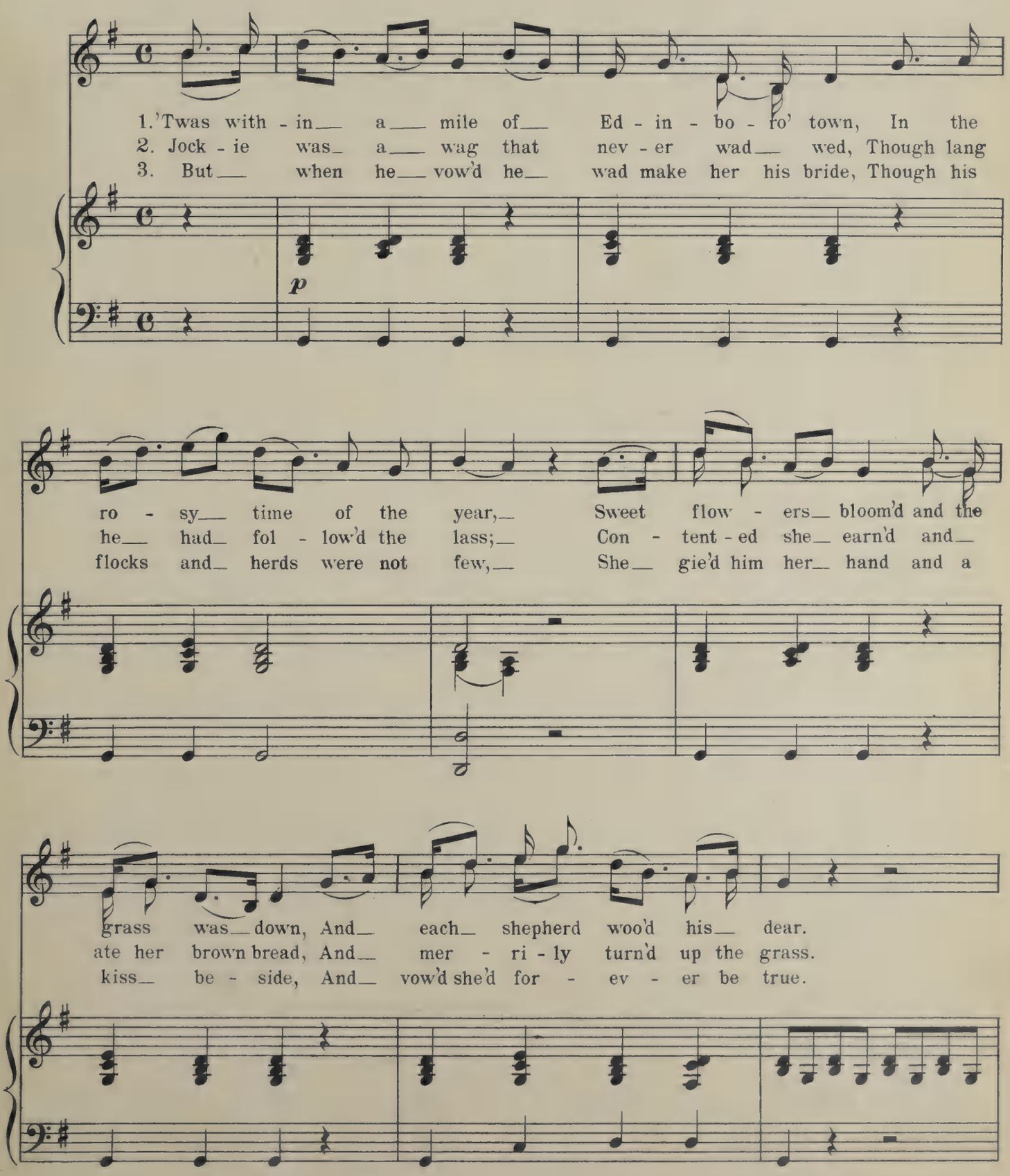
fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is
tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she

o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

SAINT-SAËNS

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'

JAMES HOOK.



Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and gay, Kiss'd young Jen - nie mak - ing hay; The
Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet
Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At

las - sie blush'd, and frown - ing cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I
still she blush'd, and frown - ing cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I
kirk she no more frown - ing cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I

canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buck-le to."
canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buck-le to."
canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buck-le to."

f

THE RAINY DAY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. W. R. DEMPSTER.

Andante.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear - y; It rains and the wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the mould - 'ring wall, But at ev - - 'ry com - mon fate of all, In - to each

2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear - y; It rains and the wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still cling to the mould - 'ring past, But the hopes of

3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be - hind the clouds the sun is shin-ing; Thy fate is the

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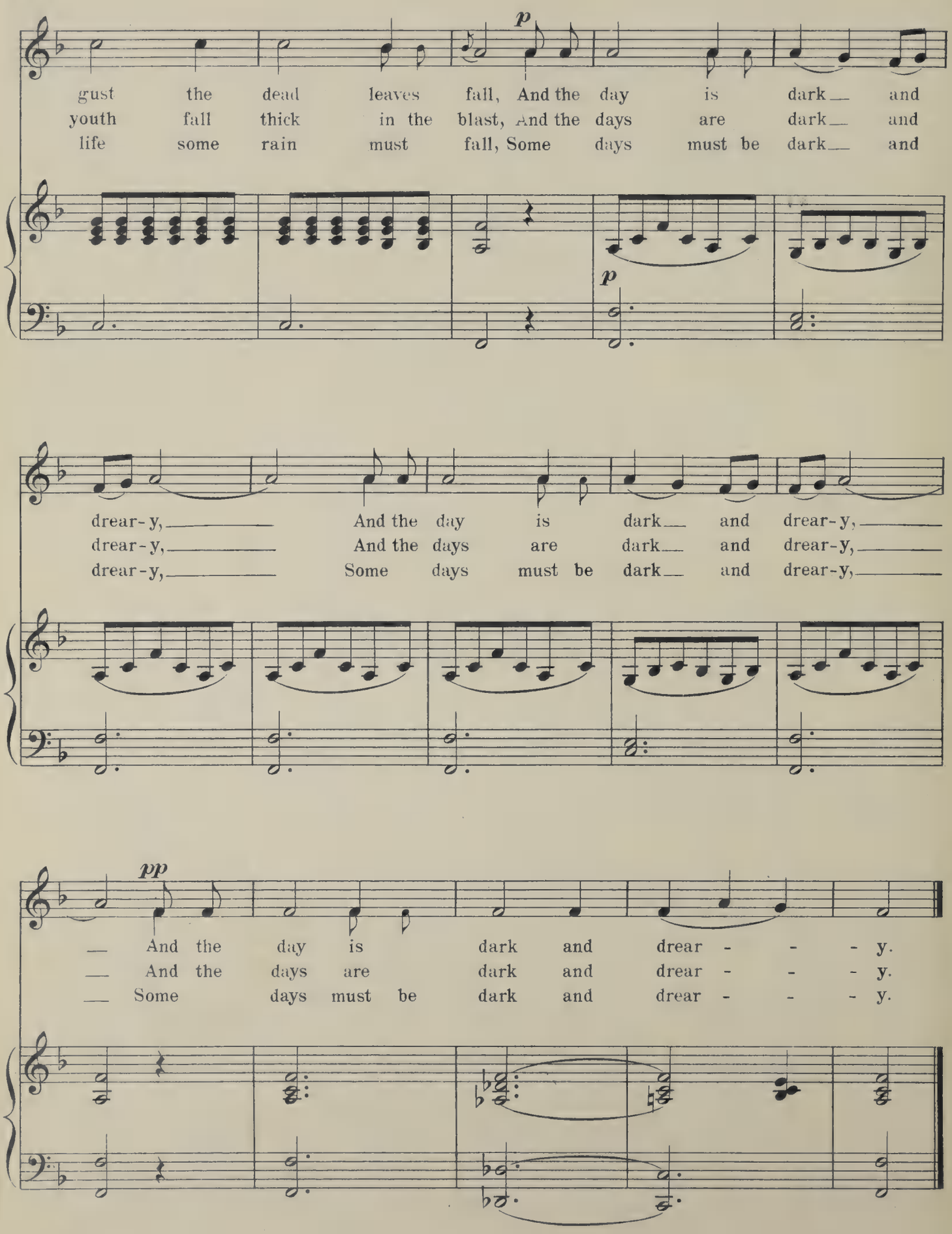

p
gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and
youth fall thick in the blast, And the days are dark and
life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and
p
drear-y, And the day is dark and drear-y,
drear-y, And the days are dark and drear-y,
drear-y, Some days must be dark and drear-y,
pp
And the day is dark and drear - - - y.
And the days are dark and drear - - - y.
Some days must be dark and drear - - - y.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

S. WOODWORTH. C. KIALLMARK.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my
The orch - ard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled
The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound

child - hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre - sents them to view,
wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew.
buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

Fine.

The wide - spread - ing pond, the mill that stood by it, The
The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house nigh it, And

bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell.
e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

D.C.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOS. MOORE. Sir J. STEVENSON.

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
2. When I re-mem - ber all The friends so link'd to - geth - er,

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me, The
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er, I

smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar - land's dead, And all but he de - part - ed!

Thus, in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,

Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a - round me.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

From "BOHEMIAN GIRL." M. W. BALFE.

Larghetto cantabile.

1. The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will_
2. The mind will in its worst despair, Still pon - der o'er_ the_

cling; To thought and im - pulse, while they flow, That
past, On mo - ments of de - light, that were Too

can no com - fort bring, that can, That_ can_ no_ com - fort
beau - ti - ful_ to last, that were Too_ beauti - ful, too beau - ti - ful to

bring_ With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
last. To long de - part - ed years ex - tend Its

pp

pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the
vis - ions with them flown, For mem - 'ry is the

p

on - ly friend, That grief can call its own, that

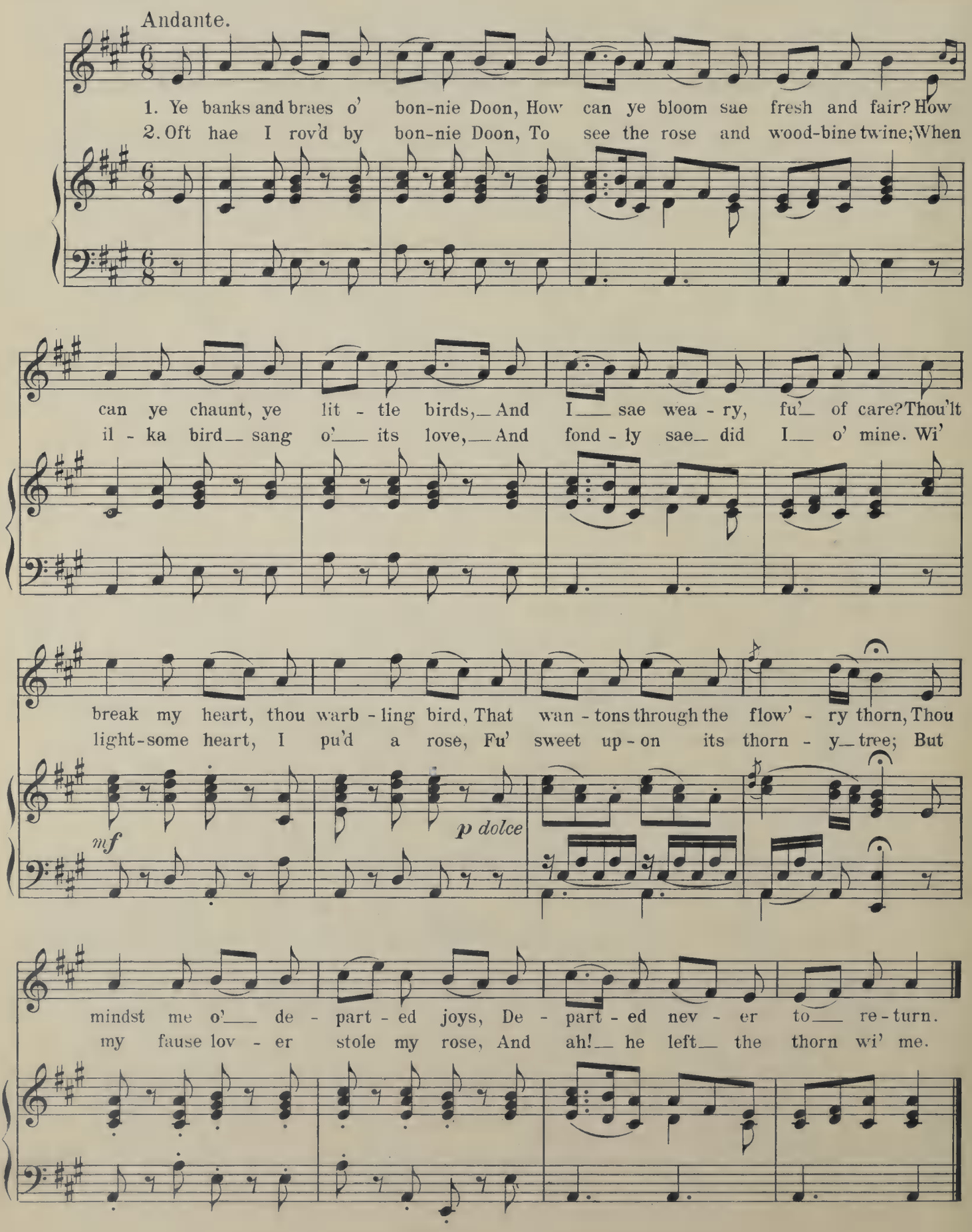
grief can call its own, that grief can call its

own.

f

BONNIE DOON.

ROBT. BURNS. UNKNOWN.



THE BRIDGE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. MISS M. LINDSAY.

Andante con espressione.

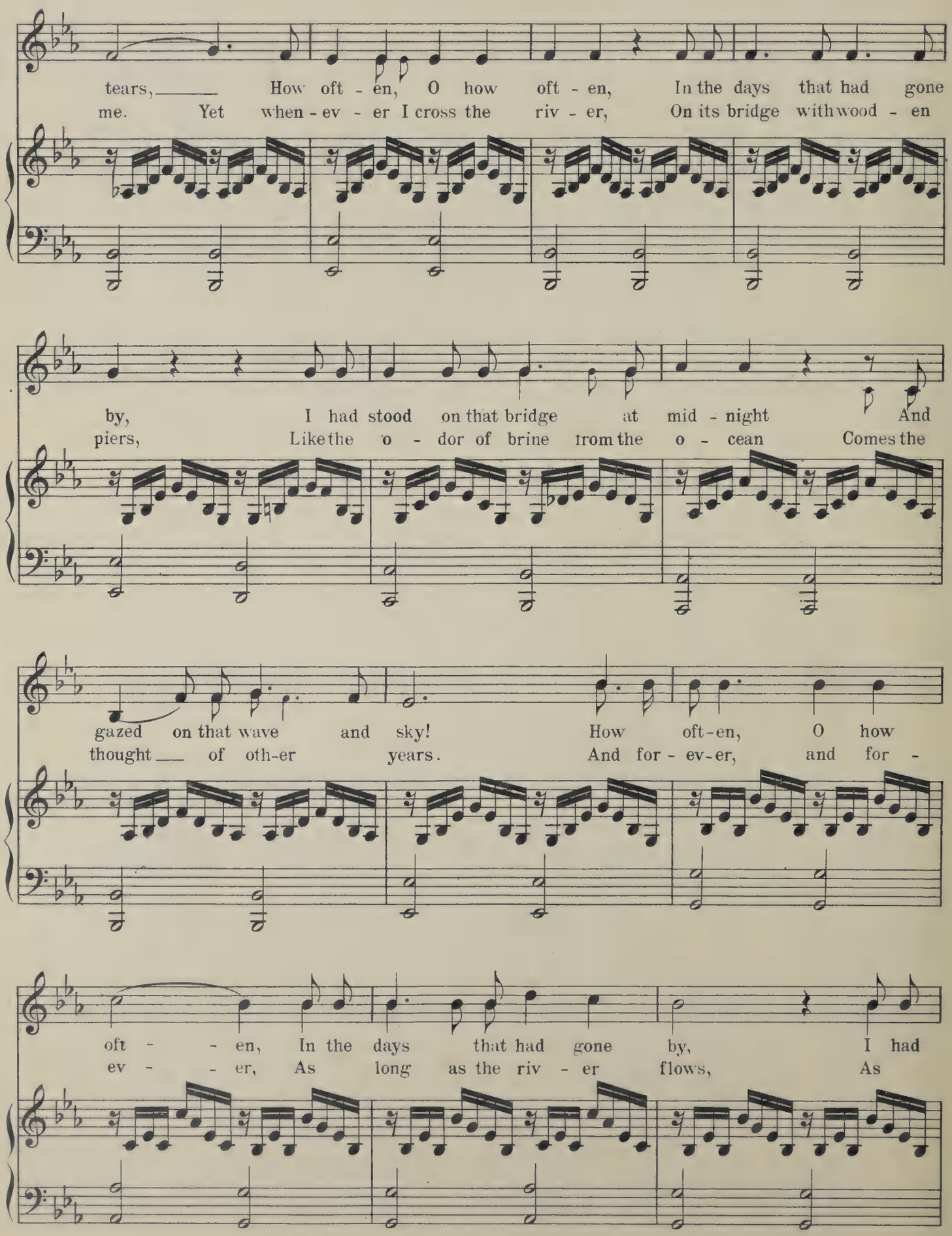
1. I stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the
2. For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the

p

moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be - hind the dark church-tow'r. And
bur - den lay up - on me, Seemed great-er than I could bear. But

like those wa - ters rush-ing A-mong the wood - en piers, A
now it has fall - en from me, It is bu ried in the sea; And

flood of thoughts came o'er me That filled my eyes with
on - ly the sor - row of others Throws its shad - ow o - ver


tears, How oft - en, O how oft - en, In the days that had gone
me. Yet when - ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en
by, I had stood on that bridge at mid - night And
piers, Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the
gazed on that wave and sky! How oft-en, O how
thought of oth-er years. And for - ev-er, and for -
oft - - en, In the days that had gone by, I had
ev - - er, As long as the riv - er flows, As

stood on that bridge at mid - - night, And gazed on that wave and_
long as the heart has pas - - sions, As long as life has_

sky! How oft - en, O how oft - en, I had
woes, The moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its

wished that the ebb - ing_ tide, Would bear me a-way on its
shadows shall ap - pear, As the sym - bol of love in

bos-om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide.
heav en And its wa - vei - ing im-age here.

IT WAS A DREAM.

C. H. GENUNG. E. LASSEN.

Very slowly, with deep feeling.

1. I had of yore a cher-ish'd
when to dis-tant lands I
kissed me true and spoke my

fa - ther - land; In sun - light gleam the loft - y oaks; The
wan - der'd forth, I saw a maid - en pass-ing fair, With
na - tive tongue. What words e'er seem so sweet as these? She

vio - lets shy-ly bloom. It was a dream. 2. And
waves of gold-en hair. It was a dream. 3. She
said: "I love but thee." It was a dream.

After 3d verse.

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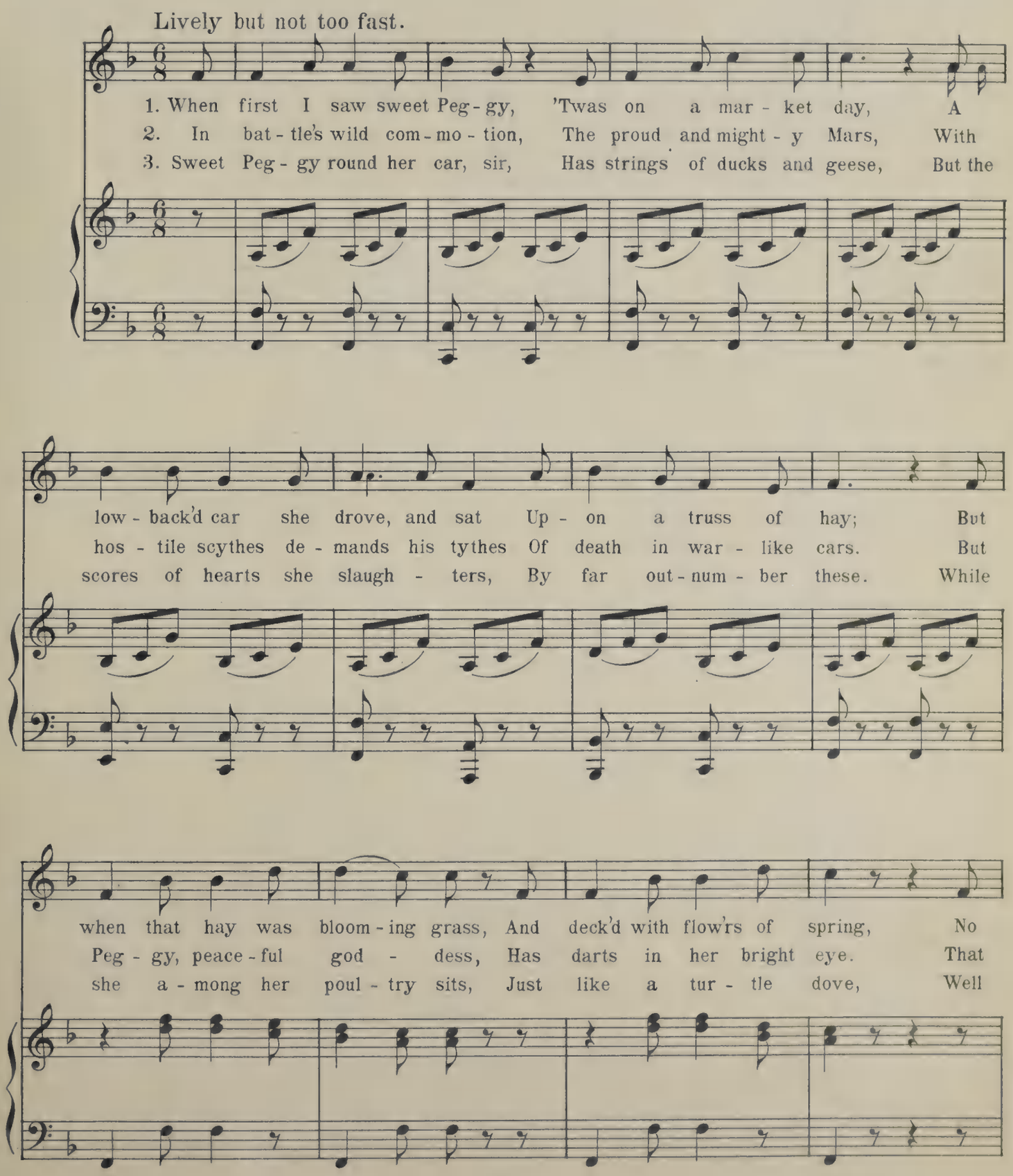
THE LOW BACK'D CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.



flow'r was there, that could com - pare, To the bloom - ing girl I
knock men down in the mar - ket town, — As right and left they
worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of

sing! As she sat in her low - back'd car, The
fly! While she sits in her low - back'd car, Than
Love! While she sits in her low - back'd car, The

man at the turn - pike bar, Nev - er ask'd for the toll, But just
bat - tle more dan - g'rous far, For the doc - tor's art, Can - not
lov - ers come near and far, And en - vy the chick - en, That Peg -

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *ad lib.*

rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car! ——
cure — the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car! ——
gy is pick - in', While she sits in her low - back'd car! ——

colla voce *colla voce*

LOCH LOMOND.

M. LAWSON.

By ___
'Twas ___
The ___

yon bon - nie banks, And by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
then that we part - ed In yon sha - dy glen, On the
we bir - die sang And the wild flow - ers spring, And in

sun shines bright, on Loch Lo - mond Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond Where in pur - ple hue ___ The
sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing. But the brok - en heart it kens ___ Nae

ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
High-land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing.
sec - ond Spring a - gain, Tho' the wae-ful may cease frae their greet - ing.

Brisker.

Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and I'll tak' the low - road, And

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

BEN BOLT.

Dr. T. D. ENGLISH. NELSON KNEASS.

1. Oh, don't you remember sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice, whose hair was so brown, Who wept with de-light, when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear_ at your frown. In the old church yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a

cor-ner ob-scure and a - lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the

gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone, They have

fit-ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.

ad lib.

ad lib.

2.

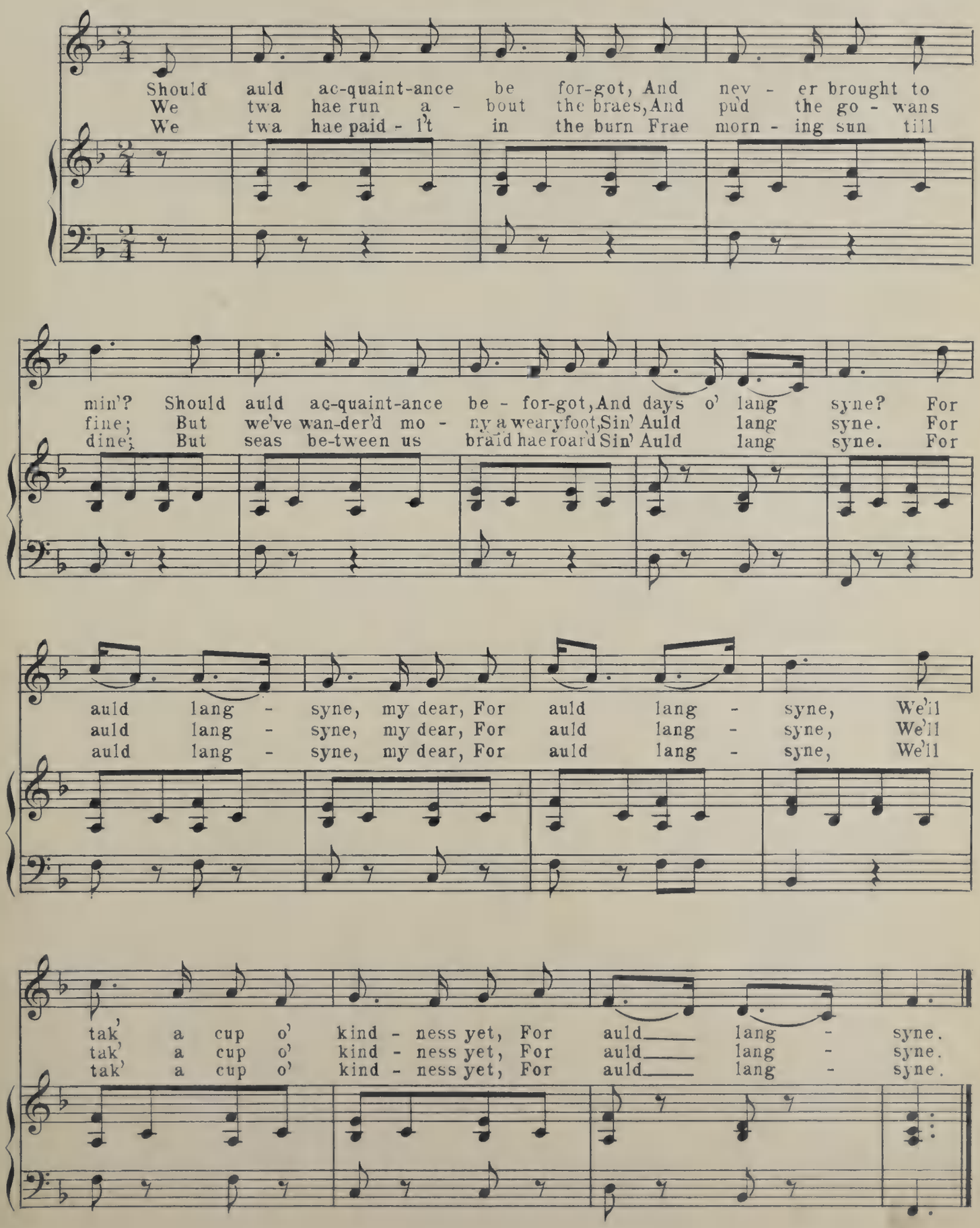
Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade
And listen'd to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

3.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.



ONCE AGAIN.

L. H. LEWIN. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante espressivo.

1. I

p

p

lin - ger round the ve - ry spot, Where years a - go we met, And
ev - er yet my thoughts in - cline, And back my mem-'ry slips, I

won - der when you quite for-got, Or if you quite for - get; And
feel warm fin - gers lock'd in mine, I see those quiv-'ring lips. Whose

ten - der yearnings rise a - new, For love that used to be, If
mur - murs came like mu - sic through, When mine had set them free; That

rall.

you could know that I was true, And I that you were free. Ah!

all the world was naught to you Who on-ly wanted me. Ah!

rall.

Con tenerezza

Love, once a - gain, meet me once a -

p

gain, Old love is wak - ing,

ff *con passione*

Shall it wake in vain? Love, once a -

ff

f

Ped.

*

gain, meet me once a gain, ——

sf *sf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Old love is wak - - - ing,

Ped. *

2d V. Shall —— it wake, shall it wake in vain?

Shall it wake in vain? shall it wake in vain?

ff con forza *sf* *sf*

Ped. * Ped. *

1. 2.

2. For

KILLARNEY.

M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

f

p

1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles, and wind-ing bays,
2. In - nis - fal - len's ru - in'd shrine May sug - gest a pass - ing sigh,
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints;
4. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny,

Mount - ain paths and wood-land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays;
But man's faith can ne'er de - cline, Such God's won - ders float - ing by;
Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by, Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints;
Ma - ny - voic'd the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - cy;

Boun - teous na ture loves all lands;
Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay,
Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
With the charm - ful tints be - low,

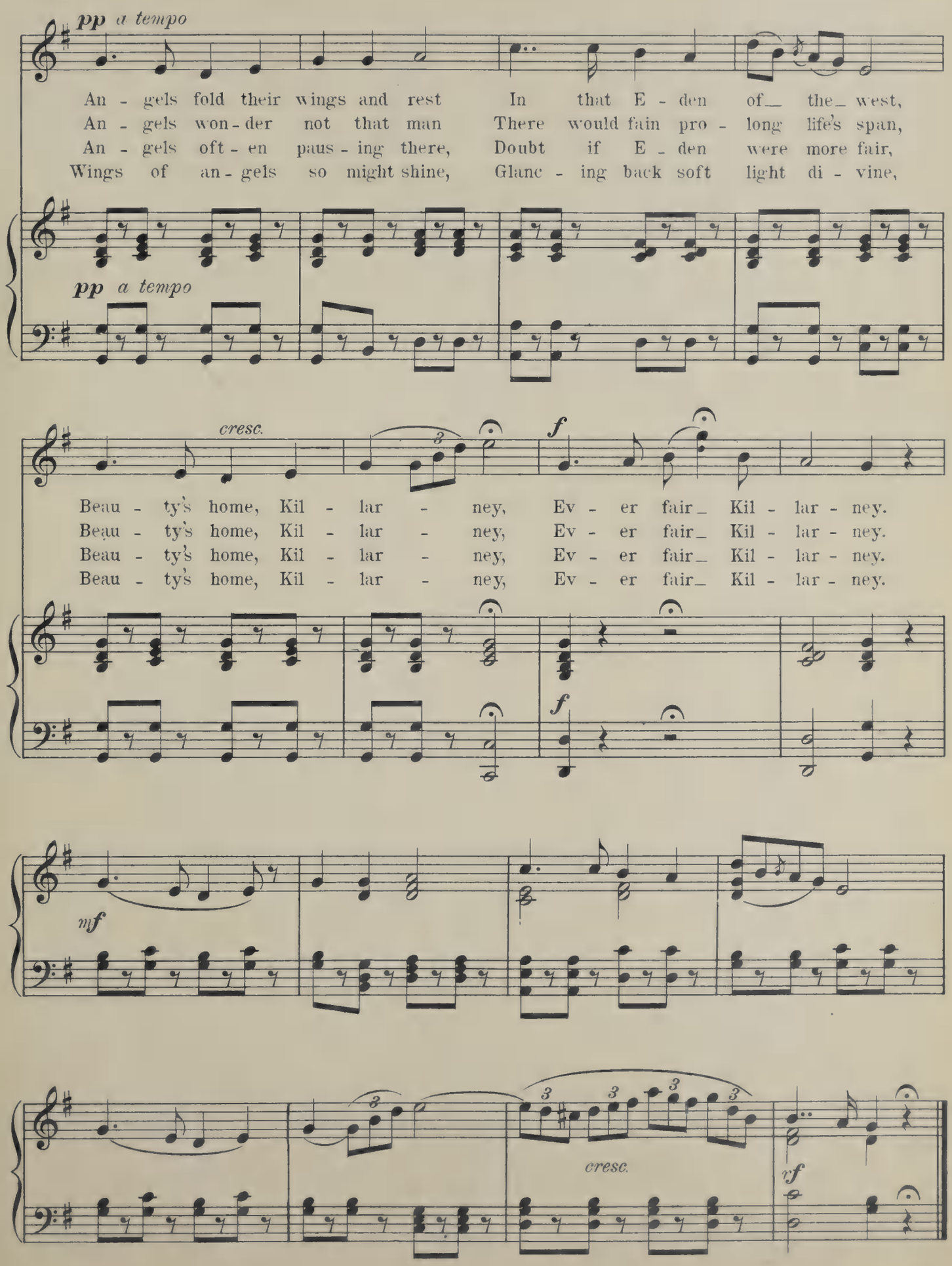
sf *pp*

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry where; Foot - prints leaves on
Mount - ains Tore, and Ea - gle's nest; Still at Mu - cross
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day; Bright - hued ber - ries
Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors

rall. *dim.*

ma - ny strands; But her home is sure - ly there!
you must pray, Though the monks are now at rest.
daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's frown a way.
that we know, Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky.

calla parte *rit.*


pp a tempo
An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of_ the_ west,
An - gels won - der not that man There would fain pro - long life's span,
An - gels oft - en paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft light di - vine,
pp a tempo
cresc.
f
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair_ Kil - lar - ney.
f
mf
cresc.
rf

OLD BLACK JOE.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

mf

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way,

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I

hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I

ALTO.

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I

BASS.

Accomp.

hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain, Griev-ing for forms now de-
chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go. I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe!"

Repeat Chorus.

OLD DOG TRAY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a once hap-py day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up-on the vil-lage green, Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.

2. The forms I call'd my own, Have van-ished one by one, The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a way, Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voi-ces gone, I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray.

3. When thoughts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I know that he feels what my break-ing heart would say; Although he can-not speak, I'll vain-ly, vain-ly seek, A bet-ter friend that old dog Tray.

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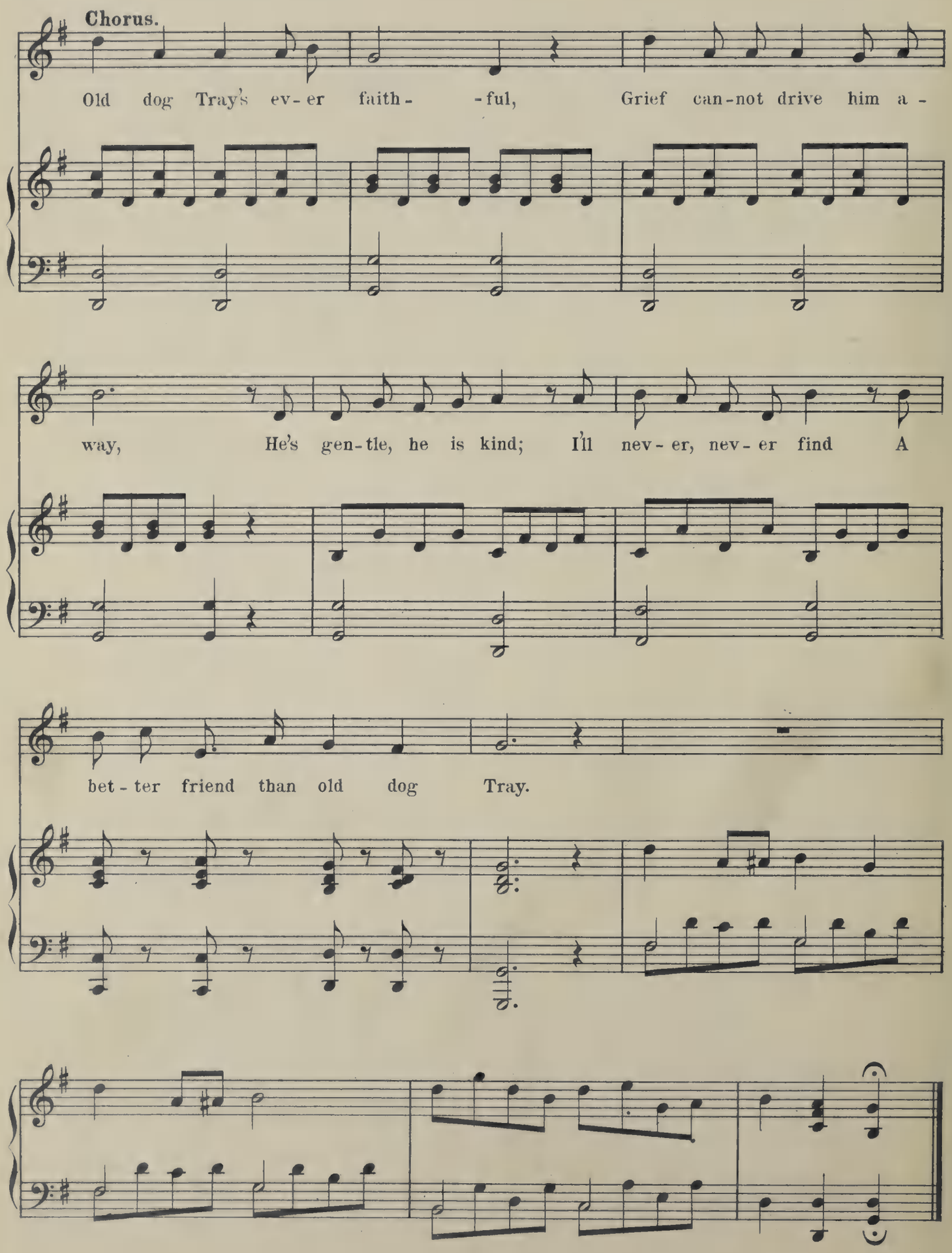
Chorus.
Old dog Tray's ev-er faith- -ful, Grief can-not drive him a-
way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev-er, nev-er find A
bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

ALLAN WATER.

M. G. LEWIS. C. E. HORN.

1. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the
2. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When brown
3. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the

p

sweet spring - time did fall, Was the mil - ler's love - ly
au - tumn spreads its store, There I saw the mil - ler's
win - ter snow fell fast, Still was seen the mil - ler's

daugh - ter, Fair - est of them all; For his
daugh - ter, But she smil'd no more; For the
daugh - ter, Chill - ing blew the blast; But the

bride — a sol dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had
sum - mer grief had brought her, And the sol - dier, false was
mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Both from cold — and care was

mf

ad lib. *f*

he; — On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, None so gay as
he; — On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, None so sad as
free; — On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, There a corpse lay

colla voce *f* *sf* *sf* *sf*

she. —
she. —
she. —

sf *mf* *f* *p*

FORSAKEN.

KOSCHAT.

Lento.

pp SOPRANO.

For - sak - en, for - sak - en, For - sak - en am
A mound in the church - yard, That blos - soms hang

p ALTO.

pp TENOR.

For - sak - en, for - sak - en, For - sak - en am
A mound in the church - yard, That blos - soms hang

pp BASS.

pp

I: Like the stone in the cause - way, My bur - ied hopes
o'er; It is there my love sleep - eth: To wak - en no

pp

pp

I: Like the stone in the cause - way, My bur - ied hopes
o'er; It is there my love sleep - eth: To wak - en no

pp

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lie; I go to the church-yard, My eyes fill'd with
more; 'Tis there all my foot-steps, My pas-sions all

lie; I go to the church-yard, My eyes fill'd with
more; 'Tis there all my foot-steps, My pas-sions all

cresc. *f* *ten.* *p*

tears; And kneel-ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for
lead; And there my heart turn-eth, I'm for-sak-en in

f *ten.* *p*

cresc. *f* *ten.* *p*

tears; And kneel-ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for
lead; And there my heart turn-eth, I'm for-sak-en in

f *ten.* *p*

mf *cresc.* *pp* *rall.* *dim.*

years; And kneel-ing I weep there; Oh my love, loved for years.
deed; And there my heart turn-eth; I'm for-sak-en in-deed.

mf *pp*

mf *cresc.* *pp* *rall.* *dim.*

years; And kneel-ing I weep there; Oh my love, loved for years.
deed; And there my heart turn-eth; I'm for-sak-en in-deed.

mf *pp*

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Poco lento.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring-ing, De dark-ey's mourn - ful
2. When de au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, When de days are
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so

song, While de mock - ing - bird am sing - ing,
cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call- -ing,
kind, Now, dey sad - ly weep a- -bove him,

Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange - trees am
Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not work be - fore to -

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creep- -ing, O'er the grass - y mound,
bloom- -ing On de sand - y shore,
mor- -row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I

Dere old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground
Now de sum - mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

Chorus. 1st and 2nd Voices.

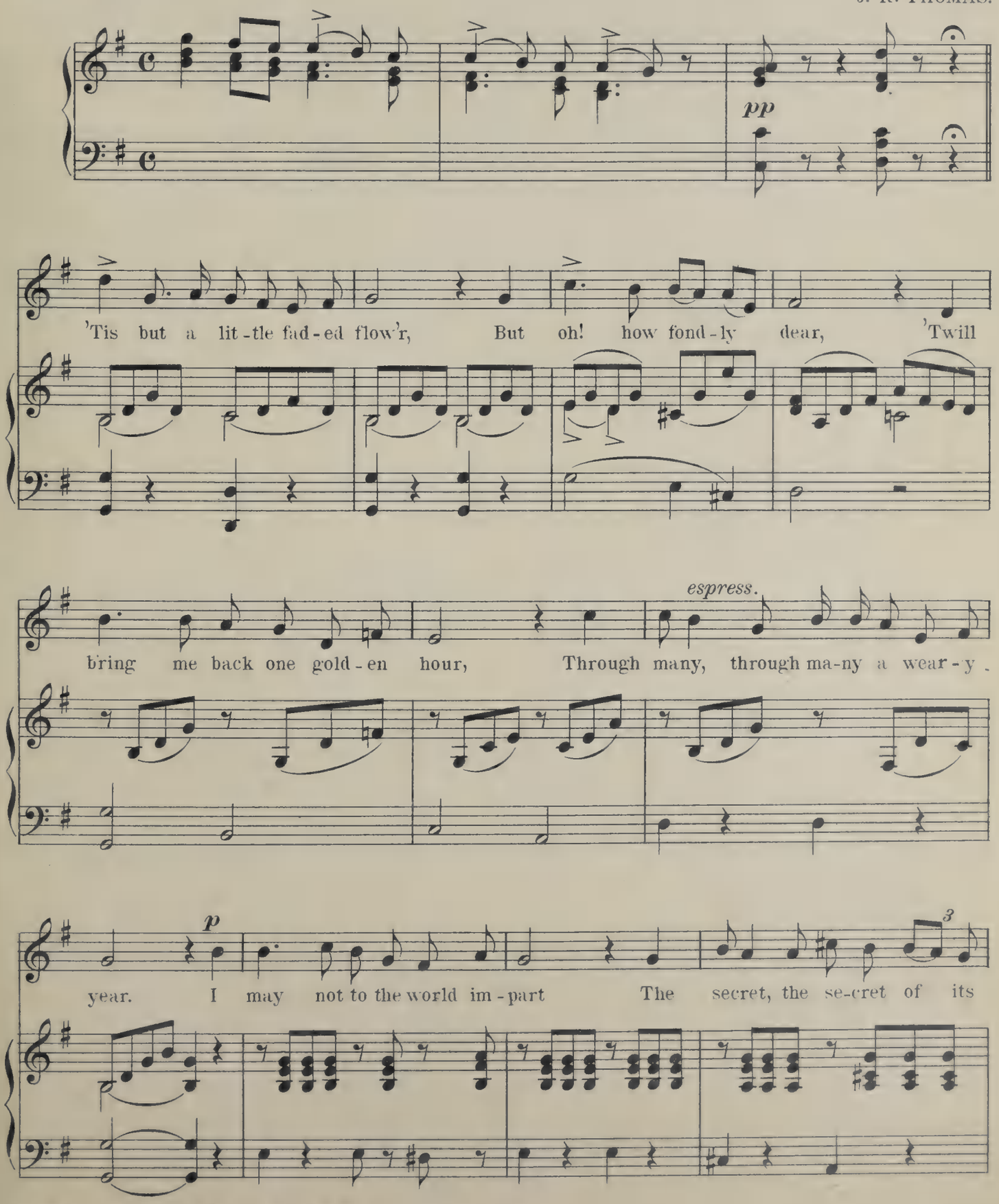
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound:

All de darkeys am a - weep - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

MRS. HOWARTH.

J. R. THOMAS.



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cresc. *dim.*

pow'r, But treasured in my in - most heart, I keep my fad - ed

p ritard.

flow'r, I keep my fad - ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed

colla voce *p*

flow'r, But oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill bring me back one gold - en

poco ritard.

hour, Through ma - ny, through ma - ny a wear - y year.

Where is the heart that doth not

p

keep, With - in its in - most care, Some fond remem-brance, hid - den

espress.

p

deep, Of days, of days that are no more. Who hath not saved some trifling

p

thing More prized, more prized than jew - els rare? A

cresc. *ritard.* *a tempo* *ritard.*

fad-ed flow'r, a bro-ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, a tress of

colla voce

gold- -en hair. 'Tis but a lit-tle fad - ed flow'r, But

p

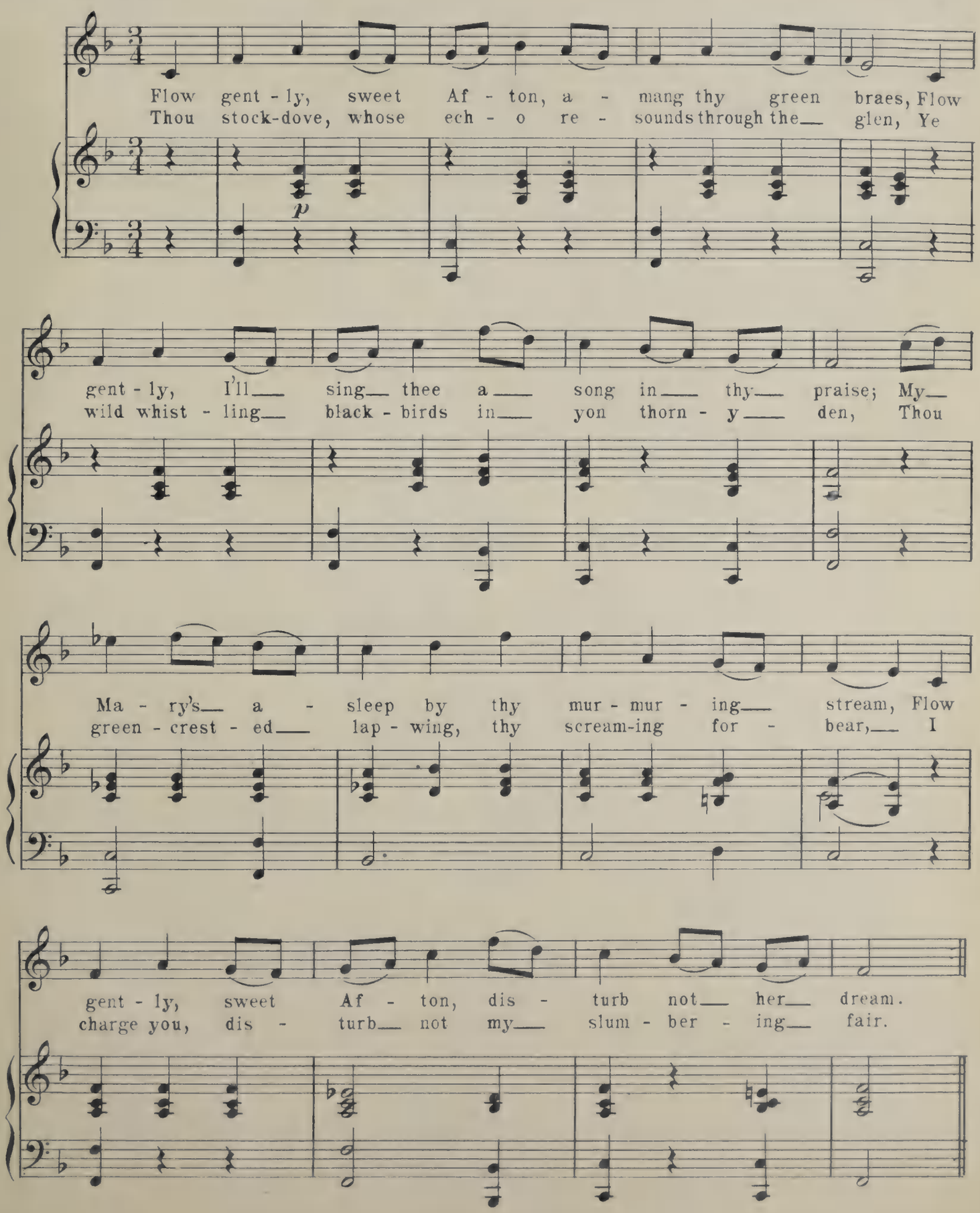
oh! how fond-ly dear, 'Twill bring me back one golden hour, Through

poco rit.

ma-ny, through many a wear-y year.

AFTON WATER.

ROBERT BURNS. J. E. SPILMAN.



Quartet arrangement.

Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o - re - sounds from the glen, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.

How loft - y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh - bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of clear wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - rose - es blow! There oft, as mild eve-ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.

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